ANC

Outdoor ADVENTURES

THE MAGAZINE OF ROUSING WIDE-OPEN ACTION

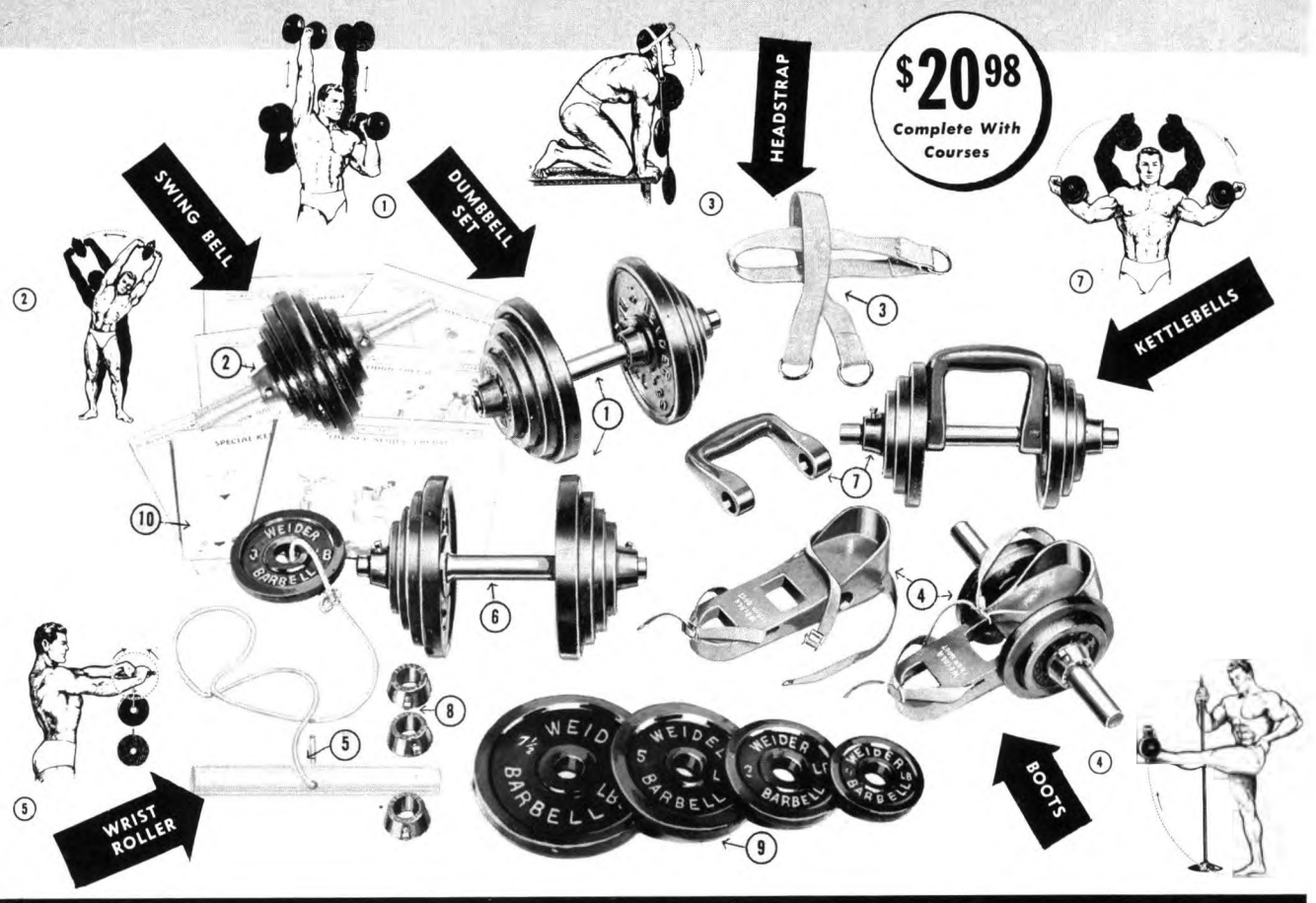
WE TRACKED AND KILLED 2000 MEN

I TRAILED THE ABOMINABLE SNOW MAN

ILLUSTRATED BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

Weider's "HOME GYM DUMBBELL SET"

A Dumbbell Combination Gym Set of Unusual Merit and Value



THE BEST INTERCHANGEABLE "HOME GYM DUMBBELL SET" YOUR MONEY CAN BUY

IF YOU train at home and don't have enough room to use our larger Home Gym Sets, shown on the back cover of this magazine then we recommend this amazing combination dumbbell set. Compact and versatile, you can perform an endless variety of muscle building exercises with this outfit in a limited space and store conveniently when not in use. Gives FAST RESULTS — only 30 minutes a day, 3 times a week for full benefits. You will pack on many pounds of bodyweight and muscle on the arms, chest, back, shoulders and legs; improve your physical appearance and gain new self confidence. Perfect for women, older men and children, too. Can be converted at any future time into gym set shown on back cover at nominal cost. Positively GUARANTEED as the BEST Home Gym Dumbbell Set at any price!

MAIL THIS COUPON

JOE WEIDER, Trainer of the Champions
MR. AMERICA BARBELL COMPANY Dept. OA
16 Hopkins Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Joe:
I want to take advantage of this great offer of convenient Home Gym Dumbbell Training and build a powerful physique at home FAST! I understand that I must get results or I can repack the outfit and send it back for a refund in one week! I enclose $20.98 in full payment.

Name .....
Address .....
City..... Zone.... State.....

(Price is FOB our Warehouse.
No COD's can be accepted)

CANADIAN CUSTOMERS . . . order direct from **Weider Barbell Co.**, 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

1 **DUMBBELL SET.** Use it to build your body from all angles. It will add muscular inches to your arms, chest, back, legs and abdomen.

2 **SWINGBELL.** Stimulate vital power in lower back and waist. Helps digestion, keeps mid-section trim and helps reduce overweight.

3 **HEADSTRAP.** Develops a strong large, impressive neck. Gives you that "masculine" appearance. Eliminates a weak, double chin.

4 **IRON BOOTS.** Strengthens legs and mid-section. Removes overweight from waist, thighs and hips. Gives energy and pep for all sports.

5 **WRIST ROLLER.** Develops a strong, muscular forearm, with a grip of steel. Have a masculine handshake and gain respect of others.

6 **REVOLVING DUMBBELL SLEEVES.** For extra smooth exercise performance. Relieves unwanted grip strain. Makes exercises enjoyable.

7 **KETTLEBELLS.** Specifically created to develop broad, lifeguard shoulders. Gives manly posture and impressive he-man appearance.

8 **MODERN DESIGN COLLARS.** Hold plates securely. Fast changing. Attractive baked enamel finish. High quality metal, life-long threads.

9 **PRECISION MADE PLATES.** Made to last a lifetime. Cannot crack or chip. Baked enamel finish.

10 **EXERCISE CHARTS.** Over 50 exercises posed for you by a famous bodybuilding champion. Each movement clearly and thoroughly shown.

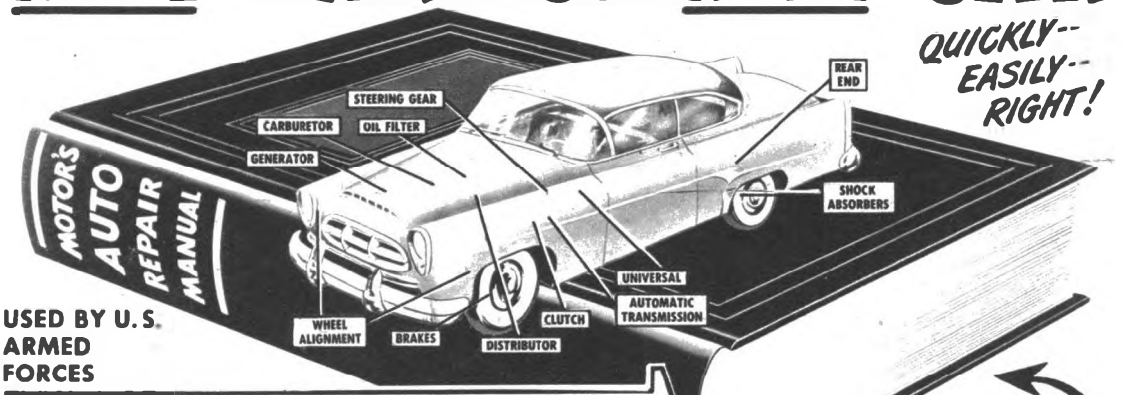
***PLUS** personal training advice whenever needed for LIFE!*

HOW TO FIX

Brakes, Clutches, Transmissions, Rear Ends, Carburetors—*Yes,*

ANY PART OF ANY CAR

QUICKLY-- EASILY-- RIGHT!



USED BY U. S. ARMED FORCES

NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic —You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB! MOTOR'S BIG BRAND-NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows You HOW—With 2900 PICTURES AND SIMPLE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS.

Free 7-DAY TRIAL
Return and Pay Nothing If Not Satisfied!

COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1940 THRU 1955

YES, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

No guesswork! MOTOR'S Manual takes nothing for granted. Tells you where to start. What tools to use. Then it leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation!

Over 2,900 Pictures! So Complete, So Simple, You CAN'T Go Wrong!

BRAND-NEW REVISED Edition covers everything you need to know to repair over 737 chassis models. Over ONE THOUSAND giant pages, 2,900 "This-Is-How" pictures. Over 291 "Quick-Check" charts—more than 23,436 essential repair specifications. Over 225,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures are so clear you *can't* go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch mechanic, you'll find short-cuts that will amaze you. No wonder this guide is used by the U. S. Army and Navy! No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Man's Bible"!

Most of Over 160 Official Shop Manuals

Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of MOTOR have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 160 Official Shop Manuals, "boiled it down" into crystal-clear terms in one handy indexed book!

Same FREE Offer On MOTOR'S Truck and Tractor Manual
Covers EVERY job on EVERY popular make gasoline truck, tractor made from 1948 thru 1954. FREE 7-Day Trial. Check proper box in coupon.

Try Book FREE 7 Days

SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon! When the postman brings book, pay him nothing. First, make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen — return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: *MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 468 250 West 55th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.*

Covers 737 Models—All These Makes

Buick	Ford	Nash
Cadillac	Frazer	Oldsmobile
Chevrolet	Henry J	Packard
Chrysler	Hudson	Plymouth
Crosley	Kaiser	Pontiac
De Soto	Lincoln	Studebaker
Dodge	Mercury	Willys

Many Letters of Praise from Users

"MOTOR'S Manual paid for itself on the first 2 jobs, and saved me valuable time by eliminating guesswork."
—W. SCHROP, Ohio.

He Does Job in 30 Min.—Fixed motor another mechanic had worked on half a day. With your Manual I did it in 30 minutes."
—C. AUBERRY, Tenn.

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

MOTOR BOOK DEPT.
Desk 468 250 W. 55th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Rush me at once (check box opposite book you want):

☐ **MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit $2 in 7 days, $2 monthly for 2 months and a final payment of 95c (plus 35c delivery charges) one month after that. Otherwise I will return the book postpaid in 7 days. *(Foreign price, remit $9 cash with order.)*

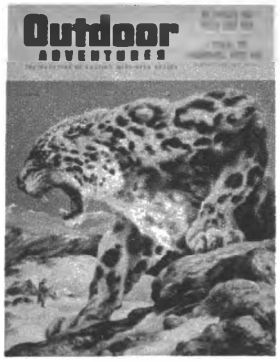
☐ **MOTOR'S New TRUCK & TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit $2 in 7 days, and $2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charges with final payment. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. *(Foreign price, remit $10 cash with order.)*

Print Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check box and save 35c shipping charge by enclosing WITH coupon entire payment of $6.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or $8 for Truck and Tractor Repair Manual.) Same 7-day return-refund privilege applies.



If you recognized the cover animal this month, you know your animals; if you like it, you know your art. Young Doug Allen, who painted it, knows his—and he says this is a snow leopard, or ounce. It's a cat, a variety of felis pardus, who roams the Himalaya and adjoining mountains of Asia. We think it's a really great game animal—and that Doug's a great game artist. What about you?

What Outdoor Adventures Stands For

First of all, let's get one thing straight—we're not out to change the world! We have only one purpose—to publish a *good magazine*.

What kind of stories will we print?

The BEST. The best articles obtainable from the best writers in the business—by and about men whose courage, fortitude and self-reliance furnish ideal examples for all of us to follow. We believe that the same spirit of adventure, which caused man to cover the earth with the tokens of his civilization, still lives in every healthy American. We believe further that this spirit will, *if properly nourished*, grow until man has explored and conquered not only the seas of his own world, and the air above it—but he will reach and claim those other worlds that share the vastness of the skies.

We intend to help nourish that spirit of adventure, for we know that many of tomorrow's adventurers are reading this magazine today.

Why are we so concerned with HEALTH?

For a mighty good reason. We'll admit that a man capable of lifting only a one-ounce brush can paint a fine picture; and that a mathematician can plot the course of a planet—even though he's fifty pounds overweight however, the above brains would have one hellish job trying to fly a screaming jet fighter; or perforating a lion with a broadhead arrow—or, in fact, doing anything that requires more than the usual amount of stamina, fortitude and strength. . . . The kind of men you'll be reading about in these pages must have these qualities in order to perform the rugged feats that made them worth reading about.

We are equally concerned with health of MIND. Which will answer your questions as to our policy on sex, sadism, sensationalism and sensualism. We believe that most "-isms," except patriotism, belong in the pages of psychiatric textbooks. OUTDOOR ADVENTURES will continue to be the clean wholesome magazine that this first issue indicates. We trust that you'll appreciate this above all.

That, then, is our policy. We hope YOUR policy will be to pick up a copy of OUTDOOR ADVENTURES every other month, take it home—and enjoy it.

Outdoor ADVENTURES

THE MAGAZINE OF ROUSING WIDE-OPEN ACTION

Joseph Weider
PUBLISHER

Hal Hennesey
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

Ben Weider
BUSINESS MANAGER

Barton Horvath
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Norman Strain
ART DIRECTOR

Here are Your Adventures for This Month:

COVER PAINTING BY DOUG ALLEN

VOL. 1 NO. 5

"Outdoor Adventures" published bi-monthly by "Outdoor Adventures Publications Inc." Jersey City, N. J. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 16 Hopkins Ave., Jersey City, N. J. Subscription Rates: $3.00, 12 issues. Drawings, Photographs and Manuscripts should be accompanied with self-addressed envelope and return postage, and will be carefully considered, the publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury. Entry as second class matter at the Post Office Jersey City, N. J., under act March 3, 1879 pending. Additional entry pending at Post Office at New York City.

A New Kind of Bargain Offer to MYSTERY READERS

take 3 GIANT VOLUMES (WORTH $9.95 IN PUBLISHERS EDITIONS)

plus 4 NEW NOVELS (WORTH $12.50 IN PUBLISHERS EDITIONS)

TOTAL VALUE $22.45

all 7 for only $1.00

WHEN YOU JOIN THE DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD AND AGREE TO ACCEPT AS FEW AS FOUR NEW MYSTERY SELECTIONS DURING THE COMING YEAR

JUST imagine getting ALL these new books—3 giant omnibus volumes *plus* the four best mystery adventures of the year—for only a dollar! They're worth $22.45 in publishers' editions, but you can have *all seven in one big package* if you join the Mystery Guild on this amazing offer!

The Club's plan is simple and popular: Each month the editorial board selects two top-notch new mysteries. These are described to members *well in advance*. If you don't want a book, simply tell the Club. It will not be sent. You pay postman nothing; bills are due only *after* you examine your selections.

These latest novels cost $2.50 to $3.50 in the publishers' editions. *But members pay ONLY $1.00 each (plus a few cents for shipping) for their hard-bound, large-size volumes!* Occasionally, you will have the opportunity to choose extra-value, three-in-one optional selections at $1.49. But you buy only the books you want—as few as four $1.00 selections a year, if you wish—and build a fine library almost for pennies! Best of all, if you join NOW, you get SEVEN new books for ONE DOLLAR as a membership bonus! Send the coupon today!

YOU GET *ALL* THESE THRILLING BOOKS IN ONE GIANT PACKAGE

A TREASURY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES *by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.* Big 700-page treasury of the most thrilling mysteries from the famous casebook of the world's master detective! Contains TWO complete book-length novels—*Hound of the Baskervilles* and *A Study in Scarlet* —PLUS 27 short-story adventures. *Pub. ed. $2.95.*

PERILOUS JOURNEYS OF HERCULE POIROT *by Agatha Christie.* Three complete novels by this world-famous woman writer! The baffling *Murder in Mesopotamia*, the suspenseful *Death on the Nile*, and the unguessable *Mystery of the Blue Train*—all in one giant 630-page anthology! *Pub. ed. $3.50.*

FULL HOUSE *by Rex Stout.* One of the best-known detectives of modern times in a hand-picked selection of his most exciting adventures. Here's NERO WOLFE in a super-sized 534-page omnibus containing two full-length novels *plus* three shorter novelettes! *Pub. ed. $3.50.*

QUEEN'S BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION *by Ellery Queen.* The guarded train sped Lizbet toward the city, where her testimony would convict her kill-crazy ex-boyfriend. But suddenly, in broad daylight, Lizbet, the guards—*and the whole train*—DISAPPEARED! Here's Ellery's newest, most exciting omnibus volume—18 complete, separate adventures! *Pub. ed. $3.00.*

THE LONG GOODBYE *by Raymond Chandler.* Private eye Marlowe got a letter that said "lay off the Lennox case", and contained a portrait of President Madison . . . on a *$5,000 bill!* But the case involved a beautiful, frightened girl—who had even more to offer than "President Madison"! Winner of this year's Mystery Writers' Award. *Pub. ed. $3.00.*

THE DESPERATE HOURS *by Joseph Hayes.* The suspense-filled new story that's already a smash hit on stage and screen! Cindy walked into her parents' living room . . . and a tall stranger seized her, pawed her, bent her backward across a table! "Don't fight him, Cindy," begged her helpless father. Then Cindy saw the gun in the intruder's hand . . . and ceased to struggle. *Pub. ed. $3.50.*

SCALES OF JUSTICE *by Ngaio Marsh.* Last night Rose's father was brutally murdered. Could Rose dare to remain in his house of terror—or should she flee to her fiance's family mansion? It was a fearful choice—because the unknown murderer was still at large . . . *living in one of these houses!* "The best mystery in many, many years!" says *The New York Times* of this latest novel by a top-ranking mystery writer. *Pub. ed. $3.00.*

THE DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD

Dept. WMG-3 Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me in the DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD and rush me these new books worth $22.45 in publishers' editions. Later, I'll send only $1.00 (plus shipping) for the entire package.

MEMBERSHIP BONUS—ALL 7 FOR $1.00

THE DESPERATE HOURS ★ PERILOUS JOURNEYS OF HERCULE POIROT ★ FULL HOUSE ★ TREASURY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES ★ THE LONG GOODBYE ★ QUEEN'S BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION ★ SCALES OF JUSTICE

New book bargains will be described to me each month in the Club's advance bulletin "Mystery Guild Clues." Whenever I don't want a book I will notify you, and it won't be sent. I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection I accept, plus a few cents for shipping (unless I choose an extra-value selection). I need take only four selections a year—and I may resign any time after accepting four selections. **NO RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I can return books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.**

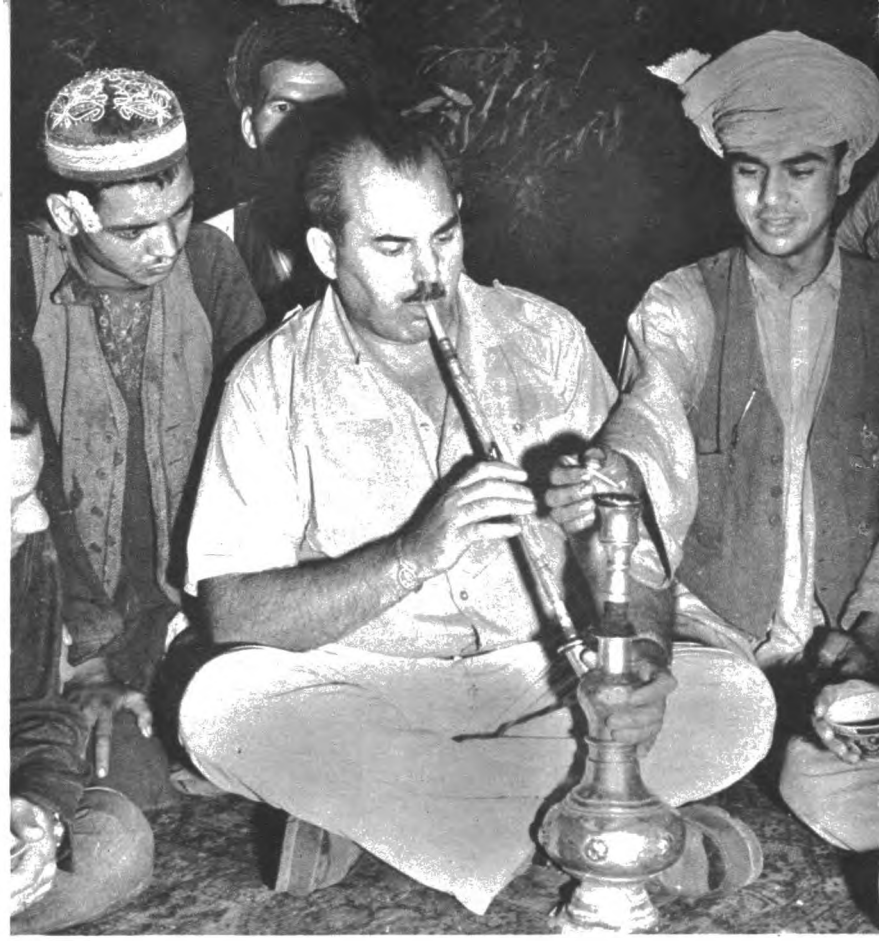
NAME..... (Please print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

(Same offer in Canada: Address Dollar Mystery Guild, 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Good only in U.S.A. and Canada).

Harrison Forman, our Far East Correspondent, tries out a hubble-bubble, Asian water pipe. →



Sgt. Hendrik Potgieter took part in the Century's Bloodiest Manhunt—to his lifelong regret.

Take an "Outdoor Adventure" with the editor

Francois Sommer—famous French hunter, writes about fellow French white hunters.

AS you probably noticed, we're coming your way a little more frequently these days. For some reason, the adventuring public has taken O. A. to its collective breast and asked for more. Last month, for example, over a million people bought copies. Anyway, they *would* have if they'd known about it, we're sure. Maybe somebody ought to tell them what they're missing every six weeks—and soon, every month.

If you were one of those poor souls who got to the newsstand too late, here's what YOU'D be missing this month:

Most important, from both a short and long range viewpoint, is the fact that we've added an illustrious name to our list of foreign correspondents—Harrison Forman. We're sure you wouldn't want to miss any of the fascinating articles that Forman has contracted to write for us, starting with the one on page 14 of this issue, *Bloodbath in China*. A famous explorer and one of the few men to get into the "Backyard of Asia"—the vast and forbidden region along the borders of Tibet and China—he has authored several excellent books on adventure in far places, is a member of both the Explorer's and Adventurer's Clubs, and has an almost exclusive knack of getting into, and out of, the kind of trouble fiction writers cook up over a hot typewriter. Forman is a whizz with a shutter also, with about the largest collection of pictures (*Continued on page* 68)

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY ALBERT DORNE

Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do —America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings. Now she happily looks forward to many vigorous, money-making years in art.

A salesgirl in West Virginia who liked to draw got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston. A married man with three children —unhappy in a dead-end job— switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 8-page talent test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now we'll send it to you *free*—if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation on your part. But act at once. Simply mail the coupon provided below to Famous Artists Schools, Studio 204-B Westport, Conn.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists


ALBERT DORNE


NORMAN ROCKWELL


AL PARKER


JON WHITCOMB


HAROLD VON SCHMIDT


STEVAN DOHANOS


FRED LUDEKENS


PETER HELCK


ROBERT FAWCETT


BEN STAHL


DONG KINGMAN


AUSTIN BRIGGS

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Studio 204-B, Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. _____ Age ____
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

THE CENTURY'S
BLOODIEST MANHUNT

BY HENDRICK POTGIETER
former Sgt., S. W. A. Police As told to Bill Wharton

They were being slaughtered, their wives and daughters raped. So they struck back in the only way they knew—with guns—and killed 400 people in three weeks, for a total of 2000! Here is a story of native rebellion that makes the Mau Mau look tame.

THE AUTHOR

WE FOUND the two little boys shortly after sunset on March 31. Both were dead, their throats slit, eyes gouged out and stomachs ripped open. The bodies crawled with flies and ants and, high above the desert, the vultures wheeled slowly, waiting for us to leave. Both my brother Karel and I, who had seen so much death lately, felt sick.

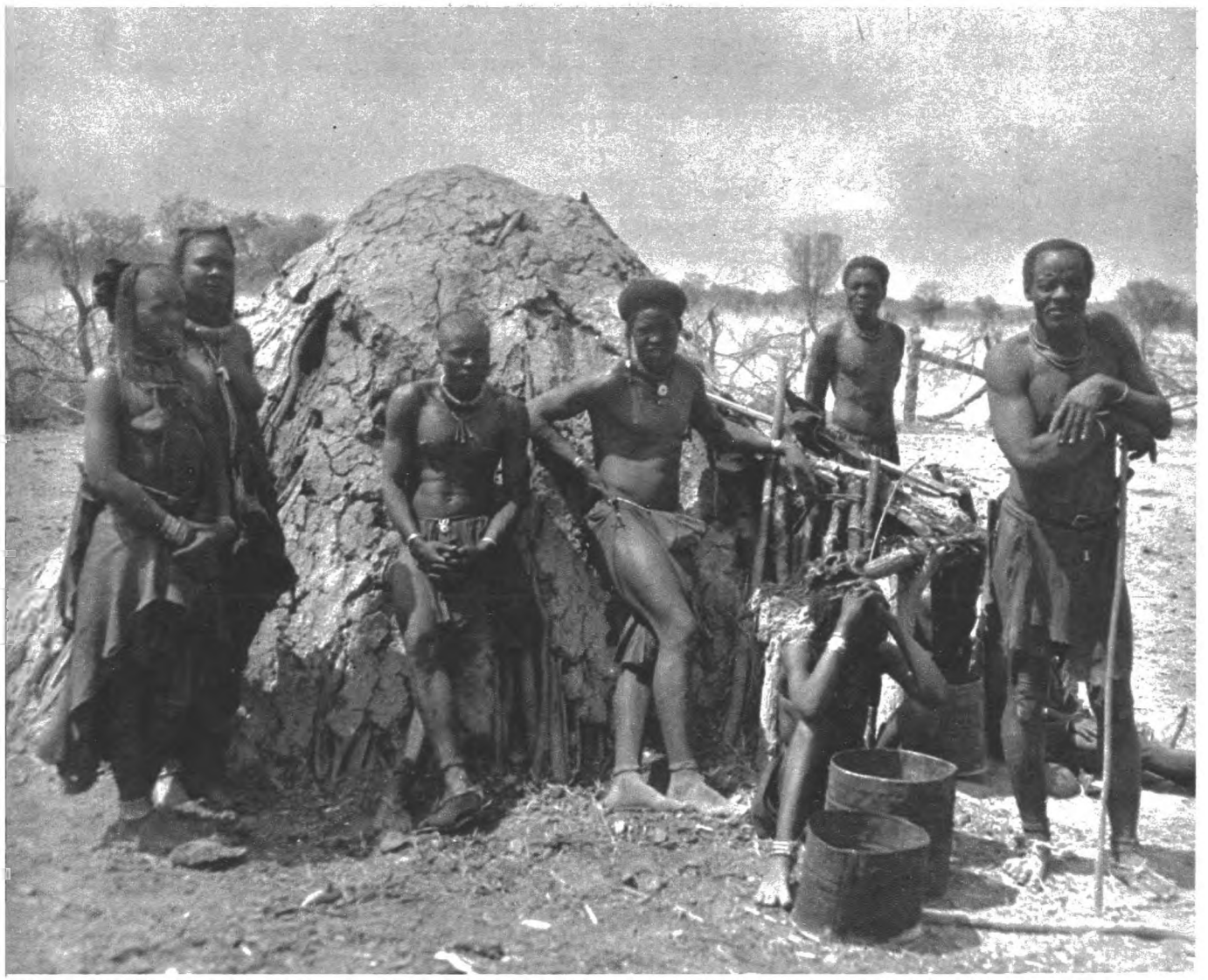
"If I lay my hands on the bastards—!" My brother's voice came out a snarl. I didn't recognize it.

This was only the most recent crime that we had witnessed since beginning our mission two weeks earlier. Our orders from headquarters in distant Upington had been explicit: *Wipe the rebels out. No mercy is to be shown.* It seemed to be the only way to halt this latest—and worst—uprising of the Bushmen of South West Africa. In three months the little brown men of the desert had slaughtered sixty settlers and razed 14 farms. Nine women had been raped, with their throats slit. Four little girls of less than

Karel gave the signal—then we all fired at once. Within five seconds, the bushmen were dead.

ILLUSTRATED BY GINO PARMA

THE CENTURY'S BLOODIEST



Family gathering of bushmen of type slaughtered by police in history's deadliest manhunt. Bushmen did some slaughtering too!

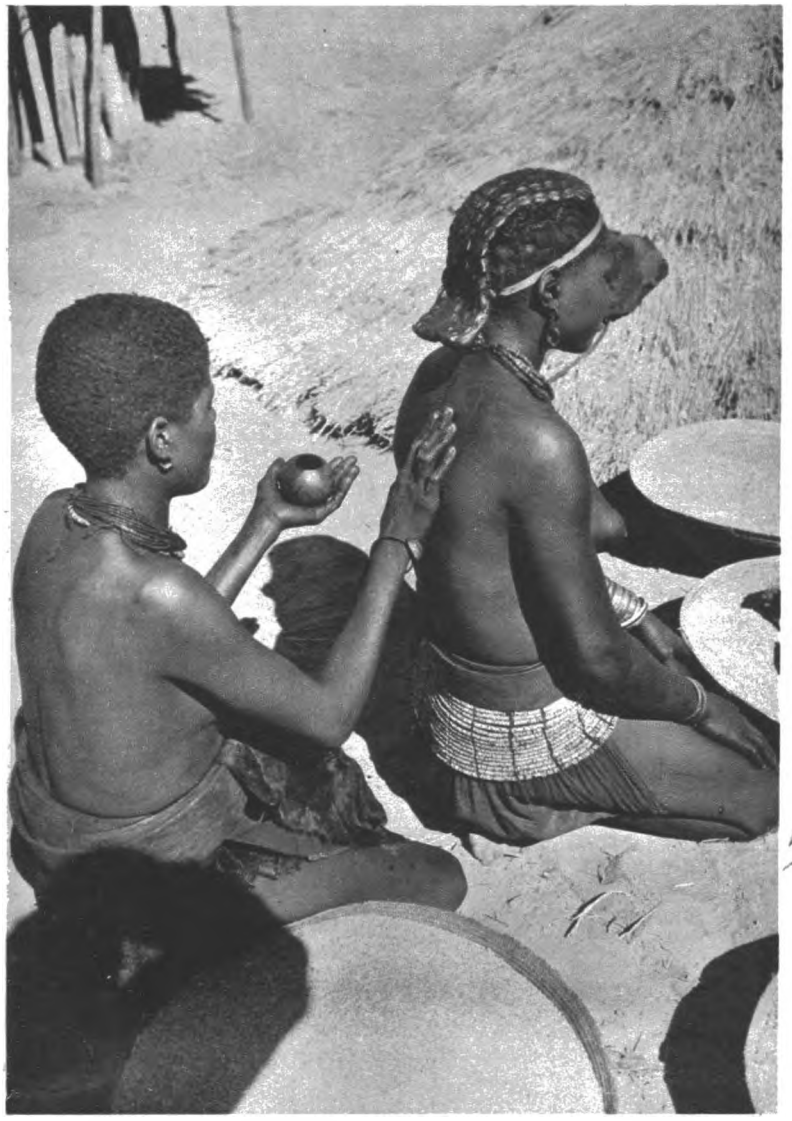
12 years had been brutally raped and murdered. Whatever the Bushmen's grievance, it was being paid off in more blood than had flowed in South West Africa in years.

But now the red tide had changed. Now we were doing the killing, with guns and bayonets—at a rate of 100 a week. The general feeling was that, since the Bushmen chose to behave like animals, we should hunt them down and execute them like animals. Some of us obviously enjoyed it. Others, like myself, wondered if there wasn't a better way of solving the problem. Still, we had our orders. It was our job.

Talk about the Mau Mau affair in Kenya and raids on white settlers' farms and blood oaths! The Mau Mau are tame tigers compared to the little brown men who infest the desert lands of South West Africa and Bechuanaland. These little guys—they seldom attain a height of over 4 ft. 6 in.—run with the speed of fleeing does, have the tenacity of a bulldog, and shoot straighter and deadlier with their small bows and arrows than any western killer ever did with his Peacemaker.

We started out from Okahandja in whose district

MANHUNT



No, not sunburn lotion—she's being prepared for marriage by fellow teenager, an old Ovahimba custom.

He's brave as he looks. Right now he's about to set off after a lion—with bow and arrow!

there had been thirty killings—sixteen men and the rest women and girls—in six weeks. Our slow-plodding camels trudged unwillingly under the scorching sun and the deceptive landscape with its undulating ground made us uneasy. It was simple for any of the little killers to lie doggo somewhere and shoot at us from a range of 100 yards.

On our first night out we were resting in a hollow around which we had posted three of the constables who accompanied my brother, Sergeant Karel Potgieter, and myself. We left them for two hours and then took turns ourselves. But nothing happened until shortly before dawn when, without any warning, a shower of arrows, none longer than ten inches, rained down on us.

Koos Burghers, one of the youngest constables on patrol, gave a howl, then doubled up in agony, stretched out and his back began to arch like that of a frightened cat. In another minute he suddenly stiffened and remained rigid, his mouth opening in a wide, horrible grin.

We could do nothing for (*Continued on page* 45)

THE TEN-TON ROMAN CANDLE

BY ROBERT TRAVERS

She was a spanking new big tanker—and twice she threatened to make like an atom bomb. The first time branded the Second Mate as a coward. Then fire broke out again—and the towering flames cooled off the crew in a hurry!

(Editor's Note: When we got this story, we almost rejected it. We thought it was fiction. Then we discovered that Bob Travers kept a detailed diary of the Orion's voyage, accurate as a newsreel—and more exciting.)

THE Second Mate was a coward.

He was a skinny man, maybe forty years old; he had a complexion like red brick and a voice as mild as dishwater. There were two stripes on the sleeve of his uniform coat and golden braid on his cap. But in the place where his guts were supposed to be there was nothing. Nothing at all.

Anyway, that's what the crew of the S/S *Orion* told me. The big tanker was alongside the refinery docks in Houston taking a full load of Grade A gasoline. I went aboard her about ten a.m. on a hot August afternoon. The red flag was flying above the bridge and the sign on the gangway said: "WARNING. No Open Lights. No Smoking. No Visitors."

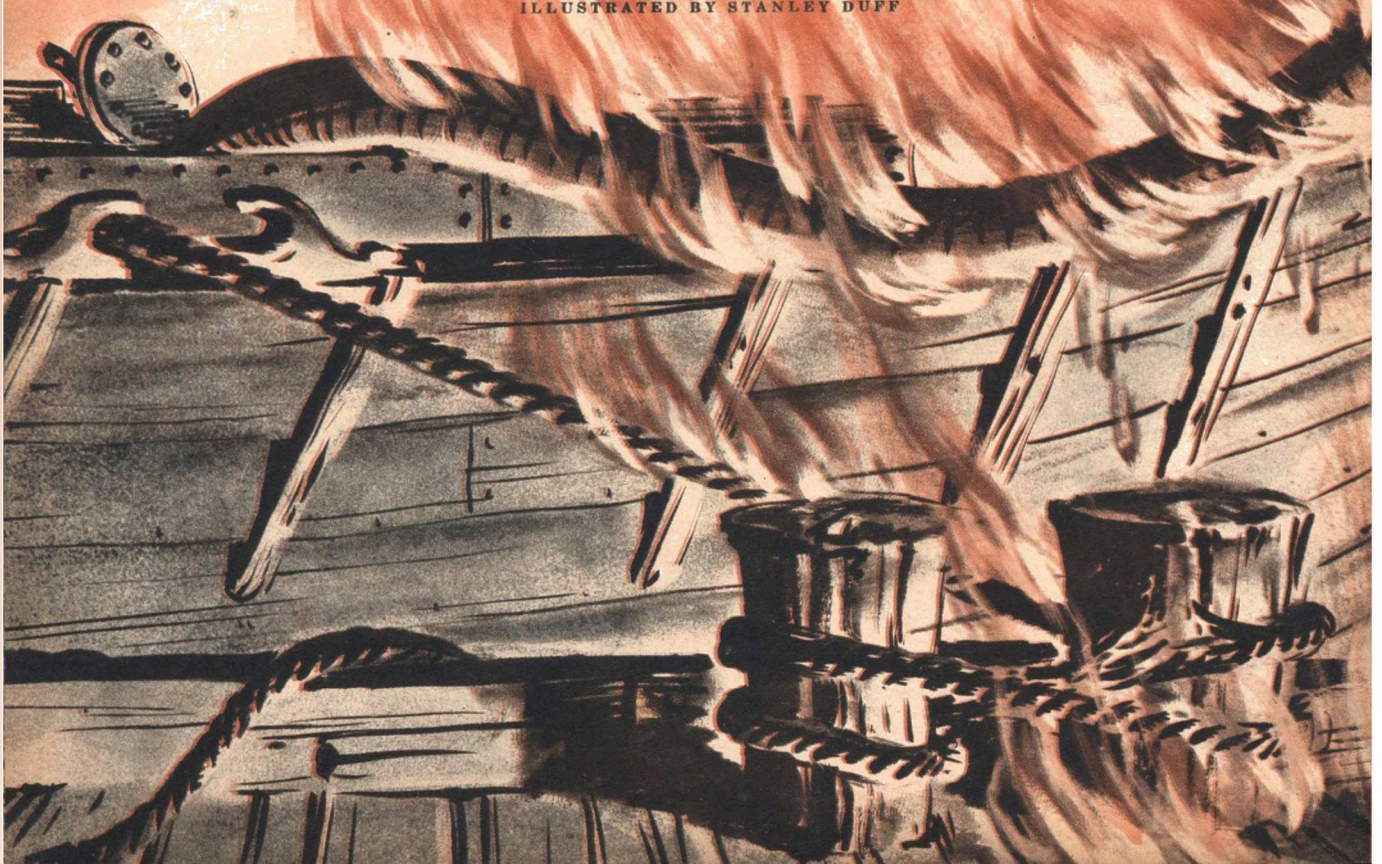
I leaned my seabag against the rail. The cargo hose was fast to the main intake line and it was throbbing steadily as the gas pumped through it. One of the men on watch was standing by the hose and I asked him where I'd find the Chief Mate.

"Up forward," he said. "You the new A.B.?"

I said I was. (*Continued on page 42*)

I looked back to see the second mate with an axe. In another minute, the whole damn port would explode! →

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY DUFF



For all the good it does, this man, about to die in few minutes, makes impassioned speech to the crowd. They don't listen.

These morbid spectators treat execution like a bullfight—or a gay fiesta in the street. The only emotion is enjoyment.

BLOODBATH IN CHINA

BY HARRISON FORMAN

These pictures by a great foreign correspondent tell plenty about a people who have embraced Communism. They also ask a question: Are the Chinese *ready* for democracy? For the event described took place before the Commies took over!

IT HAPPENED only a few years ago . . .

A police van tore through Shanghai's downtown, its sirens screaming. Something was up. I raced after it.

At the Central Police Station in Foochow Road I showed my Press Pass to a sentry who cautiously held his submachine gun on me while he read it. He opened a heavy gate and waved me inside.

As I passed into the open courtyard, I had a sudden feeling that I had entered some kind of Roman Colosseum where Christian martyrs were about to be thrown to the lions.

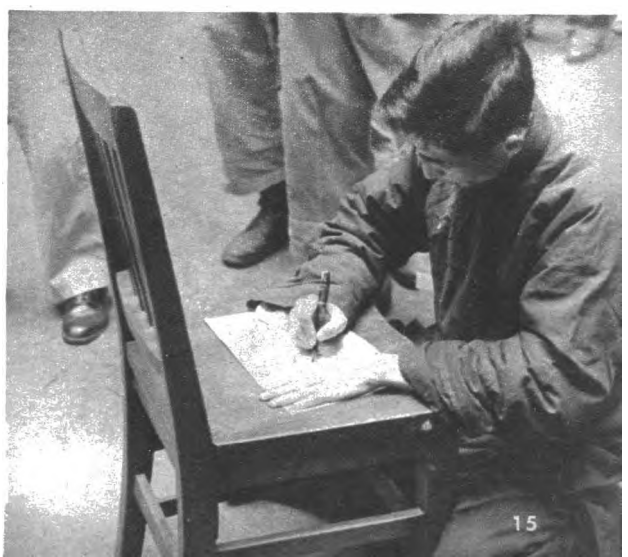
Wide, continuous balconies extended from each of the seven floors of the building which enclosed the courtyard. They were packed with hundreds of office-workers, coolies, police officials and their families, who chattered noisily as they waited for the drama about to begin in the amphitheatre below.

The courtyard itself was crowded with detectives and police armed with cocked pistols and Tommy guns. The atmosphere was charged with excitement and I would probably get bounced out of there fast, I told myself, if I moved in too close—at least until they got used to my being there.

I knew what was about to happen. Some political pris-

Parade of the ghouls! Chinese hurrying to public execution.

Writing his will, as executioners wait impatiently.



BLOODBATH IN CHINA

oners were to be executed. Ordinary criminals were executed in secret, without fanfare. It was different for political prisoners whose "crimes against the people" were considered much more serious. They would be shot in public, in the heart of the city, where thousands could watch and be warned.

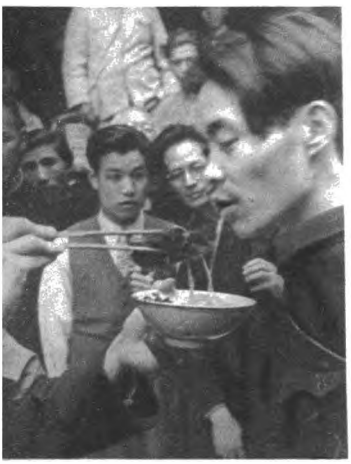
On a dais in the background, a fat official sat with pompous pride. A heaping bowl of roasted watermelon seeds rested on a tiny table at his elbow. He cracked them daintily between his incisors, swallowed the meat and spat out the shells. They littered the area around him.

Presently, he barked an order to an attendant. A door on the left of the courtyard opened and the prisoners were brought forward one at a time.

He asked a few formal questions—name, age, residence—then waved the condemned man to a chair-seat where he could write his will, or farewell statement.

When each man finished his (*Continued on page* 68)

Last meal is a good one—pork noodles, rice wine.

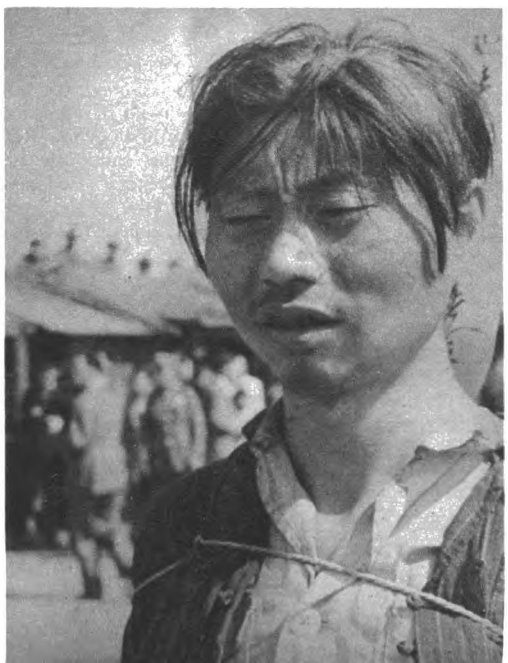


He's about to die, yet seems to have good appetite.

Pennant tied around neck details doomed man's crimes.

Now crowd becomes hysterical, forcing guards to quell them with threats and tommy guns.

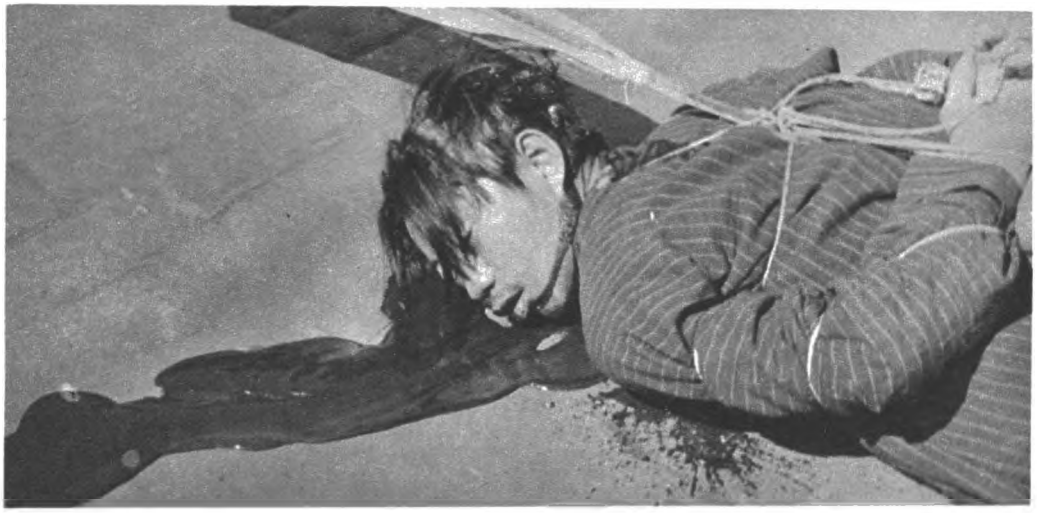
Prisoners are lined up for their last walk—a short one.



How a man looks one second before being shot in the head. ➔

The big moment—the moment of truth, as it were—comes, and the crowd is satisfied.

How a man looks one second after being shot in the head. This is a common sight in China.



THE AUTHOR

THE PRO HUNTERS OF FRENCH AFRICA

By FRANCOIS SOMMER

Believe it or not, there *are* places to hunt besides East Africa! One of the Best is in French Equatorial —and some of the best hunters make it their stamping ground. Here is info that may change your mind about where to take that safari of a lifetime!

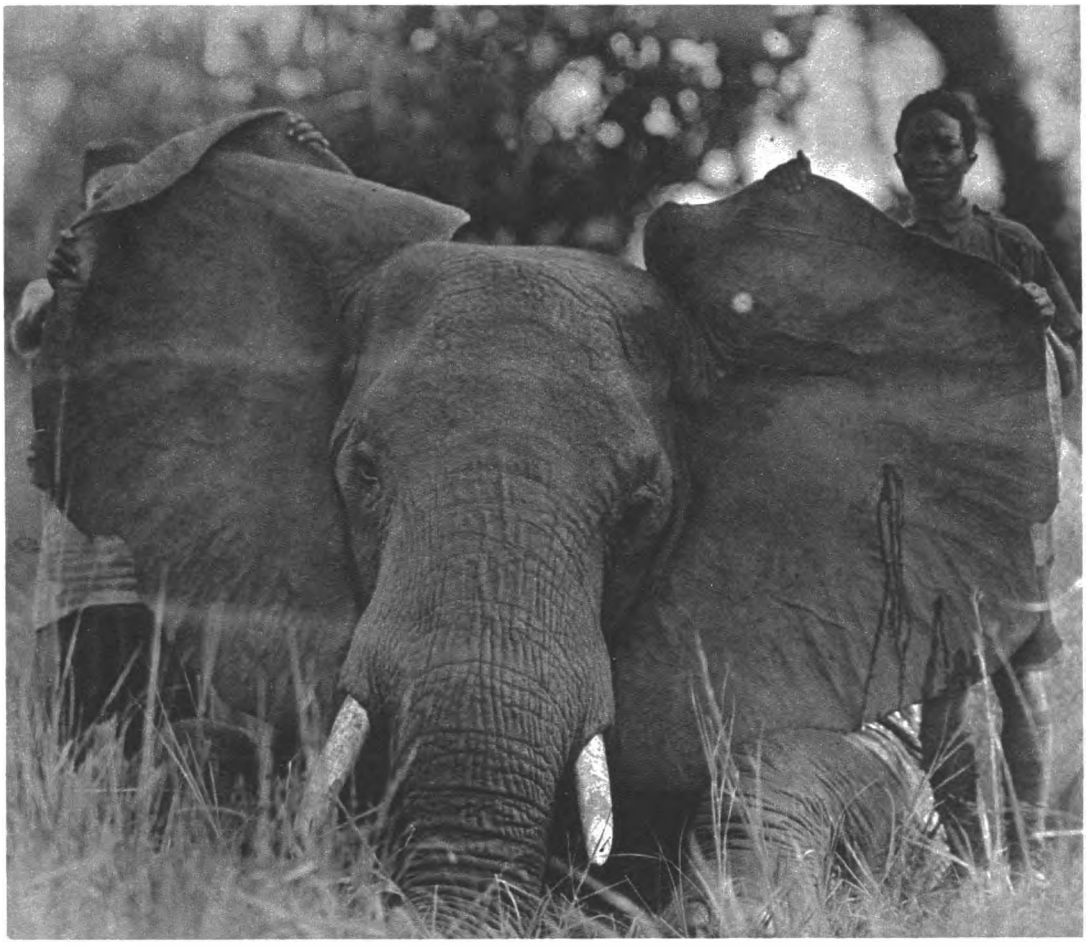
THE greatest name among French professional big-game hunters is undoubtedly that of Theodore Lefebvre.

A small and stocky man, speaking slowly with the accent of Northern France, he arrived in Africa forty years ago as an employee of a private company. Later he joined the Compagnie de l'Ouahm et Nana, one of the first of the big trading concerns to operate in French Equatorial Africa.

His first year in Africa was spent largely in the company's warehouses handling cotton goods, loin-cloths and so on. The next year he took his rifle and went into the bush to hunt for ivory. His expeditions sometimes took him towards Obbo and Zémio at "the end of the world", but his favourite hunting grounds were in the centre of Ubangi around Fort Crampel. For many years he used a 8 mm Lebel military rifle and, working coolly and methodically, he obtained good results and never had any serious trouble. His bag of elephants was about a thousand.

The lion attacked the cameraman — and all hell broke loose! →

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN GAYLORD



Not a good trophy, and the shooting that finally got him wasn't so good, either. (Not Sommers' shooting.)

THE PRO HUNTERS OF FRENCH AFRICA

Other French hunters of note were Nollet, Canonne and Conus.

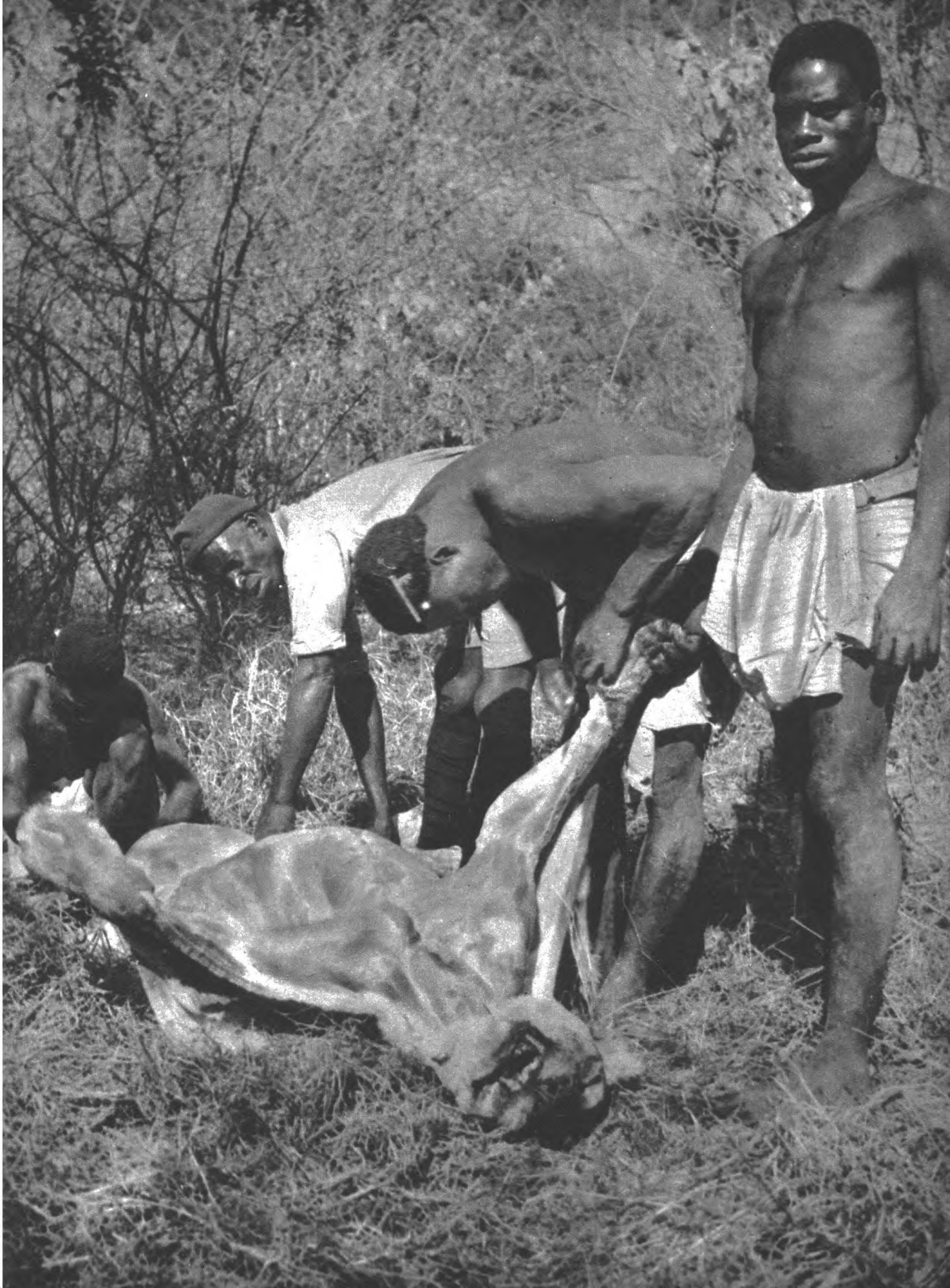
Etienne Canonne is the best known of the old professional hunters in the Chad and Ubangi areas. He is perhaps better known there by his nickname "Pas de Molesse", a vigorous injunction which accompanies most of his speech and might be roughly translated by "Get cracking!" He has practically abandoned Africa now, but returns occasionally to accompany friends or to shoot an elephant or two. Despite Canonne's absence, his exploits are still fresh in French African territory, and the mention of his name evokes memories of stirring adventure.

I invited him to read my notes. He gave me much interesting and detailed information and I told him that I intended to mention him in my book. On hearing this he sat back and called for a drink. Then his rubicund face, with its mop of fair hair worn like Einstein's, turned towards me as he said: "If you're going to do that, you must know all about me and you must tell the truth."

This seemed to promise some startling confession. I imagined tales of herds of elephants massacred as never before, or of mass slaughter of hippos along the banks of his favourite Auk, or some epic of smuggled rhinoceros horns.

"If you're going to write (*Continued on page* 59)

Squeamish readers don't like this, but it's the way a lioness looks while being skinned. →



The stakes: a million dollars—or a bullet in the head. This newspaper man came close to getting both! Here's the story of a treasure hunt that will have you on the edge of your seat—if not on your way to Manila. That's where you'll find

THE LOST TREASURE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA

BY WILSON BRYAN KEY, JR.

AS I crouched in the spongy mud, straining to see through the wall of tropical rain, I expected any minute to feel the sickening shock of bullets tear into my body. A quarter of a mile in front of me was the much-travelled highway that led North from Manila. Once in awhile, I could hear the sound of racing engines and grinding gears, but the rain formed an impenetrable wall about me. I couldn't see farther than twenty feet in any direction. Each time my eyes caught a movement in the dark rain-soaked night, my fist tightened around the stubby thirty-eight revolver. I studied and analyzed each dark mound of earth, bush and boulder.

A few feet behind me, four men dug at the bottom of a six foot trench. Over the driving roar of the rain, I could hear them curse in the native dialect as they slid in (*Continued on page* 47)

Burying the General's treasure was a big operation—but unburying it was even bigger.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE DOORE

Death getting its portrait taken! The shark has attacked—and has been attacked. The range? Zero!

DEATH IN THE SURF

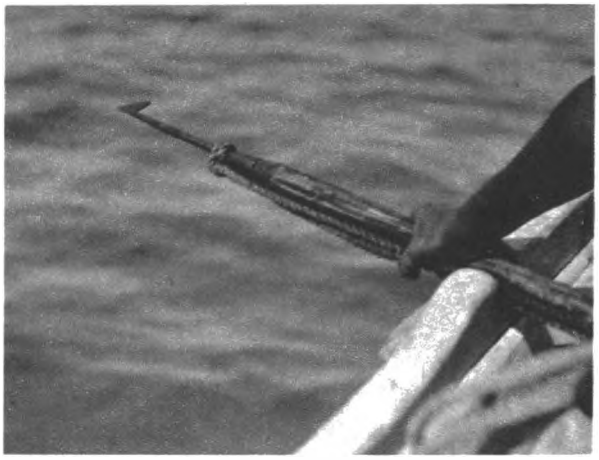
BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

Harpooning is probably the oldest form of fishing, and it's still the most exciting—especially if, like the author, you insist on fishing for creatures that can kill you.

HARPOONING is more sportsmanlike than line fishing because the fish has as much chance to catch you as you have to catch the fish. For even fish that are not generally considered "gamy" may drown the fisherman or at least bite off his leg. Most big-game fishermen think that a marlin gives more sport on the end of a line than an octopus, but these gentlemen have never tried letting an octopus get a tentacle around their necks while they are underwater.

There are almost as many different types of harpooning as there are of line fishing. For fish weighing several tons, there is the thrown harpoon with a detachable head secured to a heavy line. For shallow water, a light, stabbing spear is often preferred. Goggle fishermen usually like a sharpened steel rod discharged from a slingshotlike apparatus.

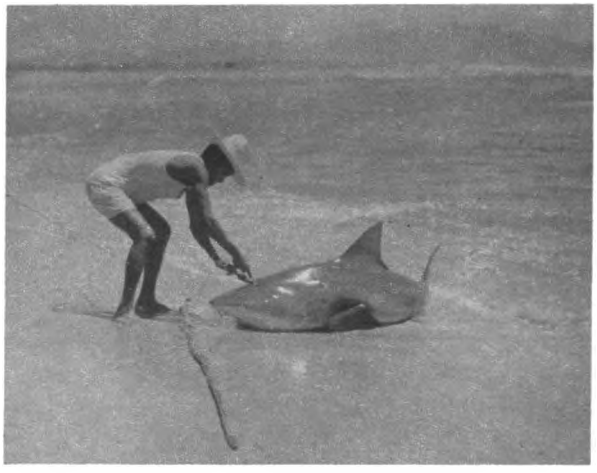
(*Continued on page* 51)



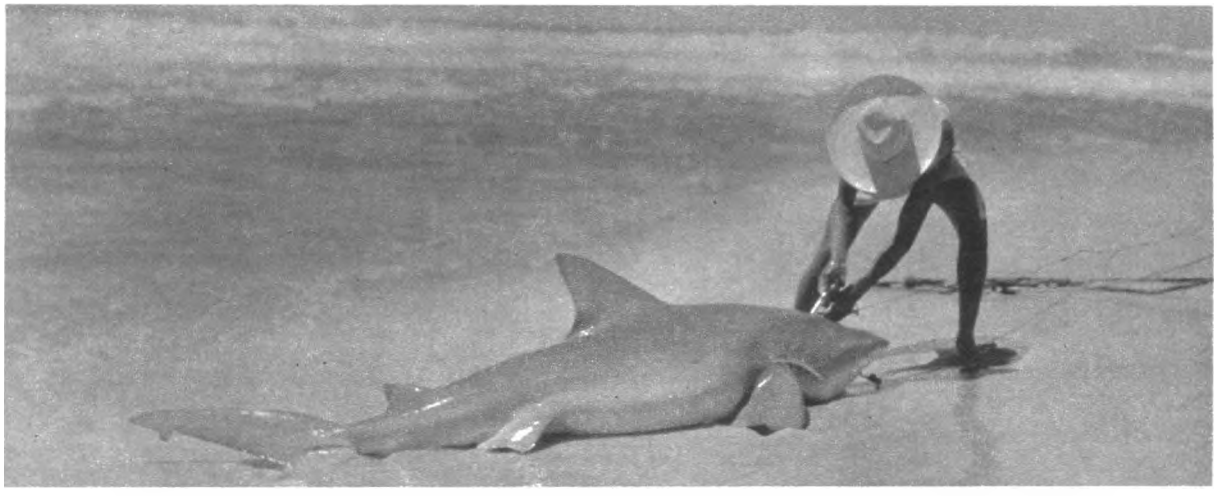
The business end of a harpoon—it'll settle shark's hash.

Hash is settled, shark hauled ashore by fisherman.

Author gets a few professional tips on how it's done.



Manuel cuts busted warhead out of busted shark's head.



This isn't exactly a maneating shark, but there's nothing that says he won't take a bite—and then spit it out!

It was an eerie ceremony—especially when the Chief offered me the bowl. I raised it and drank, and the red fluid was warm and salty—sickening. And then—

I Was Blood Brother to an African Chief!

BY WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

—meaning his wives were mine, but my bank account was his!

"SHEASONGO'S a hard customer," said Heath, "but a great chief." The magistrate of the Ba'lla District of Northern Rhodesia reached for another peg of whiskey. "Since you're starting into his territory tomorrow, maybe I'd better brief you on the old boy."

I nodded. I'd heard plenty of stories about my future host, not all of them any too encouraging. For instance, he was said to have twenty-three slaves, in defiance of the law. Also, he ran his tribe with an iron hand, whipping—at least—anybody who got out of line. A hint of "extra" cruelty seemed to have crept into his blood from an Arab ancestor or two.

Heath briefed me, substantiating all the rumors I'd heard. He also said, "Sheasongo's fair—and more or less honest. According to the custom of the past, that is. What makes him seem kind of rugged to us is merely the fact that he's one of the last of the 'old school'. He thinks he's still living in the days of Cecil Rhodes. He's trying to keep alive a way of life—native life—that has to go." Heath sipped his drink thoughtfully. "I don't like Sheasongo—but I admire him. Make a friend of him and you'll have a good one. Make him your enemy, and—" The magistrate tossed off the rest of his whiskey, significantly.

I figured I knew as much about my future host as I had to.

After an uneventful trek across the veld, I reached my goal. Sheasongo's village looked small (*Continued on page* 53)

The Witch Doctor pulled my hand toward him—I felt a sharp pain, and—

ILLUSTRATED BY CY WILLIAMS

Eve's-Dropping on Meyer

Eve likes Pendulent earrings,

Indoor Adventures

Sunkist oranges.

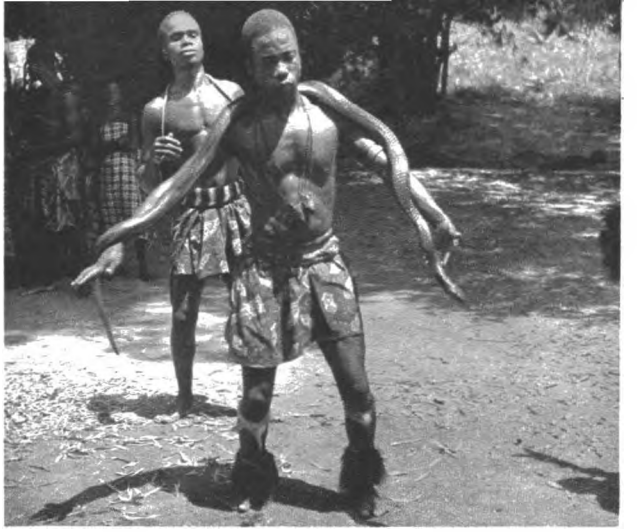
According to some authorities, Eve was born about 6000 years ago; others, of a more scientific turn of mind, claim she saw the light a million years agone. So far as we're concerned, they can fight it out -OUR Eve gave tongue in the year 1929 in Atlanta, Georgia, and we've got the figure to prove it! (See figure on this and the next page.)

Since all Eves should have an Adam, this one has hers. His name is Russ Meyer and he does not pitch for the Brooklyn Dodgers. However he did bat .1000 with Eve from the minute he took her first pin-up pic some years ago. In order to make sure of her photographic services thenceforward, Russ upped and married the gal. Today he exposes his lovely wife to the elements and his shutter, with the happy results you see here.

And don't think Eve just sits around breathing all day long, either. A girl of many facets, she runs a TV show in San Francisco in addition to her modelling chores. The bare facts: 39–25–35, which is a pretty high rating for any show . . .

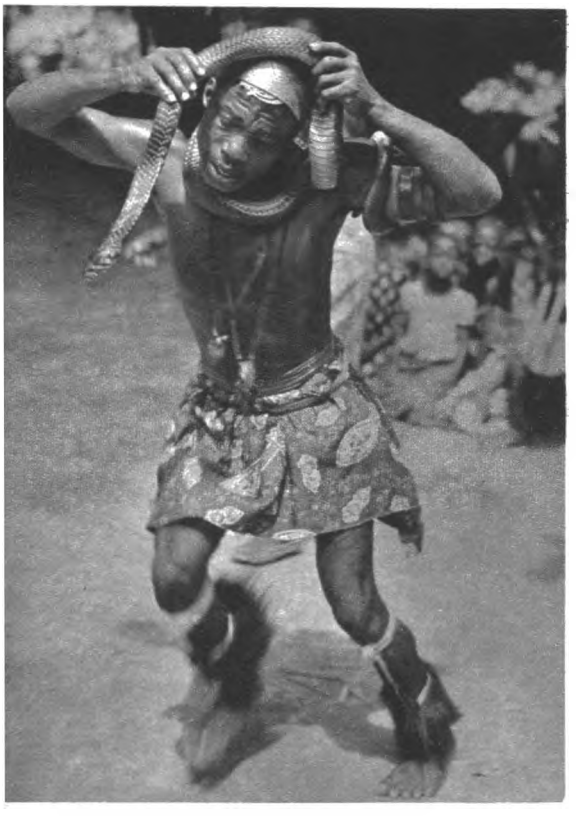
Two-piece suits, →

One phase of the dance—snake wound around neck.



Amulet around neck protects dancer — he hopes!

Snake Dance of the Sorcerers



Later stage—getting ready for the finale . . .

When explorers Hassoldt and Ruth Davis invaded West Africa on the trail of the infamous Sorcerers' Village, they came up against more courage than magic—including a bunch of witch doctors who ate snakes—alive!

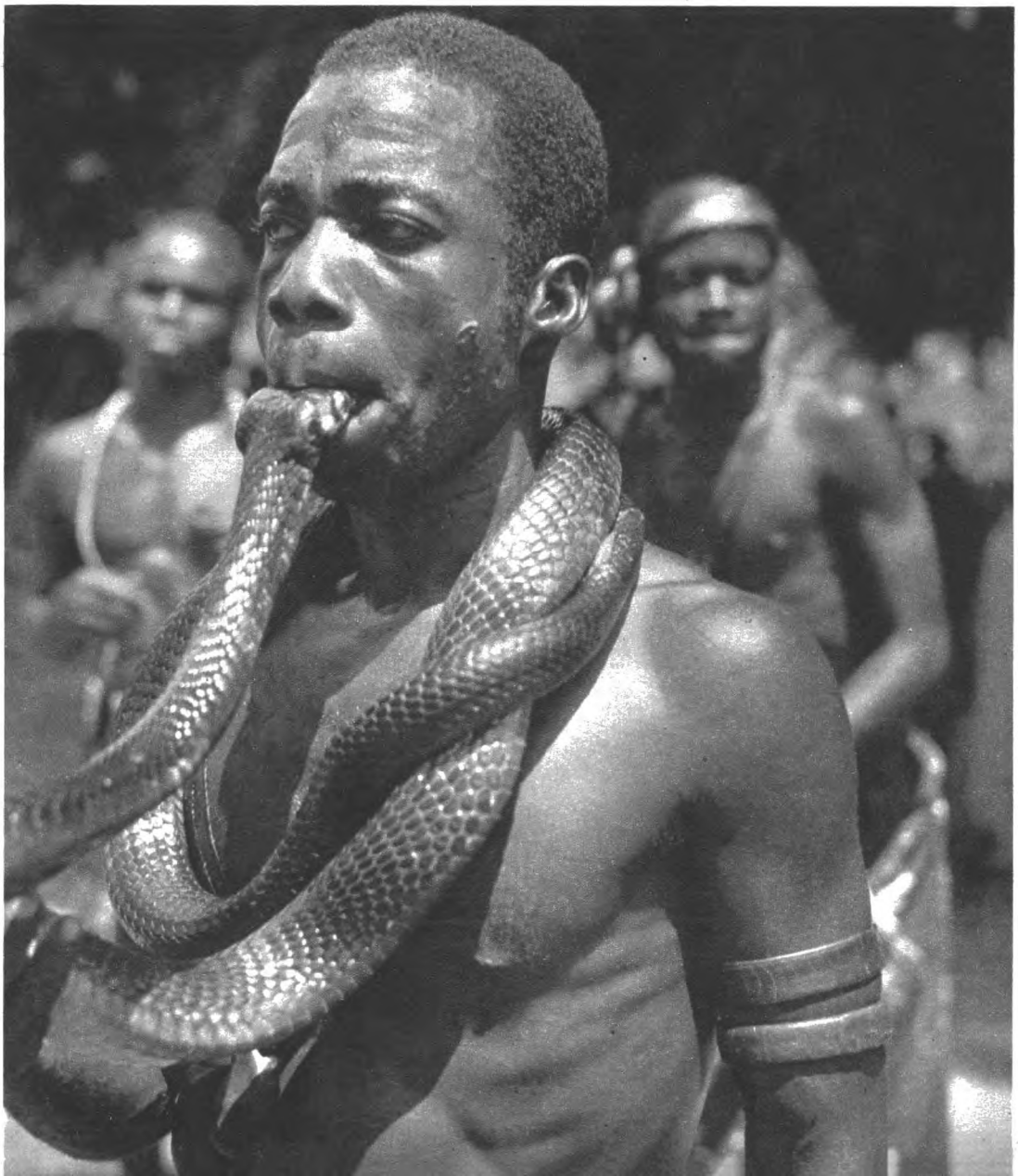
MOST people, these days, seem to be going to East Africa, either to hunt or just rubberneck. They may be missing out on a chance to see the last of the real "dark" Africa—which happens to lie far west of the Uganda border. In western Africa—Gold and Ivory coasts, French Guinea and the Cameroun, there is still plenty of territory that looks the same as when the slavers nearly wrecked the place back in the early 1800's. And it *is* the same, as famed explorer Hassoldt Davis can tell you.

In the fabulous protectorate, Ivory Coast, he and his wife, Ruth, got on the trail of a little-known village that was actually a school for sorcerers—witch doctors—who had a quaint little custom of dancing with live cobras. Resolved to witness this, the Davises trekked through some of the ruggedest terrain in all Africa, armed with cameras, tape recorders and other adjuncts of the modern explorer. It was the help of these that made them so popular with the Yho witch doctors—who considered them magic equal to their own. Especially when they recorded and played back the voice of the Chief.

The reason for the snake dance was to hasten the wet season, called Goula-non. It was thought by the tribesmen that snakes, which come out from their holes during wet weather, could influence an early rainy season if the villagers became friendly with them. So, as the explorers watched—and Ruth, the cameraman, whirred her shutter— (*Continued on page* 58)

Friends help the dancer work self into a frenzy—at no risk to themselves—as he winds snake in more and more folds around his neck.

This is it!—with a flourish, the dancer thrusts snake's head into his mouth! A single slip and the man could die hideously.



What was the greatest battle ever fought between white man and red? Depends what you mean by "great." But the *bloodiest* was surely the battle of Wounded Knee Creek. One man has survived to tell the story of . . .

SIX HOURS OF SLAUGHTER

BY WAYNE D. MOTE

FROM boyhood, I had admired the heroes of Wounded Knee, and after I had grown up I wanted to write the story. But I had no first-hand facts. All of the old Indian fighters were dead . . . or at least I presumed they were.

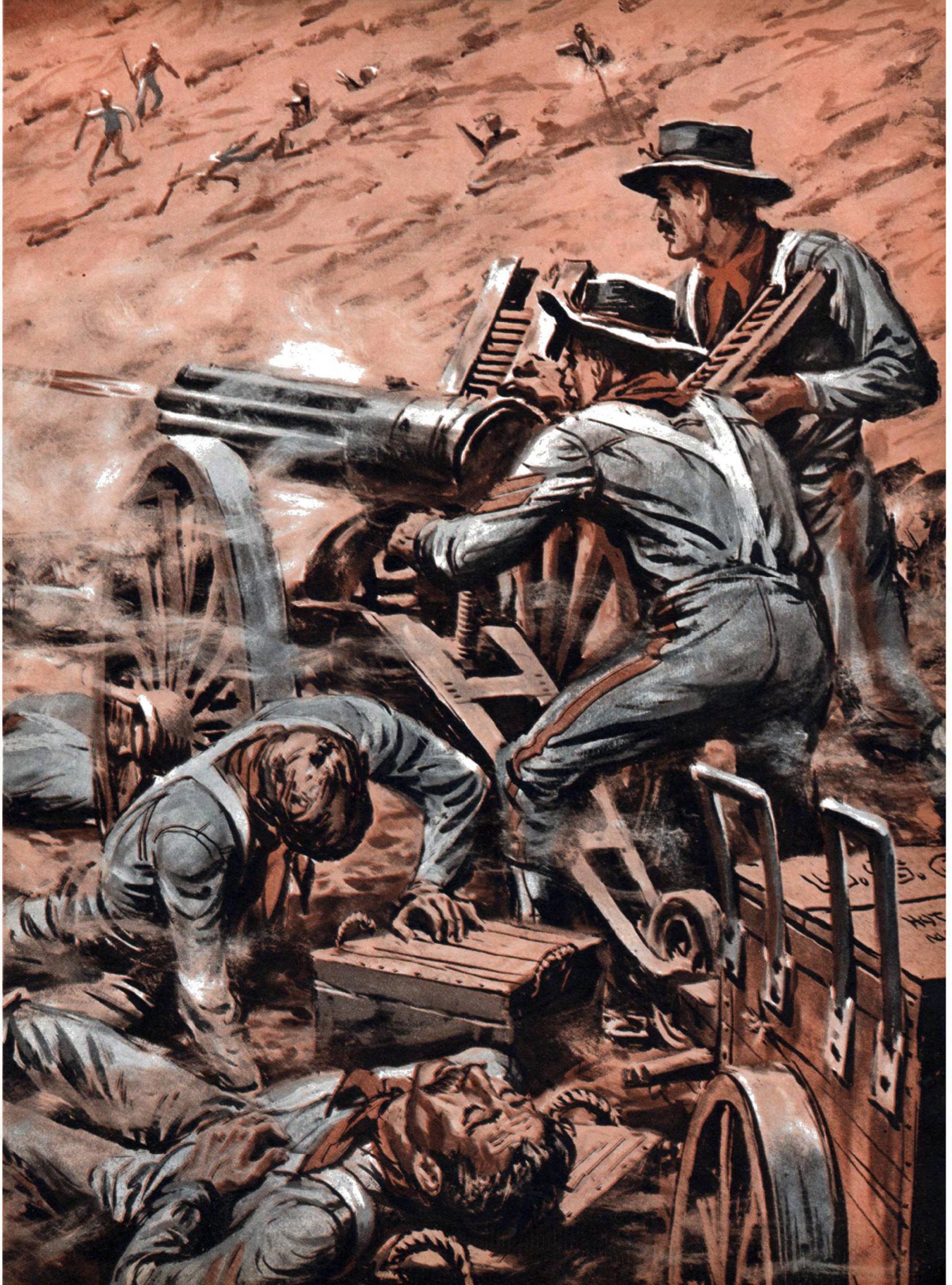
Then one cold, misty morning last year I got the surprise of my life when the first-hand facts I wanted came walking through the door in the person of Charlie Hast, an eighty-year-old ex-Cavalryman of McCloud, Oklahoma. Charlie had fought the vicious Sioux at Wounded Knee and wanted me to write his story. It was a rare opportunity, since Charlie is the only known person still living who actually participated in the battle. He is also one of the few remaining men who saw combat in an Indian War.

Charlie looked like something that had just walked out of a frontier history bok. He wore a long buffalo-hide coat and a forage cap with the crossed sabres of the Seventh Cavalry pinned on it. He was a slightly built man, but he was straight and wiry, and his eyes were cold blue and clear.

It took Charlie several hours to tell me his story, but when he (*Continued on page* 62)

From the knoll, the howitzer and Hotchkiss guns blasted the Indians, who lay screaming beneath the tepees. →

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK TURNER



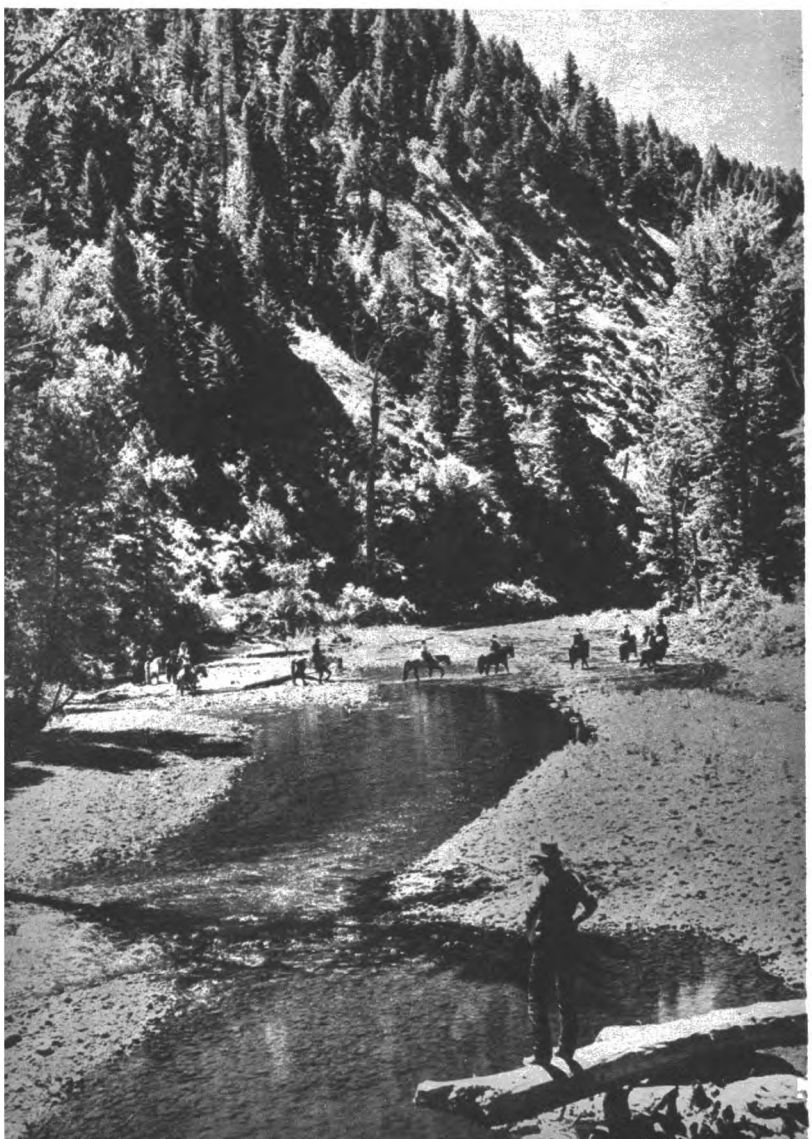
Eat, Fish

By E. Ward McCray

Can't afford a safari to Africa next summer? Well, here's a vacation that's almost as much fun for one-tenth the cost . . . All you need—besides money—is a partner, a jaloppy and a love for fishing.

I RECENTLY took a vacation that made me forget all about my desire to hunt big game in Africa. The editors of OUTDOOR ADVENTURES asked me to tell you about it, figuring that what's good for McCray is good for the country. They may be right because this vacation I took can be manipulated to fit almost any proclivity or pocketbook. I have a proclivity for fishing in swift, cold little mountain streams that leap out from the green pines above my camp and babble crazily over the rocks; and my pocketbook could be slipped under the average door with no

Umatilla River in the Blue Mountains of Oregon—an ideal spot for everything mentioned by author.



and Be Merry...for $3.50 a Day!

trouble. There's the sum of my vacation budget.

If that describes you, then this is your dish. A fish dish guaranteed to satisfy the lustiest appetite.

First of all, here's a brief list of the more important things you'll need to make the trip. About 600 dollars worth of traveller's checks, greenbacks or old gold is of prime importance. Secondly, you'll need a whole summer to make the most of the deal. By skipping certain spots on the itinerary, you can do it in a month, but that means only half as much enjoyment. If you live in the west, even two weeks will do—but if your stamping ground is east of the Mississippi, better skip over to the next article.

Item number three is transportation. The ideal vehicle is a station wagon, or one of those cars whose seats open up into a double bed. It'll have to be in good condition because the trip I'll describe is a rugged one. You'll have to be in pretty good condition yourself, in fact. Pleasure increases proportionate to the amount of work it takes to get it.

Speaking of pleasure, you will need—or want—a partner on this journey. Said partner will (*Continued on page* 56)

Replace that moose rack with elk or deer antlers, and this could be Western expedition.

What do kangaroos do? They hop like overgrown rabbits, carry their young in a pouch, and box in carnivals. What else do they do? Well, they can knock a man's brains out with their forepaws and kick his guts out with their hind legs. Here's the story of a man who saw it happen on a . . .

KANGAROO KILL

By BEN BERKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK BOURDON

We hunted the big roos on horses, and so long as we stayed mounted, it was safe. But—on the ground, watch out!

I'VE waited long enough before telling this story. Too long, in fact—because, through the years, people have been getting the wrong ideas about kangaroos. Not long ago I was watching one in a zoo. I stood outside the cage along with a crowd of people and listened to the comments. One woman said, "They're so *cute*. How can they keep such a harmless animal caged like that?"

That word "harmless" got me. I watched, silently, the big male 'roo in his barred pen, and my thoughts wandered back to a generation ago, to the time I first saw one of his ancestors. To the time I hunted kangaroos for a living—and found them to be genuine big game and worthy of the attentions of the most experienced hunter.

I thought of how one of them, in revenge for the death of its mate, had stalked a friend of mine—and what happened when it finally caught up with its enemy.

When I got home from the zoo, I decided to write this story.

Probably the first white man to shoot a kangaroo was Captain Cook, the great explorer. Here's a notation from his log, under the date of July 14, 1770, when he was making his first voyage around the world:

"I went out this day with my gun, and had the good fortune of killing one of the animals which had been so much the subject of our speculation . . ."

It must be remembered that in Captain Cook's day, the kangaroo was regarded more or less as a mythical animal. And it remained mythical until Cook and his shipmates came to Australia and saw with their own eyes the millions of species of Macropidoe. (*Continued on page* 65)

The climbers saw the furry apelike creature at close range, chased him—but they only succeeded in getting photos of his tracks.

The expedition—climbers in front, author in center, Sherpa porters at rear.

We Tracked the Abominable Snow Man!

BY RALPH IZZARD

Here is the truth about the infamous Yeti—the Abominable Snow Man—told by the man who led an expedition to capture this strange hero of exploration's greatest mystery! What happened on that journey to the high Himalaya is an adventure story as great as the mystery.

Editor's Note: Ralph Izzard's name—although he has never professed to be more than a correspondent for the London Daily Mail—will always be linked with the successful 1953 expedition to Mt. Everest. To scoop his rival, the staid Times, Izzard formed his own Everest expedition, earning the admiration of readers and adventurers around the world. His book, An Innocent on Everest, describes his madcap escapade on the Goddess Mountains. Now he tells what happened afterward.

IN THE EARLY months of 1953 I had no more ambition to chase Abominable Snowmen round Himalayan peaks than I had of becoming the Archbishop of Canterbury. From time to time I had read of Abominable Snowmen with the average reader's interest. My working area was the Middle East. I had left India in 1948 and never expected to be sent back there; certainly not to the independent Himalayan kingdom of Nepal which I had visited briefly as a very privileged guest in 1947, for in those days Nepal was almost impossible of access. It is true that during the leave I was granted in India I had made three treks through the Himalaya. I had gone strictly as a

We Tracked the Abominable Snow Man

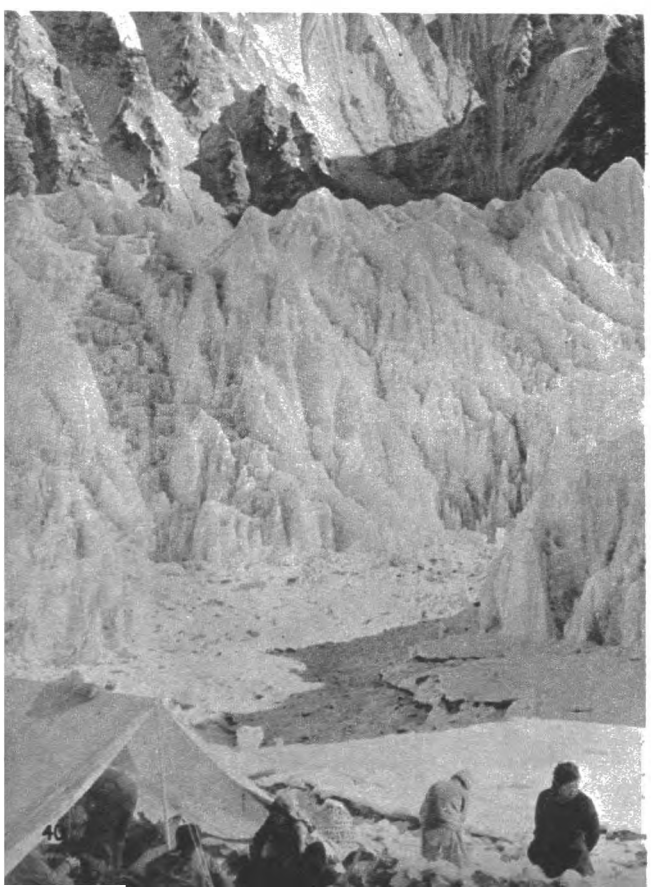
mountain traveller and not as a mountaineer. Not being an ardent climber, I prefer to look up my mountains from the bottom rather than look down them from the top. I cannot remember one single occasion when I and my companions on those three excursions as much as discussed Abominable Snowmen. But the time was to come when for weeks on end I was to discuss and dream of nothing else.

In February 1953, because someone in my London office remembered that I had travelled in the Himalaya, I suddenly found myself ordered to report on the course of the forthcoming British Mount Everest Expedition.

In Katmandu I waited out the anxious days of the final assault on Everest and to take part in the general rejoicing when on June 2 (*Continued on page* 69)

Famous photograph of Snow Man's footprint in snow.

Camp near top of Everest. At this great height, the Snow Man is reported to have attacked climbers.



Short-tailed voles found at 16,000 feet altitude.

In this hut in Macherma Valley, Tenzing Norkey's father was attacked by an Abominable Snow Man.

First reconnaissance team—the author, Charles Stoner, Gerald Russell and their porters.

THE TEN-TON ROMAN CANDLE

(*Continued from page* 12)

The Chief was on the forward deck checking the tanks. I gave him the slip from the Union—it said one Able-Bodied Seaman for the S/S *Orion*—and told him I'd already been signed on. "Okay," he said. "Stow your gear and then look up the Bosun."

I lugged my bag aft to the seamen's quarters. By that time it was close to the morning coffee break so I headed for the messroom. The deck gang came in a few minutes later.

That's when I heard about the Second Mate.

I told Bosun I'd just checked in. He looked me over and said I'd be on the twelve to four watch. "The Second's watch," he added. "The other A. B. quit last night."

"We all should of gone ashore with him," one of the sailors said.

"Why?" I asked. "Something I should know about?"

"The Second damn near let us all burn in our bunks," he said.

I sat there drinking the coffee and listening.

One of the A. B.'s, a husky guy they called Tex, told the story. He said he had the first half of the night watch and they were pumping in gasoline as fast as the tanks would take it. Tex was tending the hose and the Second Mate was wandering around on the tank tops. "Must have been a run-off around the valve," Tex said. "This Grade A stuff always sweats some. And the drip pan under the hose connection was filling up. I reported it to the Second and he come over and told me to empty the pan. Well, when I reached for it the damn thing skidded away and spilled the gas out. Then the rim of the pan must have worked up a spark because there was a flash and all of a sudden we had a fire on deck. It was right under the hose."

Tex said the gasoline flamed up like a torch. If the fire spread to the hose and into the tanks the *Orion* was a cinch to blow high as a rocket. Some of the crew were ashore but most of them were aboard and turned in. They'd be trapped in the fo'castle and toasted down to cinders before they could even get their eyes open.

"The Second jumped down from the tank top," Tex continued. "He was white as that bulkhead there and I swear his teeth were rattling. He went past me flying and ran down the gangway like a damn rabbit. He beat it, you understand? He was going to run off and leave the ship burn."

Tex got up and went over to the urn to fill his coffee cup.

"Looks like she's still here," I said.

"That's not the Second's fault," Tex said. "He would of let her go. But I grabbed the foam extinguisher and snuffed out the fire."

Tex paused a moment. "The Second came back aboard then," he said. "I was so mad I would of slugged him but the Chief Mate heard us running around and he come out on deck. I told the Chief what happened and I guess he figured the Second was yellow too. He should of fired him."

"And I'm on the Second's watch," I said. "It's going to be a nice trip."

"Yeah," Tex said.

We were still talking about the Second when the Bosun glanced at the clock and told us to turn to. The rest of the morning we checked in deck stores. About two p.m. the last tank was topped off and we took the *Orion* away from the dock.

Sailing a tanker is usually a cinch. There's no cargo gear to handle, no hatches to secure, and the decks stay clean. At sea about all you do is chip a little rust and slap on a lot of paint. The *Orion* was especially easy because she was new and it didn't take much to keep her looking that way. She should have been what sailors call a home. But she wasn't. That trouble in Houston had turned everybody in the crew pretty sour.

I don't know why, but the sailors who ride tankers have funny ideas about courage. A man can be all kinds of a heel and get away with it as long as he's got some guts. That's the only thing that seems to count. It may be that tankermen are always aware they're riding on ten or fifteen thousand tons of liquid dynamite. They know that a single spark or even a match flare can grow into something close to the Bible's description of hell. Every man has to be afraid of that. But he can't admit it, not even to himself. And when another member of the crew yields to fear everyone scorns him. It may be that we recognize the same fear in ourselves but we cover it up by attributing it to someone else.

That's the way it seemed to work with the Second Mate. No one had a good word for him. That included the other officers as well as the fo'castle gang. Myself, I felt kind of sorry for him. The *Orion* hadn't gone up in flames. Nobody had turned to ashes in his bunk. So why not forget it and let the Second alone? If we had, it would have been a good trip. The weather was fine all the way across the Atlantic. And we were heading northeasterly for Ghent, on the Scheldt River, in Belgium. It's a fair town for seamen and Antwerp—a better one—is only a few miles away.

My watchmate on the twelve to four watch was a big, gangling A. B. named Allen. Every time I came up on the bridge to relieve him at the helm he'd tell me the course and then say: "Keep a good eye on the Second, he may jump over the side."

I had heard that all the way across the ocean and by the time we reached the Channel I was pretty sick of it. The night we were steering for the pilot station at the mouth of the Scheldt Allen gave me the same story when I came into the wheelhouse. "Keep a good eye on. . ." he began.

"Look," I cut in. "Forget it, will you? Chances are if you were on deck that night you'd o' beat the Second going down the gangway."

It was two a.m. and it was dark in the wheelhouse. But I could see Allen's face plain enough to know he was mad. "The Second a pal of yours?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said. "We got something in common—we're both afraid of fire."

Allen didn't have any answer to that. He turned away, went onto the bridge wing, and tramped down the ladder. I guess he thought me and the Second were some kind of cousins; anyway I knew standing the same watch with Allen wouldn't be very chummy any more.

I was still thinking about that when the Second came into the wheelhouse and leaned against the windows. Maybe

(*Continued on page* 44)

Call Your Shots

—AND NOTHING BUT!

Your magazine is the first I remember reading every story in, from cover to cover. Enjoyed them all because I assumed they were true. Then somebody looked the magazine over and scoffed, saying some of them were impossible. You don't *say* all the stories are true—Especially the one in the first issue, *Forbidden Land of Djuka Gold*. Was this a true experience of Hal Hennesey? If so, will you please tell me the location of Djukaland?

James W. Haldane
Waverley, Ohio

• I suppose we could put a big notice over the masthead warning one and all that EVERY ARTICLE IN THIS MAGAZINE IS ABSOLUTELY AND COMPLETELY TRUE, AUTHENTIC AND HONEST T'GOSH. But we figure that, from their appearance and style of writing, most people will, like reader Haldane, assume it. It's unlikely that we'll ever publish any fiction, but if so we'll label it as such . . . About that Djukaland piece—yes, this is one of our editor's youthhood adventures. Its appearance brought on a flood of mail asking where Djukaland was, and offering to go get some of that gold and to hell with the Djukas! We think that the location was described pretty accurately in the article; however, to repeat: "Djukaland" has no geographical borders, comprising the southern region of all three of the Guianas, Dutch, British and French. The land is entirely jungle and extends across the Brazilian border toward the Amazon. Just how far south the Djukas have penetrated, no one knows—and nobody knows how many Djukas there are, either. All we know is that the four governments involved with them have given up trying to keep them under control. There aren't enough of them (a rough guess, 20,000) to cause much trouble, though.

CARTOONS? HMM.

Must say your magazine is different! Interesting, clean and captivating articles. Only suggestion I can offer—I miss cartoons in the magazine. I always get a kick out of a good joke and always look for them. One other thing. Why can't the articles run from one page to the next until finished, instead of running over to the back of the book? It would make for more enjoyable reading.

Thomas Risch
Outer Island, Wisc.

• Haven't got enough comment to decide yea or nay on cartoons yet, Tom. And as for the continued-on-consecutive-pages type of makeup, the few mags that have tried it find it ringingly unsuccessful.

he sensed the way I felt about him and about the incident in Houston. Or maybe he just wanted the chance to defend himself. "You weren't aboard the night we were taking this cargo, were you?" he asked.

It was the first time during the trip he had referred to it. I said, "No, I wasn't."

"We had a small fire on deck," he said.

"I heard about it," I said, trying not to sound sarcastic.

"It could have been serious," the Second continued. "But fortunately we got it under control."

"*We?*" I said.

He nodded. "Yes, we. The A. B. on watch put the foam on it while I was on the dock getting ready to shut off the hose."

I didn't say anything.

First thing you have to do in a case like that is cut off the flow of gasoline." The Second was talking in that mild voice but I could tell he was boiling up inside. This was probably the first time he had tried to tell his side of the story. He probably figured that I was the only man aboard who would listen to it. "Not much chance of the fire flashing into the tanks," he was saying. "The danger was that the hose would burn through and then we'd have all that gas pumping out on deck."

"Yeah, I guess so," I said.

"And if that happened the fire was sure to get out of control." He turned to look at me. "So that's why I went down on the dock. I was going to close the valve on the pipeline. But the A. B. got the fire out before I shut down on her."

I kept my eyes on the compass.

"You believe that, don't you?" he asked.

"No, sir," I said.

There was a ship ahead of us in the Channel, then, and the Second said abruptly: "Come right twenty degrees."

"Right twenty degrees," I said, and put the helm over.

When we were clear of the other ship the Second said: "Midships."

"Midships," I repeated.

"Now let her go back to the course."

"Back to the course, sir."

There were other ships in the Channel that night and more helm orders from the Second. But every time he gave me a wheel direction he sounded like he was saying again: "You believe that, don't you?" Well, I didn't believe it. Nobody else on the *Orion* did either. They all had the Second pegged as a coward. And no talk about shutting down the pipeline valve could make them believe anything else.

We made the pilot station on the Chief Mate's watch and by the time I turned out for breakfast the *Orion* was in the river. It's a very neat, very narrow river; we followed almost sixty placid miles of it to Ghent. The oil dock on the western edge of the town parallels a typical, tree-lined Flemish road. Beyond it are the tanks screened by a high wire fence.

The plant at Ghent is a storage and distribution area. The big tankers bring the refined gasoline in and from there it's transshipped onto motor barges for transport along the canals and shallow river routes. There was already a cluster of barges tied up as we docked the *Orion*. If they were waiting for our cargo they'd have to lay there a while because we used our own pumps to discharge the Grade A and that would take at least four days.

Well, the first three days went smooth as velvet. The big cargo hose was fast to the amidships discharge valve and our pumps were going day and night. We didn't see much of the night work though—we had things to do ashore such as sampling the Flemish beer. In the barrooms the talk was about everything else except ships and Second Mates. But nothing really good lasts forever. On the fourth morning the No Shore Leave notice was posted by the gangway. We were scheduled to sail at 4 p. m.

The trouble started at noon.

We were all in the messroom when we heard the explosion. At first we thought it was the *Orion*. There was a *whoosh* like an express train rocketing around a curve. Then a hollow, echoing rumble.

Every man spilled out on deck. It had been a bright, sunny day but now a greasy cloud of black smoke blanketed the mast tops. And a solid sheet of fire spewed over the *Orion's* bow.

Someone was shouting on the dock. Then a shoreside siren cut in and the high-pitched sound blasted through the pall of smoke and flame.

We headed amidships, running. It wasn't an orderly retreat. It was a stampede. Half a dozen men reached the gangway at the same moment and fought to be first on the narrow platform. Looking aft, I saw an engineer and two oilers go over the poop-deck rail and claw their way along the mooring lines, hand over hand. One of them couldn't make it on the lines; he dropped into the river and swam the rest of the way toward the grass-banked shore. They had been down below in the engine room. There was nobody down there now but the discharge pump had stopped. At least they hit the switch before abandoning the ship.

There was a breeze over the bow and it fanned the flames, sweeping them along the forward deck. Within minutes the fire would reach amidships to the cargo hose. I didn't want to think what would happen then. There was no time for thinking anyway. I was pushing and shoving toward the gangway; I wanted to get my feet on it and go down—fast—to the dock. Everyone else did too.

Sometimes you do a lot of living in a few seconds of time. I was acutely aware of every sensation. The scorching, blast-furnace heat from the fire. The terrible, on-coming roar of it. The frantic, scrabbling haste of the crew as they raced down the gangway.

I was last in line. I doubted if I'd ever reach the gangway platform. But I did. And for another split second, before I plunged down toward the shore, I had a clear view of the dock. There was a barge tied up under the *Orion's* bow and it had been loading a thousand tons of gasoline. Perhaps the skipper had lighted a fire in the galley or maybe his heels struck a spark on deck. The gasoline vapor exploded and the barge became a solid sheet of fire. A thousand tons of gasoline burns bright and it burns fast. The flames zoomed up and the breeze carried them over our bow. The *Orion* wasn't afire—yet. I could see that. But any moment now the vapor in our forward tanks would blow sky high. And the blaze that would follow would make the barge fire look small as the flare of a cigarette lighter.

I saw something else, too, as I started down the gangway. The Second Mate was on the dock. He had been standing by the cargo hose, in command, because the Captain and the Chief Mate were ashore clearing the ship and picking up the manifest. *Again*, I thought, *yes again the Second is the first man ashore.*

When I reached the dock I started to sprint toward the road. The rest of the gang had already made it; they were putting a lot of distance between them and the ship.

But my foot caught on one of the pipelines and I sprawled out, full-length, only ten feet from the base of the gangway. As I got up I heard someone shouting. The sound came from the edge of the smoke-cloud that almost obscured the entire forward section of the *Orion*. I swung around, tossing away what might have been my last chance to escape.

Then I saw the Second!

He was running directly into the path of the fire; the flames billowed up from the barge and put a red canopy above his head. He had something in his hands. It was an axe. As I watched, too startled to move, he darted toward the bow of the ship. The two Manila mooring lines had burned away. But the third line, an insurance cable, was still fast to the bollard. The axe flashed

down and the heavy wire parted.

Instantly, the Second turned away, dropping the axe, and sprinted back toward the gangway. He saw me and shouted: "Hey! Come on! Follow me!" He started up the gangway. And like a damn fool I went along after him.

The Second paused at the main intake valve just long enough to uncouple the cargo hose. Then he beckoned to me and ran aft. We raced the flames along the deck.

The two stern lines were secured to the after bits. "Let 'em go!" the Second said, pointing. I flipped the heavy Manila off the bits. The Second was working on the spring line which slanted forward to a dock bollard farther amidships. "Now take it to the winch," he said.

I was beginning to get the idea. The Second figured on heaving the *Orion* on her spring line. The bow was already adrift and a strain on the spring would veer it away from the flaming barge.

I picked up the spring line after the Second threw it clear of the bit and slung it over the winch drum. It was an electric winch and the power was still on. The Second shoved the control lever. The winch drum whirled and I wrapped three turns of the line over the drum and started to take up the slack. The line came taut. There was a moment of almost unbearable suspense. If the Manila parted the *Orion* would slide closer to the barge and we'd all go up—the ship, the Second, and me—in a sudden, shattering blast.

But the line didn't part. It came in slowly, foot by foot, over the turning winch drum. The *Orion's* stern was forced in against the dock; the steel hull rasped against the wooden pilings. And slowly, almost majestically, the *Orion's* bow veered out into the river.

The Second stopped the winch. "Throw it off!" he said.

I spun the line off the drum and let it run free through the chock. We were clear of the shore then. Every line was gone. And the river current was spinning us into midstream.

We were clear all right. I stood at the rail and looked back at the dock. The barge was still throwing smoke and fire like a big Roman candle. But the *Orion* was beyond reach of the flames. She was safe.

Safe? I noticed, then, that we were drifting toward the opposite bank of the river. The ship wasn't going to burn. But she was certainly going to run aground. I turned to the Second, gesturing.

The Second was leaning against the winch. He looked kind of odd because his eyebrows had been singed off. He had his cap under his arm and he was wiping the sweat and soot from his face. When I shouted at him he glanced toward the shore, casually at first, and then did a double-take. In the same motion he started to run forward. I followed him. The deck plates on the *Orion's* bow were still hot. But we didn't care about that; they weren't hot enough to ignite the gasoline vapor in the tanks.

"Stand by the starboard anchor," the Second said.

I spun the winch out of gear and grabbed the brake handle.

"Let her go!"

I heaved up on the handle. The anchor went out, splashing, and the chain rattled through the hawse pipe.

Half an hour later the Second and I stood by the amidships rail. The *Orion* was safely anchored and one of the oil company's launches was heading out from the dock. The barge had burned out; it would be safe enough now to take the *Orion* back to her berth.

On the launch were the members of the crew. They were coming back to the *Orion* to rejoin the Second Mate who had stood by the ship. And not one of them would—or could—ever again call the Second a coward.

"I'll put a ladder over," I said.

I got the pilot ladder out of the forward locker and lowered it over the rail. The launch came alongside and eased in against the bottom rungs.

"Stand back a ways," the Second said. He was still talking in that mild voice but there were some grim lines around his mouth. "I want to be close up so I can look at every man as he comes aboard," he said. "Chances are they all went ashore to shut down on the loading valve." And then added, smiling: "You believe that, don't you?"

"No, sir," I said.

One thing I did believe—the *Orion*, from then on, was going to be a mighty happy ship.

I was right, too.

THE CENTURY'S BLOODIEST MANHUNT

(*Continued from page* 11)

him. We had no antidote against the poison used by the killers, a form of poison very similar to the curare used by the South American Indians. All we could do was to fire into the greying dawn—at nothing, for the men who were attacking us were completely indistinguishable from the landscape.

Luckily for us, Burghers was the only one hit, but as the daylight came and we began to examine him, we could at first find no wound. Then Karel saw a scratch on Burghers' hand where an arrow had grazed him. Nothing more than a scratch which had barely drawn blood, but it had killed the young cop within a few minutes.

After we had buried him, we began to hunt around for signs of the attackers. Hennie Rall, an experienced desert cop, started trailing tracks which were non-existent to our eyes.

"This job is done better on foot," Rall said. "These Bushmen can smell a camel a mile away and scatter. Once they sight us they can lie doggo in a hole or behind a rock. We'll pass a hundred feet from 'em without knowing they are there."

At this suggestion we tethered the camels so that they could not wander too far, then, with our rifles loaded, safety catches off, we marched along behind Rall whose eyes never once strayed from the desert's blazing white sand.

Four hours later he held up his hand He was about fifty yards ahead of us. I was next behind him, with my brother and the two cops from Prieska station, following. Jacob Brand had joined us on orders, but he was a city cop and dead scared of the desert. That's why we did not put him on guard. He might have shot one of us in the night, he was so windy of any sounds.

I shuffled up to Rall through the thick sand that had already penetrated my high-laced boots.

"They're not far from here," he said. I looked around but I could see no sign of life, although I had a view extending perhaps 600 yards to the east, west

and south.

When the other men came up. Rall said, "Those Bushmen are close by. I can smell them. We'll split up and circle at 50 paces apart. As soon as anyone spots them, he'll start firing. The Bushmen will come into the open—they always do—and we'll do the rest."

I walked west and then south, my eyes sweeping the landscape ahead of me, gun under my arm ready to be fired in an instant. Then suddenly I found myself looking *down* into a little gully. I had not seen the drop before and nearly tumbled into it.

In the gully, which was about 40 square feet, I saw eight Bushmen sitting feasting on a raw springbok. They must have spotted me almost at the same instant, for even as I gathered my wits and levelled my rifle, I heard the whine of an arrow past my head.

I began firing, but not wildly. Curiously, although I was taken unawares—despite the fact that I knew I was engaged on a hazardous enterprise!—I aimed and as my finger squeezed the trigger I saw one of the little men topple over.

That gave me heart. I dropped flat on my stomach to make myself a harder target for them to hit, and aimed at the naked brown chests forty yards away. As fast as I squeezed the trigger, they fell—but the others were storming me.

I dropped flat and aimed at the naked brown chests—others kept coming on.

Four of them were rushing the hill with their bows in their hands, arrows pointed at me, determined to get me. For a moment my nerve deserted me. I wanted to jump up and run, although my commonsense told me that that would be fatal. Where were my pals? Why didn't they start shooting? Convinced that I was done for, a million questions flew through my mind as the Bushmen closed the gap between us.

I aimed at the man farthest to the right and as I squeezed the trigger, I saw him fall. But the others were almost up to me when there was a harsh rattle of gunfire from the other side of the hill. Bullets hit the sand close to me, and I saw the three Bushmen go down in a heap.

Karel was right up to the three in a flash, his service rifle gripped in his right hand. One of the Bushmen stirred and Karel put the muzzle of the gun at the man's head and squeezed the trigger.

The fight was almost over before it started. Above, as I rose and wiped the sand from my uniform, I saw several vultures circling, watching the scene.

"Come on," Rall said. "I'm hungry after this. The vultures will finish them off for us, if they ain't finished yet."

As we passed the prone Bushmen in the gully, one moaned. Rall stopped for a moment and kicked the man, turned him over on his back with the tip of his boot. The Bushman slowly opened his eyes and looked up at us. "Can't waste a bullet on the swine," Karel said. He drew his bayonet from its sheath and whipped its keen-edged blade across the Bushman's throat. As the red blood spurted onto the desert and the Bushman died, we walked on.

"They're not human, they're animals, so don't have no compunction about killing them," Rall said. "I've been killing 'em for ten years. I should know."

Two months before, Rall had been on a lone expedition to fetch in one of the leaders of the Bushmen near Swakopmund. No danger had been expected because the Bushmen in these parts were quite peaceful and law-abiding. But while he was camped that night, Rall had found himself surrounded and attacked by the little brown men.

With his rifle he had shot nine of them after digging himself into the desert like a rat with only his nose and the rifle showing.

Dawn found him unharmed, with the nine corpses strewn around about and the others gone. He climbed into his small desert truck and drove on to the *kraal* where the chief lived.

"You will not take me anywhere, whiteman," the chief had snarled as Rall told him to come along on a charge of sheep stealing. Rall saw several of the Bushmen circling him. Suddenly he whipped out his revolver and without warning fired six rounds in a sweeping circle. When he had finished, five Bushmen were dead, gaping holes from the .45 slugs in their chests, and one was dying, his guts threatening to spill from the hole in his stomach.

"Are you coming now, Klaas?" he asked the chief. "Or do I kill you here and report that you are dead?" The chief went and was sent to prison for a few years.

During our three weeks in the desert before returning to Okahandja for a week's break, we killed 35 Bushmen. Other police officers working out from other districts where the Bushmen tribe was also on the rampage, killed altogether 348 Bushmen and a number of the little brown women, who are as dangerous as the men.

We found on one farm, seventy miles from our station, the remains of the farmer, his wife and three children. The woman had been tied down to a bed, stripped and systematically raped by the Bushmen. How many I don't know, but we killed thirteen of them the next day when we ambushed them.

The farmer had had his throat slit and his infant daughter of about two years had also been outraged, while his two little sons had had their brains battered out against a wall of the farm which had been set on fire. The fire had not taken.

We moved on fast from this farm after we radioed the details of the massacre back to headquarters. Then, with Rall on the trail, we checked our guns, gave them a few drops of oil, sharpened our bayonets and went in search of revenge. This was adventure with a capital A. We were not stalking animals without brains; we were stalking men who were classified as animals and treated as such, but men who had brains and who could use them, as we found out soon enough.

The sun was westering as we neared a part of the desert where aloe grew in some profusion. We were still on foot and Rall was about ten yards ahead. Suddenly we saw him drop flat on his stomach. The rest of us fell as one man and lay dead still while he sidled backwards on his stomach to-

wards us.

"There's a whole gang of them in that patch," he whispered, pointing to a patch of tall-growing aloe 200 yards away. "If we can circle them, not one will get away."

Karel, who was senior non-com in charge, ordered us to proceed on our stomachs in a circle and gave each man ten minutes to get to his designated place. Mine was almost directly ahead. I was in position behind a small hump in the desert about 100 yards from the clump of aloe, within five minutes.

Although I strained my eyes I could not see a sign of movement until, exactly ten minutes later, I heard Karel give a whoop and we all began firing into the aloe.

Almost at once small figures began to run about. They were sitting ducks and I picked off three in as many seconds. For each rifle shot I heard I saw a man fall. Some tried to run for the open desert but got no farther than the edge of our wide circle before getting his. Then, when there were no more men running around, we began to close up the circle until we were right around the clump of aloe.

In the center of our circle I saw five men lying prone on the ground, apparently dead. Rall was the first up. He leaped up and ran forward, bayonet in his hand and stabbed the first man clean through the heart. At that the others sat up, their hands held out in mute surrender, but the wild-eyed Dutchman went mad at that and within a few seconds the Bushmen were dead, their heads almost completely severed from their bodies as Rall slashed at them with his specially sharpened bayonet. Neither my brother nor I said anything. This was nothing but war and we weren't taking prisoners. We were answerable to no one except ourselves, and you can't look upon the outraged body of a young girl and let her attacker live.

During our hunt we came on a makeshift Bushmen *kraal* in a hollow, but there was no one. Something told us that this was no abode simply put up for a night and deserted. Bushmen rarely build huts; they are nomadic and live under trees and in the open. I was convinced that they would return to this place and upon my suggestion, we secreted ourselves at good vantage points overlooking a narrow trail that led down from the desert into the hollow where we had found the *kraal*, which comprised of five huts.

Near sunset we saw the first of the Bushmen coming along the trail. It was a girl of maybe fourteen or fifteen, completely naked, followed by two young Bushmen children, also girls. The trio came right into the *kraal* and dumped down two small buck, which they began to clean before the older girl started making a small fire.

Rall signalled us to complete silence. It was eerie lying there within earshot of the girl, watching her movements, almost being able to touch her from our places of concealment, and knowing that she did not know we were there.

Darkness was gathering when we heard the men coming. Eight came in Indian file through the opening between the trees. Karel waited a few seconds to see if there were more. Our eyes were on him. Then he gave the pre-arranged signal and we all fired at once. It was like a machine-gun after that, and in less than five seconds the Bushmen were dead or dying.

The girls had stopped making fire and the older girl had dashed forward almost as we ceased fire. A last bullet hit her between the shoulders just as she reached the side of the man to whom she was running. She plummeted forward on top of him where she lay moaning pitifully.

Rall walked forward and bent down. With his left hand he turned her over on her back. She looked up at him and then at me as we stood over her. Slowly her mouth opened and as the blood trickled from it, she tried to say something. She didn't get so far because Rall suddenly jabbed his rifle against her chest and squeezed the trigger.

I looked at him, my mouth hanging open. This was too much for me. I swung a fist at his face and in a moment we were engaged in a fight to the finish.

He still had his bayonet and I realized within a few seconds that I had to deal with a mad man. I pitted myself against him, then my brother and another constable came to separate us. They succeeded after a few minutes and I sat panting on the sand while Rall was hauled off and my brother tried to pacify him.

Silently he agreed to peace. A few hours later we struck camp and started the long trek back to our headquarters.

That night, I was startled out of my sleep by a scream. As I leaped up, I saw a small form jumping away from Rall's body. It was one of the two girls we had brought along as prisoners.

I flew at her and fell on top of her to the ground. She still had Rall's bayonet in her hand and as I rose she tried to carve me with it. But I was too quick. I grabbed her arm and heard the bone crack as I wrenched and twisted it.

Rall was dead. He had been stabbed three times, twice in the stomach and the final one had penetrated the liver. Although I went to sleep handcuffed to the girl who had murdered him, when I awoke at dawn from a dog-tired sleep, she was gone. Her tiny hand had easily slipped through the handcuff. I unlocked the cuff from my own wrist and looked regretfully at my brother.

"It's just as well," he smiled. "He had it coming anyway."

"I've had enough of this," I said. "I am resigning when we get back. I can't go on killing people like this." I did, too. One hour after we arrived back, I handed in my resignation.

THE LOST TREASURE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA

(*Continued from page* 23)

and out of the ditch with their buckets of mud and water. The water level in the trench was up to their waists. It rose faster than they could bail it out.

Somewhere beneath them—maybe one foot, maybe six—was five million dollars.

Rainwater streamed off the edges of my shapeless oilskin hat. Under the poncho, my clothes were damp and sticky from the heavy humidity and my nervous sweat. I shoved the gun inside a fold in the oilskin to keep it dry. Standing guard over one of the most fabulous treasures since the days of piracy on the China Sea, I tried to piece together the confused two weeks that had put me, perhaps, within inches of a fortune and, maybe, within minutes of death.

I'm not an especially brave man, nor a particularly adventurous one. By profession, I'm a newspaperman. True, I like a good yarn as well as the next man. But, frankly, rather than actually live it, I'd just as soon hear it over a drink at the Press Club.

That's how it all began.

I was working for the Manila Bulletin, an American newspaper in the

Philippines, a few years after World War II. Travel folders call Manila "The Pearl of the Orient Seas." Before the war, the city was indeed a pearl. But, three hard years of Japanese military occupation had tarnished it.

By the end of the War, the City was a teeming, slum-ridden, lawless jungle of a million war ravaged people. Murder, theft, intrigue and fear lurked in the filthy, shoplined oriental streets. The formerly broad boulevards were now battle-scarred, unrepaired relics from the days when they'd been a part of a no-man's land. Human life was bought and sold. Heroin and opium could be purchased openly on street corners. Manila was the headquarters for smugglers who shipped gold, guns and anything of value from the West into Asia. Armies of thieves fought a never-ending battle against the poorly organized and equipped Police.

One afternoon at the Bulletin office, a Filipino business man called me for an appointment. He introduced himself as Gregorio Mandalat, and claimed he had something important to talk to me about. He wouldn't explain over the phone, so I agreed to meet him at the Overseas Press Club when I finished work. A couple of hours later, sipping one of the Club's Martinis, I listened to a story that would almost cost me my life.

Mandalat began talking about Manila during the years of Japanese occupation. He explained in detail how the Japanese Army had looted the City, and how the American Army had recovered some of the loot, but still hadn't located millions in gold, silver, jewels and art objects. The Japanese had apparently buried or hidden their loot as they retreated.

I'd heard most of what he was saying before. Everyone in town had heard about it. The whole island was full of tales about these lost millions. In the past year, I'd heard a new treasure story at least once a week. I didn't know, nor did I especially care. I wondered when he'd get to the point.

As Mandalat went on with his story, he dropped the name of General Yamashita. He watched me carefully for a reaction. I didn't give it to him. My knowledge of Yamashita was limited to his trial for war crimes the year before. He'd been found guilty and hanged.

"General Yamashita personally supervised the looting of Manila," Mandalat explained. "He retreated North with four trucks. They were loaded with gold and silver bullion, precious stones and several tons of Philippine and United States currency he'd confiscated."

Mandalat spread out a small map of Northern Luzon. "This was the General's route," he pointed to the main highway leading North from Manila. "Yamashita left Manila just before the American invasion. He travelled North to here." Mandalat circled a pinpoint on the map near the Northern tip of the island. About half-way between Manila and the circle, he made another mark on the map. "There!" he said. "General Yamashita buried his treasure in three places. The first, and largest cache, in the outskirts of Manila. The second, in a village about one-hundred miles North of Manila. And the third, about three-hundred miles North in the province of Illocos Norte."

"How do you know all this?" I asked him abruptly—still skeptical, but curious now.

Smiling, he reached into his coat pocket. He pulled out two small slips of paper. "That's quite simple," he said. "I've recovered the two Northern caches."

I took the slips, glanced at them, and almost dropped my Martini. They were bank deposit stubs. One of them listed $1,146,248 and the other $1,500,500. Two and a half million dollars! I just stared at him.

"That's not all of it, of course," he smiled. "I'm still waiting to dispose of the rest on the Chinese black-market. The Philippine Government, you know. They ask questions. And they could make it difficult."

All of a sudden, I was wary. Why was he telling me this story? What did he want from me?

"I am in, shall we say, a partnership with a former close associate of the General. This man is now a high government official. Before Yamashita was captured, he gave him a map of the three caches. I have managed the treasure's recovery for him—at, of course, a comfortable fee. The map has reliably directed us to two of the treasures."

"And the third?" I asked.

"That's where you come in."

"I don't understand . . ."

"The third cache is buried just outside the City. But," Mandalat leaned forward against the table, "it's buried on an American military reservation. A few weeks ago you wrote an article about archeological discoveries in Manila. You are looked upon as somewhat of an authority. You work for a highly respected American newspaper. You have friends in the Army. If you asked permission to excavate on their property, it would be granted."

When I didn't react right away, he continued his pitch. "This treasure is estimated to be greater than either of the two we've found. A conservative figure would be between four and five million dollars. Twenty-five percent of all we recover is yours. Think of it!"

I thought of it.

"It's not as though you were doing anything illegal," he continued persuasively. "You are merely investigating Philippine archeology. If, quite by accident, you stumble across something else—well—"

I stared into the Martini, and hesitated. Would the possibility of getting away with a million be worth the risk of getting into a jam or finding myself floating face down in the river some morning? My mind tried to reason out all the dangers involved. All I could think of was my twenty-five percent. Finally, I thought to myself, Oh, what the hell! I looked over at Mandalat.

"When do we start?" I asked.

It took a few days to get organized. The Army's only interest in our treasure site was an unexpired lease. They hadn't used the land for almost a year. I was given a permit to search for Philippine archeological specimens. In the meantime, Mandalat hired several laborers to do the digging.

Finally, we were ready. I planned to work at night—partly to avoid curious spectators, and partly because I still had to work on the Bulletin during the day. Though I was hopped-up on the treasure scheme, I couldn't afford to lose my job until Yamashita's treasure was in my bank account.

Mandalat's map showed two landmarks on a ten acre field two miles North of Manila. One landmark was a large boulder with a rising sun insignia marked on its side. The other was a tree. The first afternoon I visited the field, I found the boulder. A small rising sun was painted on the rock's base. But, the closest tree was at least two miles away, completely outside the area that supposedly contained the treasure. On the map, the cache was located about fifty feet from a tree, in a direct line from the boulder. Roughly estimating the tree's location from the boulder and the North highway, a quarter of a mile away, I guessed at where the tree should have been. I found nothing but a few big rocks, some bushes and stubby grass.

The next day, I checked with the U. S. Army to find out what the field had been used for. A sergeant in the Property Office checked the files for me. The place turned out to have been a battlefield during the liberation, then later became the site for an evacuation hospital. He showed me an Army map of the field made shortly after the fighting. There were no trees marked on the map. I left the office disappointed and doubtful about the whole story

of Yamashita's treasure.

I couldn't put the problem of the tree out of my mind. I thought about it over and over. Where was the tree? What could have happened to it? Was there *ever* a tree?

Suddenly, I had the answer. It was simple. The Yamashita map was drawn before the American invasion. The Army map was drawn afterwards. The tree was probably destroyed in the battle. I remembered how the dense jungle of New Guinea looked after a battle with trees and everything above the ground disentegrated. Hoping I'd solved the problem, I spent a restless night.

At nine o'clock the next night, I picked up the four laborers waiting on a street corner near Mandalat's office. We drove outside the city. As I slowed the car, and pulled off the highway, I carefully looked in every direction. We couldn't afford any curious onlookers. The field appeared serene and lonely in the tropical moonlight.

We first had to locate the former position of the tree. Explosives, I figured, had destroyed it during the fighting. But, unless there had been a direct hit—I crossed my fingers—the stump and roots should still be somewhere beneath the ground, I erected a surveyors transit beside the rising sun boulder. By calculating the angle between the boulder and the highway on the map, and estimating the angle from boulder and highway to where the tree should have been, I had the approximate location.

Foot by foot we dug up the ground For a solid week, we worked every night from sun-down to sun-up. Tropical rains during some of the nights, left us soaked and covered with mud—but wet or dry, we kept working.

On our eighth night of digging up rocks, tin cans and other junk—none of which even vaguely resembled a tree stump—we finally stumbled onto it. A pick one of the men was using became entangled with a root. In a few seconds, we were all on our knees, digging wildly. Our hands shook as we scraped dirt from the wire-like roots. In a few minutes, we'd uncovered the stump.

It was a simple matter to lay a line from the stump to the boulder, and then measure fifteen meters from the stump. We stood only a few feet above five million dollars.

We began the excavation in a frenzy. Digging in the hard, sticky, tropical clay, however, was slow work. I planned a trench six feet long and two feet wide. From this trench, we could later branch out in any direction if we found our calculations off. By sunrise, we were down four feet. We had avoided the problem of creating curiosity about our project by working only at night. Even though we were within touching distance of the treasure, I thought we'd better continue the policy. Slowly and reluctantly, we walked back to the highway and the car. Every few steps, one of us would look back at the place where all our dreams lay buried under a few feet of earth.

Chief figure in treasure hunt—General Yamashita being sentenced to hang by military commission in 1945. Wonder if he was thinking of that lost dough?

Somehow I forced myself to go to work at the Bulletin that morning. After I finished a few routine jobs, I called Mandalat. His voice sounded curiously calm when I told him the news. He gave me careful, precise instructions over the phone. He explained that the other two caches had been buried twelve feet under the ground in wooden barrrels. The barrels had been covered with concrete, and the hole filled up again with dirt. Several times, during the conversation, he asked me whether I'd told anyone else about the treasure. He was oddly insistent on this point. For the moment, though, I let it pass. Mandalat promised to have a truck standing by to cart the treasure away the moment it was out of the ground.

I tried to work in my office that morning, but it was useless. I couldn't think straight—let alone write anything. I finally gave up, and told the editor I wanted the day off. He said I looked sick.

I thought I'd drive out and keep an eye on the site during the day. On my way out of the city, I stopped at a small native restaurant for breakfast. As I finished my coffee, I noticed an expensive touring sedan parked across the street with four Filipinos in it. The car looked somehow familiar, but, at the moment, it didn't interest me.

I paid the bill, and walked out to my parked car. As I started to open the door, a voice ordered, "You will please come with us!" I turned my head. Two men stood behind me. They were big men for Filipinos, and the heavy bulges in their coat-pockets convinced me I shouldn't argue. One of them pointed at the waiting sedan across the street.

In a few minutes, we were winding along a bumpy, dirt road in a sparsely populated suburb of Manila. I tried to find out what it was all about. Everytime I opened my mouth, however, the man next to the driver would turn around, point a big forty-five automatic at my head, and say, "You will be silent!"

We stopped in front of a native nipa shack surrounded by a dense clump of banana and bamboo trees. The men climbed out of the car, and gestured towards the ramshackle building.

I was herded into the shack, and forced to lie down on the hard bamboo floor. Two of the men tied my hands and feet. The one who'd sat next to the driver seemed to be in charge. He ordered the men to prop me up in a corner of the room.

"I must apologize for this," he said. "He will release you tomorrow, if you do not cause trouble."

Suddenly, the whole thing began to make sense. These were Mandalat's men. I'd seen the car parked near his office. He was hi-jacking the treasure to save himself my share.

"Where's Mandalat, your boss?" I asked.

"He will join you before the night is over," he answered.

I knew then I was close to being dead. There was a strong possibility I'd never live to see Yamashita's treasure or anything else. Mandalat couldn't let me go, knowing what I did about him. He would have to kill me and most likely the four laborers.

"Why that lousy pig!" I yelled. "If

I ever get out of here—!"

"You talk too much!" he said.

When I heard a car stop in front of the shack, I stopped talking. Something told me I was about to stop breathing—for good. Car doors opened and closed. My two guards also heard it. One of them pulled a gun out of his belt and walked to the door. As he pulled it open, an explosion shook the slight frame building. The man spun around as if struck by an invisible club. I could see a dark, reddish hole in his forehead as his face turned in my direction. My other guard rose halfway out of his chair, frightened and confused. He mechanically raised his hands over his head.

Mandalat, a gun in his hand, stood in the open door. Other men with guns were behind him. They cautiously filed into the building.

"What in hell's going on?" I asked while he cut my ropes.

"I have just dissolved a partnership," he answered. "It's lucky my men followed you this morning." He cut the last knot. "You remember, I mentioned a partner. Well, like so many partners, this one became greedy. When I heard he'd kidnapped you, I was certain he'd try the same thing on me. I was waiting for him. His body will eventually be found. Just another shooting. The police have so much else to worry about."

While Mandalat talked, his men tied my other guard. He was scared, pale and shaking. He offered no resistance. I guess he expected to be killed.

On our way back to town, Mandalat explained how his men had watched me every minute since the treasure hunt began. The night I discovered the tree stump, his men reported someone had spied on us from the highway. Mandalat had saved my life as well as his own. I told him to drop me at my apartment. I still felt shaky. I wanted a shower and a few hours rest before tackling the treasure again. Mandalat said his men would wait for me that night with a truck. When I found the treasure, I was to station one of my men on the highway with a flashlight.

Don't worry," he said, "but just in case—keep this." He handed me a .38 revolver, and drove off.

After a hot shower, food and a couple of hours nap, I was ready to tackle the excavation again. My head still felt like it was coming apart, though, as I drove through the city, picking up the four workers. They were all excited, nervous, and anxious to finish the job. No one spoke as we drove out the North Highway.

We arrived at about 9:30. It was a dark night—the sky clouded over with dark bulbous shadows. I was tense and worried. While the men dug, I took a position where I could watch the highway and all the ground around us. I took no chances. I had no idea how many others might have found out about the Yamashita treasure. This time I would be ready.

Then the rain came. At first, it was light and fresh. But, as an hour went by, it became steadily stronger. The men in the trench fought mud and water. They'd dig five minutes, then work ten bailing water.

By midnight, the work had become a muddy nightmare. The trench was about six foot deep. Suddenly, one of the men yelled, "Rock! We've hit rock!" He handed me a piece he'd broken off with his shovel. It was concrete. We had reached the treasure! All between us and a fortune was a few inches of concrete. I helped pass the rock picks and chisels down to the men.

They worked frantically now to penetrate the stubborn gravel and cement mixture. The rain drove down upon us harder and harder. I tried to help bail water, and at the same time stand guard. We were in a bad spot. I couldn't see more than twenty-five feet in any direction. We were sitting ducks for someone to sneak up on.

It was impossible to empty the trench. The rain filled it faster than our buckets could bail. Finally, the water was shoulder high, and still rising. I made the men stop. We blindly splashed our way back to the car.

As I drove back through the City streets, taking the men home, it appeared as though an ocean had poured in over Manila. The storm had reached and passed the typhoon stage. I suspected it would cause a flash flood. Manila is an old city—built over three hundred years ago. The drainage system was never modernized. When a storm like this one hit, there was no telling what might happen.

Home at last, I phoned the paper. The editor told me I'd just as well stay home until the rains stoped. The offices and press room were flooded.

The rain and flood lasted a week in the residential and business districts. The older sections of town were under water for a month. As soon as the Bulletin's press room dried out, the paper became a beehive. It had been the worst flood in thirty years—a major disaster. Parts of the city had been under ten feet of water, damage was in the millions, thousands of people were homeless, and hundreds of drowned bodies were being recovered. We worked around the clock. A newspaper is a busy place in a disaster. The Yamashita treasure was forced out of my mind for over two weeks.

Mandalat telephoned early one morning. He wanted to finish the excavation that night. I agreed. We had to get it out of the ground before someone else did. We could no longer count on the treasure being a secret. I said I'd drive out and look the site over that afternoon.

I managed a couple of hours out of the office later in the day. As I drove through the city, I watched workmen trying to repair roads that were completely ruined. Shopkeepers had spread their wares out on sidewalks to dry them. It was almost an hour before I reached the treasure site. When I finally arrived at the field, where the five million dollars were buried, I couldn't believe what I saw.

The place was covered with soldiers, trucks, tractors, and concrete mixers!

I jumped out of the car and ran through the muddy field towards where our trench was located. I saw an Army Major with blueprints in his hand, watching the work. "I'm from the Bulletin," I blurted out. "What's going on?"

The major spread the blueprints out, and held them for me to see. "Oh, this will be the new training center," he said proudly. "We're going to put forty barracks across here," he brushed his fingertips across the paper, "and over here will be the parade ground, and . . ."

I didn't hear anything else. I couldn't believe what had happened. I left the Major, and walked around the stacks of lumber and building materials. The entire field had been levelled by bulldozers. The rising sun rock was gone. So was any trace of our excavation. Around where I thought the excavation had been, foundations were laid out for the new barracks. I felt sick to my stomach.

Half an hour later, I was driving back toward Manila. "What a story," I said to myself. I thought about everything that had happened since I drank the Martini with Mandalat in the Press Club.

"Well, what the hell!" I forced myself to say. "Easy come, easy go." Now, at least, I knew how it felt to have almost been a millionaire. I wondered whether I should tell the Army, the government, or somebody about the Yamashita treasure. But, I decided against it. The treasure had caused enough trouble already. And, besides, maybe someday the Army would tear down their training center. Maybe some day I'd get another crack at that five million dollars.

DEATH IN THE SURF

(*Continued from page* 24)

Octopus hunters use a hook on the end of a long pole, and night fishermen stick to the ancient trident. Harpooning is more like hunting than ordinary fishing and requires more action. Often when you are trying to sneak up on a fish with a spear, there is a bigger fish trying to sneak up on you. This adds an element of uncertainty that keeps things interesting.

The first principle of harpooning is not to spear anything bigger than you are—unless you can get out of the way afterward. I discovered this rule while trying to harpoon sharks near Acapulco, on the Pacific coast of southern Mexico.

About fifty miles north of the town, the native fishermen wade out into the creamy surf and harpoon sharks as they rush in on the waves. The undercurrents are so strong that often a harpooner will be fouled by his own line flung back on him by the surf. Before the man can cut himself loose, the backwash has tied him and the shark together and carried them both out to sea. His friends grab the line and start to haul it in. Sometimes they bring up the fisherman, sometimes the shark. It's a wonderful sport.

Shark harpooning is seasonal. A few miles north of Acapulco begins a great, fresh-water lagoon that runs for miles and is separated from the ocean only by a bar of white sand. Once a year after the rainy season, this lagoon breaks through the bar and flows into the sea. Thousands of bass, cabezuda and trout are swept into the salt water. Sharks collect like wolves around a broken sheepfold. This is the moment for the harpooner.

Along this section of the coast, breakers fifteen and twenty feet high come rolling in. Standing on the beach, the harpooner can see fish swimming in these perpendicular sections of ocean as though he were looking into an aquarium. When the black dorsal of a shark cuts the edge of the breaker like a knife sticking through a melon, the harpooner wades out to meet the wave.

To be struck by the full force of one of those breakers would mean death. The system is to time your rush so that you can throw your harpoon and get back again before a wave breaks. If you miscalculate, you'll certainly lose your harpoon and possibly your life. A friend of mine who tried to hang on to his harpoon after he was caught in a breaker couldn't use his right arm again for ten days.

You spot a shark's triangular black fin in an oncoming wave, and you run down the beach until you're opposite the point where the shark will be after the wave breaks. When the overhanging green wall has burst into a mass of soapsuds twenty feet broad, you wade out into the seething boil with your harpoon ready.

Suddenly the foam rushes shoreward. The water abruptly clears. Below the black fin you can see the white shine of the shark. It is snapping at the terrified bass that are swirling around in the ocean currents. You hurl the harpoon. At the same moment, you start running for the beach, letting the loops of line hanging over your left hand pay off as the wounded fish thrashes toward the open sea.

If the next wave breaks before you can reach the shore, the force of the water will probably carry the injured shark out to sea so rapidly that you cannot hold him. I have seen a harpooned shark that must have been at least fifteen feet long vanish in a torrent of foam and reappear almost instantly a hundred yards down the beach with the harpoon still sticking in him. The harpooner had to drop the line to keep from being carried down the shore with his catch. The undercurrents following a breaking wave are so swift and uncertain that a man may start to run for shore after throwing his harpoon and trip over the injured shark, which has been sucked between him and the beach.

Any time that I'm standing up to my waist in water harpooning a shark, I want to know where the shark is. But because of the terrific surf, I might be standing in two feet of water one moment and the next second I'd be swimming for my life. I waded out to photograph one big shark that had taken the harpoon in his head. I took a shot at a nice safe distance and then darted back just as a wave broke.

The next instant the shark and I were thrashing about in ten feet of water, his tail beating against my camera and both of us tied together with the harpoon line. His big jaws opened and closed beside me and I could count his banks of teeth. Every time I tried to get away, I jerked him closer. My friend on the beach shouted hopefully, "Don't worry. He isn't a man-eater." He was probably right. He knows a lot about sharks, which is why he doesn't go in wading with them. But I didn't want to have an arm or leg snapped off, even if the shark realized his mistake and spit it out again afterward.

Finally an Indian fisherman waded out and said he'd cut me and the shark apart if I'd pay for the harpoon head. I said I would. Harpoon heads cost $2.85, but I considered that one cheap at double the price.

Unless you take harpooning really seriously and start looking for whales, the biggest sea animal you are likely to spear is a Manta ray. These gigantic creatures look somewhat like a flounder the size of a barn door and weigh about half a ton. The Manta has two stubby tentacles he uses to sweep food into his big mouth. When a ray grabs anything in these tentacles, he gets panicky and won't let go. There have been cases of rays grabbing the anchor chains of small boats and dragging them miles out to sea before the crew could cut through the chain. Harpooning a Manta from a thirty-foot launch is no more exciting than shooting a cow from a truck, but try spearing one from a light native canoe.

I started out early one morning with two young Indian fishermen to look for "batfish," as the huge rays are called. In order to see the shadow of a ray swimming close to the surface, the sun must just be rising. We paddled along about a quarter of a mile offshore, watching the rounded tops of the swells for the tip of a ray's wing to break surface. The harpoon was laid across the bow with the line carefully coiled in a bucket to keep it from fouling anyone. Occasionally, men have carelessly put one foot in the center of the coiled line just as the ray started to run with it.

Usually rays float near the surface, basking in the warm topwater, occasionally lifting one of their vast wings in a lazy stretch. We had drifted uncomfortably close to the breaker line when

He may be dead—but many a "dead" shark has mangled its careless killer!

the boatman shouted. A dozen yards ahead on the side of a swell we could see what seemed to be the reflection of a big cloud. We lost sight of the ray as the next swell rose to meet us. There are no landmarks on water, so as we slid down the other side of the swell we could not definitely locate the spot where we'd seen the ray. The harpooner stood up in the bow with his iron in his hand. The boatmen moved the dugout slowly forward. We were all watching the water.

The tip of the ray's wing broke water about ten feet from the side of the boat. The boatman started to swing the bow around when the ray's right wing appeared on our other side. "We're over him!" shouted the harpooner and drove his iron straight downward. If he'd asked me I could have told him this would be a mistake.

Suddenly the whole ocean exploded. The handle of the harpoon flew over our heads. The boat was jerked over on her side and started to ship water. Spray poured over us. The harpoon line leaped overboard so fast that the coils didn't have time to straighten out. Both Indians were yelling "Where's the Manta?" It was a good question as a ray occasionally leaps clear out of the water and comes down on top of a boat.

The harpooner managed to take a turn with the harpoon line around a crude stanchion in the bow. The boatman swung the dugout around to head toward the ray. I pulled out an oarlock and tried to force the taut harpoon line into a groove cut in the bow that acted as a fairlead. But the ray had the line pulled so tight against the gunwale that I couldn't move it. Then the big fish stopped and began to thrash around, bringing his wings down on the water with reports like a shotgun fired off in a tunnel.

The harpooner said, "Do you want to see me jump on his back?"

I said, "Are you crazy?"

"He'll never die with only one harpoon in him. I'll stab him in the head." He pulled off his shirt and pants, picked up a bait knife, and dived expertly overboard. Putting the knife between his teeth, he swam behind the big fish and treaded water until the ray stopped trying to throw the harpoon head. Then the man gave a quick kick and, grabbing the ray by its head, pulled himself up on the broad back. He stabbed three times before the ray sounded. In a moment the fish surfaced again and seemed to be trying to scrape the man off with its wing. Suddenly the Indian gave a yell of agony.

The boatman brought the dugout in as close as he dared. The harpooner slipped off the ray's back and swam toward us painfully. When we pulled him into the dugout, his chest, belly and legs were covered with blood. The ray's file-like skin had torn him every time the fish moved. The ray struggled feebly a few times and then began to sink. We paddled over to him and found the fish measured eighteen feet across.

For several years I had been trying to find an Indian who would take me out torch fishing for *agujón* or "daggerfish." The fishermen never let me go with them, because they claimed it gave Acapulco a bad name to have Americans get killed there. Daggerfish are greenish, eel-like creatures with long alligator jaws. You can always tell a daggerfish harpooner because he is covered with ugly, pucker-mouthed scars.

At least two men have been killed by daggerfish in the last few years. One man was stabbed through the throat by the *agujón's* beak as the fish leaped at his light. The other had a daggerfish impale him through the eye. The fish's beak was so deeply imbedded in his skull that he had trouble working the jaws loose. He bled to death before he could reach shore.

Finally one fisherman agreed to take me out if I would promise to spend the whole trip lying flat in the bottom of the canoe. "Sometimes there are five or six fish jumping at the light at the same time," he explained. "While you're watching one, two others stab you in the back. It doesn't hurt so much at the time, but when the doctors start cutting the beaks out of you afterward, that's really painful."

He selected a moonless night so that the fish would not be distracted by any light except the glare of his torch. The water had the smooth sheen of ink as we paddled out into the silent bay, and the paddles made little whirlpools of ghostly phosphorescence. Ahead I could hear the suck of surf on a pile of coral rocks.

We began to pass blobs of hardened foam as big as powderpuffs. The fisherman stood up to light his fatwood torch "This is where the *agujón* live," he told me. He picked up his three-pointed spear and stood with the blazing torch in his left hand while his son paddled the dugout. Sparks from the torch spluttered in the ebony water and popped over our hair and clothes.

Suddenly there was a splash near the dugout and something like a fat arrow sailed over us. I saw the daggerfish hit the water twenty feet away and go skipping off over the surface like a skimmed stone.

Right beside the canoe I saw floating a long, thin shape. The fisherman struck with his trident. There was a moment of wild thrashing and then he lifted up a writhing, open-mouthed monster four feet long. He dropped it into the boat. The tooth-studded jaws were almost as long as the fish's body. The boatman dropped his paddle and brained the fish with a club as the jaws bit madly at the seats and frames.

As I bent over to examine the weird beast, suddenly the fisherman grabbed my shoulder and jerked me into the bottom of the dugout. A fish flashed over us and a drop of water from the flickering tail hit my neck. I sat up and the fisherman promptly pulled me flat again. Another daggerfish ten feet ahead of the boat came shooting at us. He passed over our heads and landed near the stern. A puddle of phosphorus flashed up in the water where he struck and remained glowing like a beacon light.

As we came around, I could see the *agujón* tremble slightly and turn to face the light. "He's going to jump for you," said the son dispassionately. The fisherman drew back his trident, and the daggerfish bounded up like a released spring. The harpooner knocked him back with a trident and then stabbed

him through the body. The *agujón* bent like a snake and bit the spear handle, his teeth grating on the tough wood. A blow from the club finished him.

My favorite form of harpooning is underwater fishing with diving goggles and spear. Without a diving mask, the underwater scenery is a blur of colors and flashing shapes. But with glasses, everything suddenly springs into focus. Fish more beautiful than hummingbirds and with stranger shapes than a drunk's nightmares hurry past.

The most horrible being in this aquatic world is the octopus. I've been told that octopuses aren't very intelligent; if so, they go a long way on instinct. Watching an octopus stalk a crab is about as grisly a sight as I ever want to see. First, the octopus turns the same color as the bottom, which in itself is quite a stunt. Usually the unsuspecting crab is feeding in a foot or so of water. The octopus creeps toward him, allowing his spongy body to be washed back and forth by the tide as though he were a jellyfish.

Finally he gets within range. Gathering himself together, he suddenly bounds forward, his arms shooting out like a fan. If he lands on top of the crab, he envelops his victim as though trying to smother him. Actually, he is working the struggling crab into position so his parrotlike beak can go to work on it. If the crab manages to break away, the tentacles go whipping out, trip the crab up, and the octopus makes another bound. I never saw a crab win.

The Acapulco octupus grows to be about a yard long, not big enough to be very impressive but strong enough to hold a man underwater until he stops struggling. The tool for octopus hunting is a big fishhook firmly wired onto the end of a light iron rod about two feet long. You swim along the rockiest part of the shore line until you see a little pile of crab claws or clam shells near a hole in the boulders. Then you swim down and look inside. You will probably see either a tangle of tentacles that look like a mass of seaweed, or a dead eye regarding you out of a slick, black mass. That's the octopus.

A few individuals have tried reaching in and pulling the octopus out by brute force. This is a very poor system as the octopus can pull harder than you can. Also, he has a habit of grabbing your arm and hanging on. As you can't breathe, he has only to hold on for a couple of minutes to get the decision.

The correct method is to reach in with your hook and give one quick jerk. If he won't come that first pull, he probably won't come at all. Sometimes an octopus will let go of rocks to grab the hook and try to smother it as though it were a crab. Then you can bring him to the surface, clinging to the iron like a limpet. But so long as he keeps his tentacles fastened to a rock, even a small octopus can outpull Joe Louis.

Someday I hope to spend a few months traveling by canoe through the great system of lagoons and fresh-water inlets that surround Acapulco. These waterways contain everything from twenty-foot crocodiles to giant manatees with breasts like a woman's.

An Indian told me he had once seen a huge creature that looked like a sea horse but was as big as a Percheron swimming in one of the bays. I had just finished telling him that there is a giant squid thirty feet long hanging in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and I thought he was trying to go me one better. Later, I found that the skeleton of a gigantic, sea-horselike creature is actually preserved in Mexico City. The bones were found near Acapulco. I'll never again doubt stories Acapulco fishermen tell me.

THE END

I WAS BLOOD BROTHER TO AN AFRICAN CHIEF

(*Continued from page* 26)

and rather mean except for the unusual and large rectangular grass-roofed house in the center.

We had camped under the shade of a large tree near the edge of the village, I and my folding table, my chair and my grass bed; the heavy cash chest, trade goods and guns on one side. Charlie Portuguese, my interpreter and counseller, arranged the natives and the cook's kitchen and fire on the opposite.

Sheasongo's emissary had come and gone, leaving greetings and baskets of food and pots of milk behind. The women had brought enough water so that I had been able to give my sweaty, dust-covered body a sort of cat-lick wash with Jonas pouring water over me and the villagers peering delightedly at me through the chinks in the barricade about the village.

After my wash, I had Jonas unpack various items which I had brought as presents for Sheasongo. Shortly after my preparations were complete and I had sat down, I heard the music of an olimba—a native xylophone.

The music of the olimba is a royal prerogative and the instruments may only be played by permission of the Chief, or to accompany him when he moves, and to announce his approach. As the pleasant music rose in volume I heard my men grouping behind me.

The barricade of thorn bushes at the entrance to the village was pulled aside. A procession formed and moved toward me. First came two olimba players, hammering furiously across and up and down the lengths of their instruments. Behind them walked a number of young, finely modeled young men. The slaves, I guessed, as each carried a burden. Behind the slaves walked a group of elderly natives, the counsellors. My eyes roved over the groups but I could not see a man I thought was Sheasongo.

The two musicians reached the edge of camp and deployed, still playing, and stood to one side. A slave stepped forward and unrolled a long, wide, spotless palm mat twenty feet from where I sat. A second slave laid a tanned lion skin upon the mat. As he stepped to one side another youth came and put a large, magnificently carved stool in the center of the lion skin.

The music ceased suddenly and the group parted. A magnificent, arrogant native, dressed in a finely tanned leopard skin above the waist, a pair of trousers below, and wearing a funny flat-topped little straw hat decorated with feathers, stepped forward and slowly sat down upon the stool. A slave approached and handed the seated figure a sceptre made from the horn of a rhinoceros. Placing the rounded knob on his right knee, and his right hand grasping the end of the shaft, the seated native stared at me silently. Sheasongo had arrived.

I was impressed. Staring back at the seated figure, I felt the power of the

It was the most important moment of our meeting. How would the Chief react?

man. Personality radiated from him as though he were charged with electricity. My eyes took in the thin lips, the hawk-like nose, the wide-spaced, piercing eyes, the high cheek bones. Somewhere in his ancestry there had been one of the wild, cruel Arab slavers who had long ago passed through this territory. Here was a fighter, a raider, a man who did not know fear or who would acknowledge overlordship.

Silently, for a full two minutes, we gazed into each other's face.

"Dabonwa, Sibyunibyuni." His voice was deep and resonant. He dispensed with the title of N'Kos—Chief—and called me by my native name.

Charlie Portuguese moved unobtrusively to my side to interpret. At that time my command of native languages was limited. I explained why I had come, and spoke of my wish to go westward into the unknown land which lay under the Chief's control. I saw the skin on Sheasongo's brow furrow. Suppose we should refuse? I could go anyway. But without guides we would have a hard time. The West was vast and uninhabited. Without a knowledge of the location of the pans and waterholes, travel would be very difficult.

I told Charlie to explain to Sheasongo that I had brought some small gifts to compensate in some measure for our invasion of his district. The choice of words evidently pleased him.

There was no expression on Sheasongo's face as he looked at the salt, the bolt of cloth, the beads or the large packet of snuff. I thought I saw a gleam of interest as Jonas drew a shining hunting knife from its sheath and laid it down. When Jonas brought the box of shells, however, Sheasongo leaned forward and took it in his hands.

"This," he hefted the box of shells in his left hand. "This was well chosen." He passed the box to a slave and rose to his feet. I realized as I looked up at him that he was not as tall as I had thought. But he was very broad, with a tremendous pair of shoulders.

"Tomorrow I shall come again." He raised his hand to indicate the position of the sun at the time he would arrive. "We shall talk of hunting and of lions and of elephants. I shall send goats for meat." The words were friendly but the tone that of a commander issuing orders. "Shala-gushi, Sibyunibyuni." (Rest in peace.)

I stayed three days. Sheasongo and I spoke together for many hours. He agreed that I would be allowed to go where I liked in the area to the West, and stay as long as I desired. As guides, trackers and hunters, he assigned two men: Shamanyati, an old man whose belly skin was wrinkled and whose legs and arms appeared too thin and frail to carry him far or make him of much assistance. But as I grew to know him, I discovered that Shamanyati possessed a knowledge of the animals and birds of the veld which I have never found equalled. He was a tireless and marvelous tracker.

The second native assigned to me was called Jam. Although, like Shamanyati, Jam was subsequently with me for years, I never learned his native name. Jam was the best native shot I have ever seen.

We spent many weeks to the West of Sheasongo's village, in the land known as the "Home of the Lion." Then we swung Northwards toward the edge of the Mankoya country and back East into the territory of Kayingu, on the upper Kafue River. The river was beautiful here, running under large trees and amongst and over rocks. There were many deep pools full of snorting hippopotamus, and game was plentiful in the stony hills behind.

Over the years which followed, my friendship with Sheasongo deepened, although other white men called him cantankerous—even dangerous. I depended heavily upon him for help with natives, and for advice about game.

Then, quite unexpectedly, one evening while Sheasongo and I were talking under the great fire near his village, he suggested to me that he would like to enter into the state of *mulungangu* with me. I was so startled and so deeply moved that I was unable to answer immediately. For Sheasongo to offer *Mulungangu* meant that he wished to have me as a blood-brother.

If I became Sheasongo's blood-brother it would mean, at least according to tradition, that everything he owned became mine, and everything I owned became his. I would become Sheasongo's alter-ego, and he mine. Sheasongo's slaves, his wives—of which he had several—his children, his ivory and his cattle would become mine to use and sell or kill. My wife and my children, my wagons and oxen, cars and trucks, my tractor and my ranch, even my bank account, would be considered as under Sheasongo's and my joint ownership.

I sought the right words to use. "This is a great thing which you suggest. I must ask that you give me time to ponder, as you must have pondered. Then I shall give you my answer."

Contrary to expectations, I slept well. Next morning, as I lay propped on one elbow drinking my early tea, Charlie Portuguese and Mangineera approached and squatted between me and the fire on the coals of which the hot water kettle was simmering gently.

Charlie Portuguese and Mangineera had been two of the first natives I had hired when I had entered Northern Rhodesia for the first time, many years before. They had taught me to speak native languages, to hunt, how to care for myself on the veld, and how to conduct myself in my negotiations and dealings with Chiefs, big and little.

"N'Kos," Charlie Portuguese spoke very softly. "We heard. We have spoken one to another. We have come to tell you that we think it is good that you make *mulungangu* with Sheasongo."

I finished my tea and handed my cup to Mangineera. I plucked a cigarette from the box beside me on the ground and offered one to each of the natives. Charlie snatched a glowing coal from

the fire and, juggling it skillfully, lit my cigarette and then his own and passed the coal to Mangineera.

I inhaled deeply and let the smoke circulate in my lungs and throat before blowing a thin plume into the morning air. In that moment I made my decision.

"I shall tell Sheasongo that I agree."

When I informed Sheasongo, later in the day, I saw him smile for the first time in our long friendship. Oh, I had heard him laugh at a joke, and seen his lips twitch in amusement at one of the fantastic stories told during our talk-feasts about the fire. But this time he smiled, a warm, human, friendly smile.

The ceremony, Sheasongo told me, would take place on the following night. He would send for me at the proper time.

I confess to a feeling of nervousness and expectancy as I sat staring into the fire after supper the second evening. In the village, the pulsing throb of tom-toms beat against my ears. There were an unusually large number being played. The rhythm is savage, provocative and disturbing.

Then the thorn gate to the village was pulled apart and two of the elders came forth and started toward me. Immediately all my natives rose and congregated behind me. The two old men approached and stood in front of me. "It is the time, Sibyunibyuni. Come."

I rose and followed as they led the way slowly into the village. The assembled crowd packed the space of the central kraal.

There was no difficulty in making our way. The natives, standing shoulder to shoulder, opened to make a path. At the farther end I saw Sheasongo sitting majestically on his stool on the lion skin. Behind stood the elders in a group, and before them, erect and nasty, was Shamakembie, the witchdoctor. Neither of us liked the other.

As I walked, with a counsellor on each side, the women broke into their shrill keening and the men began to clap. Under the throb of the drums, a throbbing which seemed to rise from all around and to meet in a struggle of sound above me, I heard the music of the olimbas.

Then I was before the lion skin, and staring down at Sheasongo. I saw no welcoming smile of greeting. His face was grim and hard and drawn in the torchlight. The magnificent leopard skin was draped across his left shoulder and his right hand grasped the rhinoceros horn sceptre. He looked every inch the powerful, ruthless ruler that he was.

The noise stopped. The flying hands of the musicians were stayed and rested on the olimbas. I stood, waiting, alone, for the two counsellors had removed themselves.

Only the soft crackling of the burning torches broke the silence which enveloped the village. Motionless, silent, Sheasongo and I gazed at each other. Then he spoke.

"Dabonwa, Sibyunibyuni."

"Dabonwa, Sheasongo."

"Sibyunibyuni, you are here to make *mulungangu* with Sheasongo?"

"I am here to make *mulungangu* with Sheasongo," I replied.

Sheasongo handed the sceptre to a young slave. As he rose from his stool, Shamakembie approached. He carried a small knife and a clay bowl in his hands.

Sheasongo took two steps forward and motioned to me to stand between him. Shamakembie took a position in front of us and Sheasongo extended his left arm toward him. I did likewise.

In a high, falsetto voice Shamakembie chanted some words, but he uttered them so rapidly I could not understand. The crowd murmured a response. Then Shamakembie took the left hand of Sheasongo and, with a deft, quick move he cut a small vein in his wrist and held the bowl so that Sheasongo's blood dripped into it. Then he took my left hand, pulled it to him, and before I realized what had happened I felt a sharp pain and saw that he had cut my wrist so that blood flowed freely.

Holding both our hands together so that Sheasongo's and my blood dripped and mingled in the bowl, Shamakembie stepped sideways and raised our dripping wrists so that all could see. The crowd shouted at once, then fell quiet.

As our blood ran, the counsellors passed and each looked closely into the bowl. When the last went by Shamakembie released our hands. He held the bowl aloft and recited in that high, unnatural voice. Again the crowd shouted once.

Shamakembie turned slowly and handed the bowl of blood to Sheasongo.

A yard away, Sheasongo faced me and raised the bowl of blood to his lips and I saw his throat muscles move as he drank. When he passed the bowl to me his lips bore a red smear. I took the bowl and, raising it, drank of the blood. It was salty and beginning to thicken. I had difficulty getting it down. As I handed the bowl to Shamakembie I could feel the blood drying on my lips and the corners of my mouth.

Seeing that Sheasongo made no move to cleanse his mouth, neither did I. So we stood, each with a horrible smear around the mouth while Shamakembie passed the nearly empty bowl to a man behind and, stepping forward, again took our left hands and joined them and held them aloft. Blood ran down our arms and dripped from our elbows, for the vein in each was still open.

Another rapid, shouted harrangue by Shamakembie. The crowd, which had been deathly silent while we had passed and drunk from the bowl, shouted wildly. Shamakembie lowered our arms, the drums broke into a wild tumult of noise and the shrill, falsetto keening of the women rose again.

Sheasongo extended his right hand, the thumb stiffly erect. With my thumb also erect, I grasped his hand. Then he grasped my thumb and I, in turn, grasped his.

Together we drank from the bowl of blood—and stood with lips horribly smeared.

A counsellor stepped forward and plastered a small wad of fresh cow manure on each of the cuts in our wrists. A glowing coal was held to each wad. The heat, as the counsellor blew on the coal, nearly made me wince. But the heat and the dung coagulated the blood and the wounds stopped flowing.

A second mat and a second lion skin were brought and placed beside those of Sheasongo. A carved stool was placed for me, and near each other, Sheasongo, the Chief, and Sibyuni-byuni, the hunter, now blood-brothers, sat down as slaves brought pots of strong native beer. There was also a basket of m'posho (corn meal boiled to a stiff paste) and small side dishes of stewed meat, smelly half-smoked fish, roasted peanuts and boiled eggs.

Great earthen pots of beer were produced for the crowd. The drums beat and throbbed as groups formed and dances started. The deep chant of dancing singing men filled the air and dust rose in clouds as bare feet shuffled across the dry ground. The high cries of the women, dancing and posturing in lines opposite the men cut through the pulsing of the tomtoms.

In the years which followed I saw Sheasongo infrequently. His village was sixty miles distant from the ranch, and both of us had our own tasks and duties. Sheasongo came once to "Ibamba" on a state visit.

We heard the lovely music of the olimbas sounding through the trees, late one afternoon, long before we saw the slow procession approaching. Sheasongo's mat, the lion skin, the carved stool were placed just outside the front verandah, and my wife and I sat in deck chairs in the doorway while my blood-brother sat outside.

Never, after the first ceremony, did we eat together. Never did Sheasongo enter my house, or I his. We understood and respected each other. When the locusts attacked Northern Rhodesia and ate away the grass, the leaves from the trees and the corn in the fields, Sheasongo sent to me for help and I shared what small store of grain I had with him. I sent money to buy grain and other foods if he could discover any.

When his hunters shot a lioness and captured a small cub, he sent it to me, knowing my love for lions. I raised the small lioness in our ranch house where she came and went freely, playing with the children and fitting perfectly into our family life.

If we needed men, Jam travelled to Sheasongo and returned leading the help required. These men were among the best disciplined labor in Rhodesia. They never caused me any trouble.

Early in 1933, the shocking news that Sheasongo had been poisoned and had died was brought to us.

At Sheasongo's death the responsibility for the tribe and its government fell, in a manner, upon me. I sent Jam and Charlie Portuguese to the village with the message to the counsellors that I gave up all my rights and that I wished that the normal and rightfully chosen successor—the son who would have taken over had I not entered into *mulungangu* with Sheasongo— assume the Chieftainship. The matter was so handled.

I consider it a great honor to have been chosen as blood brother to a truly great African chief. I also realize that blood is thicker than water. . .

But not mine.

Eat, Fish and Be Merry—$3.50 A Day!

(*Continued from page* 35)

be another guy, a gal, or your wife—depending on your circumstances and your morals. In my case, the partner was my wife, and I must say she would be all but impossible to improve upon.

As for our itinerary, it covered 6000 miles, sixteen rivers and eight lakes in four western states. In our home state of Colorado, we fished the Gunnison, Taylor, Tomichi, Colorado, White, Elk, Yampa and Little Snake rivers. We also visited two of the high-country lakes in the White River region—Marvine and Trappers. In Wyoming it was the Wind River, out of Dubois, and Ross Lake, where we took several of the pink-fleshed rainbows. However, we made the trek into Ross Lake in a friend's Jeep, since the road isn't exactly a road. It's a trail and only a Jeep—or a mule—could navigate it. In Idaho, our fishing grounds were the North fork of the Snake, Falls River, Henty's Lake and Island Park Reservoir.

More than a third of the summer was spent in western Montana on the Big Hole, Gallatin, Yellowstone, Madison and Firehole rivers. On the return trip, later in the season, we fished three wonderful lakes west of Yellowstone Park—Wade, Cliff and Hidden.

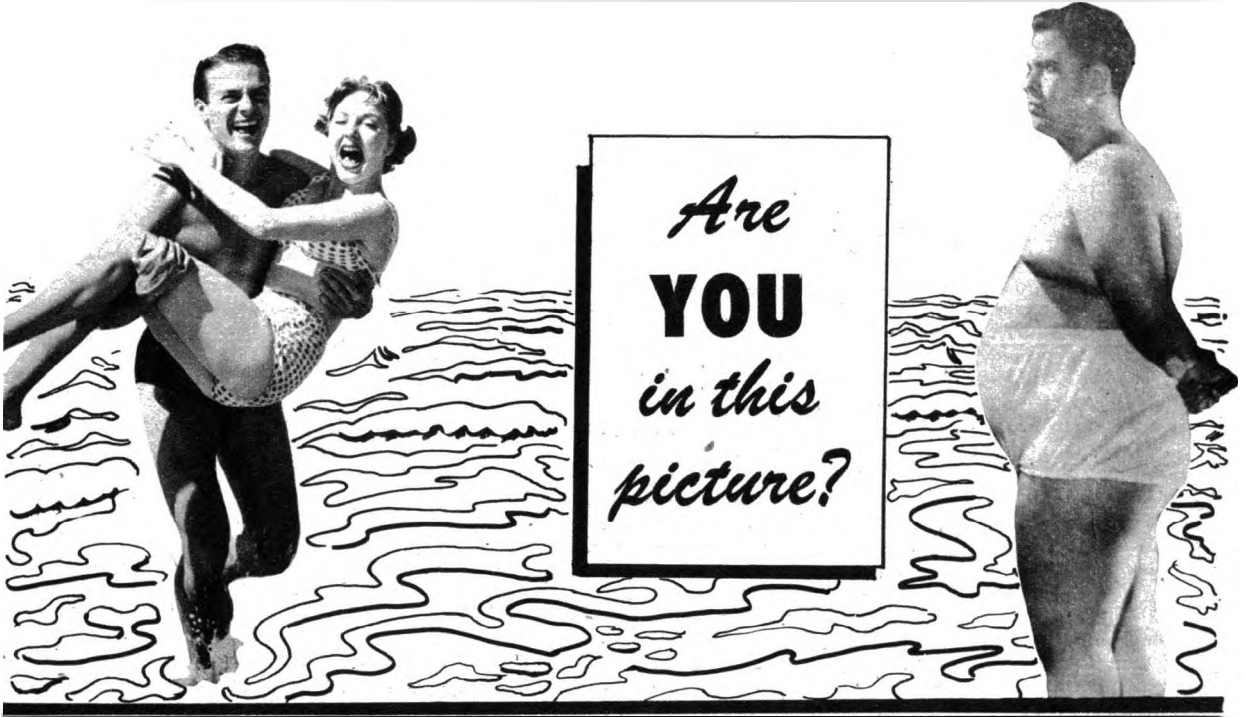
Some veteran fishermen will wince at this, but we released all trout caught except for the few we browned for breakfast. This was a sportsmen's vacation, not an epicure's.

For those who might try to duplicate our trek, a word on provisions and such may be in order. Although we're not the can-of-beans-and-bedroll school of camper, we agree that too many luxuries can be nothing more than a burden and reduce rather than add to the pleasure. Most basic lists of camping equipment should be regarded as guides, not gods.

If you like, you can take a tent along. On the other hand, why do so if you have a station wagon? We fitted out the rear deck of ours to take a khaki twill-covered mattress on which two sleeping bags could be placed. This arrangement saved plenty of time in picking a spot for a tent, setting it up and taking it down—all of which time we spent fishing. Besides, in a storm, a sturdy car furnishes much more protection than a flimsy tent. Another reason—if you should want to leave your campsite in a hurry, in the event of flash floods, ant invasions or the like, you just drive away at once. An elaborate campsite might result in a hectic scramble with the loss of valuable equipment.

Our cooking gear consisted of a Coleman two-burner, a pressure cooker and a couple of small covered saucepans, one of which was used for heating water for instant tea and coffee. Unless you're a die-hard purist, the old camp style coffee pot is a thing of the past, and the pressure cooker means wilderness meals equal to those prepared in the finest kitchens. The lowered tail gate of the station wagon made an excellent work area for preparing all meals.

The rest of the equipment consisted of first aid kit, two flashlights, an ice



NOW: LOSE UGLY FAT FAST!!
WITHOUT STARVATION DIET, DANGEROUS DRUGS OR INCONVENIENCE!

DON'T BE LEFT OUT OF GOOD TIMES

Being overweight can deprive you of fun, pleasure and romance! You can lose out on many of the good times normal weight people enjoy. Being fat can make you feel embarrassed, ill at ease and may lessen your chances for social and business opportunities. Overweight can be dangerous too! Doctors say that millions of fat people in this country are more likely to suffer from heart disease, diabetes, kidney, liver and digestive disturbances than people of average weight. Don't let this happen to you! Lose your overweight now! Give yourself a chance to look and feel healthier and more vigorous again.

There's only one way to reduce

You can do yourself real harm trying to reduce on a starvation diet. This may weaken your system, deprive it of nourishment and leave you more susceptible to sickness. And — then you don't always obtain permanent reduction this way either. Sooner or later you may go off your diet and grow more dangerously fat than before. But — there is a safe and scientific way to reduce. A way to maintain strength and body nourishment while losing weight; a way to help you to control the parts of the body from which weight is lost so that you can re-establish firm body tone and get permanent results. This way is the Weider 3 Way Reducing Plan. It is medically approved. It helps you to lose overweight fast!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

You Get All This When You Follow The Weider 3-Way Reducing Plan

1) You receive a supply of our medically approved Reduce Aid Food Supplement, containing Lipotropic Factors hailed by doctors as a modern, safe and sure method of weight reduction.

2) You DON'T STARVE yourself while reducing! You receive a free course of instructions telling you exactly how to eat wholesomely, more than enough to satisfy normal hunger and to maintain strength, yet you can lose pounds a day.

3) Scientific course helps you to control where you lose weight. You receive a simple course of approved reducing exercises which you can follow to help you lose weight from the hips, upper thighs, waist — exactly where it forms the heaviest and where you want to rid yourself of it most. Only 10 minutes a day is required to follow these pleasant exercises which help you to acquire an attractive appearance when you reduce.

The Weider 3-Way Reducing Plan gives you all these reducing essentials. . . . Guaranteed to correct every case of overweight not due to organic disturbances or money refunded!

PROOF! It Works!!

BEFORE AFTER

Maurice Bourcier was 100 pounds overweight, suffered from shortness of breath, was ridiculed by others, turned down for an insurance policy BEFORE following the Weider 3 Way Reducing Plan. Six months later he had LOST his fat, was living an enjoyable, flab-free life and had passed a tough insurance examination. Here's your living proof that the Weider 3 Way Reducing Plan really works!

GUARANTEE:

Weider Reduce Aid Supplement must help you to lose dangerous overweight safely, quickly, without harmful drugs, inconvenience, or weakening diet—OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

REDUCE AID COMPANY, Dept. OA
16 Hopkins Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Gentlemen:—You bet I want to lose weight fast and safely without a starvation diet or harmful drugs. I want to try your 3-Way Reducing Plan. Send me the following size bottle of Weider Reduce Aid Supplement. (check which).

- ☐ 100 Tablets. 1 month supply for $3.50
- ☐ 300 Tablets. 3 month supply for $9.00 (We suggest the ECONOMY 3 month supply for best results.)
- ☐ Check here if you want the FREE Reducing Course too.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

No COD's. Postage extra. Add $.50 for one month size and $.75 for 3 month package if you want us to prepay postage.
IN CANADA:—Order from Better Health Products, 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.

box, a couple of thermos jugs and our fishing gear. When back-backing, the weight and kind of food must be carefully considered, but an auto tour allows for a greater variety and quantity, limited only by ingenuity.

I won't go into details about camp life insofar as how-to-do-it is concerned, assuming that anybody who reads this will know his way around. If not, there are many good sources of information available. My purpose is to tell you where my wife and I went, and the fact that we did it with no strain on less than $700. Any variation in routine or itinerary is up to you.

In Colorado's Gunnison River, we had some of our best fishing—although it is definitely not a fly fisherman's paradise. Here the rainbows and browns are a whopping ten to twelve pounds; those of the lower Gunnison, down in the awesome Black canyon, run up to twenty. For bait, the larva of a type of stone fly—the famous Gunnison "willow fly"—is the best. Ask locally for a hellgrammite, which is a misnomer. Salmon eggs and worms are next in favor with experienced Gunnison fishermen.

What about the Colorado? A lot of people have asked me about this dramatic stream, famous mostly for people going down it in canoes, kayaks and rubber boats. For this purpose it is just dandy—but as a place to catch fish, write it off! It has been ruined as a fishing stream with the construction of another of the damnable dams. The White, however, is another story, even though it's heavily posted and a rather short stream. We took two-and-three pound rainbows from the swift, foaming current with almost monotonous regularity.

Our favorite fly spot in Colorado was the Little Snake. For one thing, it's easy to fish; for another, it's not crowded except with trout. People find it too remote for easy access, so keep away in droves. A nice quiet two-week vacation could be spent on this stream alone. You can get there by taking the turnoff either at Baggs, Wyoming on Highway 13 as it crosses the Colorado border, or drive north on Highway 129 out of Steamboat Springs, just west of the vast Mt. Zirkey primitive area.

We were lucky enough to hit the Wind River just in time for the trout fly hatch—this fly being similar to the Gunnison willow fly. After that we took that Jeep along the formidable trail to Ross Lake, but aside from a few bruises and a couple of dislocated vertebrae, we made it unscathed. It's quite a lake, but that frightful journey to reach it would discourage all but the most determined fisherman! I'm not so sure I'd be that determined again. . .

Henry's Lake is a place too famous for me to comment on, fishingwise. So is the North Fork of the Snake. There, though, we were treated to a little comic relief. John Cook, a well-known restaurateur, had made a $100 bet with Tempe Ashbrook, member of the 1932 Olympic sailing team, that he could catch a trout from his favorite spot in ten minutes. That is, he had to set up his rod, dash out to his car, drive to the spot, catch a fish and be back—all in the specified time.

The bet was taken good-naturedly by Tempe. Time was called and John was off! On his first strike, John lost a fly. Hastily, in pitch darkness, he tied on another. A few seconds later he raced back to where Tempe was waiting. In his hand was a worthwhile fish. The time was 5 minutes, 34 seconds! This may sound incredible, but it's why this stream is known to fishermen the country over.

The Madison is another favorite of ours, and we spent plenty of time in fishing both the upper Madison and the stretch known as the "Million Dollar Hole." The former should be visited early in the season, since on July 12 the Hebgen Dam is opened to provide irrigation for the valley below. After that, the wading is tough—and so is fishing.

Usually we had no trouble finding camping spots along the rivers and lakes we fished. The state of Montana is especially hospitable to campers, printing a pamphlet full of helpful info. You can get it by writing to Advertising Director, Dept. 54-24, Helena, Montana. Similar information on Wyoming can be had from Howard Sharp, Sec.-Mgr., Wyoming Commerce & Industry Commission, 436 State Capitol, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

I suppose I should say a word or two on tents. It may be that you'll want one if you decide to stay in one place for several days, a station wagon notwithstanding. In that case, make sure you shop carefully for this important item. Quick put-up and take-down qualities are desirable after waterproofing and ventilation. An umbrella style is best—and I'd advise one with a center pole and ribs rather than the expensive, fancy kind with the metal framework. Spend your hard-earned cash on a tent with a built-in floor if you like—but you'll regret it after a rainstorm and the interior gets foul with mud. Just try cleaning it!

About the Coleman stove—You may fancy yourself a true-blue adventurer, and maybe you are. But there's no reason why you have to *prove* it for the rest of your life! Hell, man, let the Boy Scouts build their fires by rubbing each other together. You get a gasoline or kerosene stove and live! If you feel the need for a campfire in the evening—and who doesn't?—you can gather firewood at leisure and build one. If you *don't* find the wood, there's no lost meal. Believe me, firewood is getting scarcer all the time, what with so many millions of American campers taking to the woods each year. You can find it by heading for the more remote areas, but then you won't be able to find any fish, maybe.

Most of our food was bought en route, and then only enough for a couple of meals. Leftovers are not for campers. Ptomaine poisoning is a hell of a way to wind up a trip. Still, since we knew there would be times when we didn't want to leave our wilderness retreat to dash off to civilization for replenishing food supplies, we equipped ourselves with a store of food specialty assortments packaged by Bernard Food Industries. Called "Kamp-Pack," these edible gems require no refrigeration. Each contains three complete meals for a party of four for one day, or four days rations for the lone-wolf camper.

At the end of what I can only call a great summer, my partner and I headed for home with almost $50 of the 700 we'd started with. We had been on the road for ninety days. Including seven nights spent in motels for the purpose of showering, shampooing and so forth, we averaged roughly $3.50 per day per person for the trip.

Advice is cheap, but here's the best I can give concerning this kind of vacation: Strike the word "destination" from your vocabulary. You're out to have fun, so don't spoil it by trying to stick to a schedule. Be prepared to make changes in plan at the drop of a fly. What happens to that fly will determine your plans! If a succession of big fat trout keep striking at it, you stay right where you are. If not—well, there's always another spot up the road a ways!

Snake Dance of Sorcerers

(*Continued from page* 30)

the witch doctors went into their dance. And a fascinating, frightening dance it was! They wound six-foot cobras around their necks, and toyed with the deadly little Serpent Minute—which can kill you in the span of its own name. Davis noticed that, in juggling these poisonous snakes, the sorcerers kept them moving from hand to hand so that they couldn't get set to strike.

The climax of the dance was when the two dancing witch doctors suddenly spun the snakes in a wild pirouette and plunged the deadly heads into their own mouths!

THE PRO-HUNTERS FRENCH AFRICA

(*Continued from page* 20)

it down," he went on, "you must tell the truth, and the truth is that at the age of eighteen I left France and came to Asia solely to hunt elephants and I am the only man to have done so.

It took me some time to understand what he meant. It was not his expeditions as a professional hunter, nor his memories as a White Hunter, nor his many other adventures he was thinking about. These were all a matter of course. What really counted with him was the fact that of the fifty or sixty hunters who had lived their adventurous lives in the African bush at the beginning of the century, he was the only one who had deliberately gone there to hunt. Some of his colleagues had drifted into the game because they happened to be on the spot; many had gone to Africa first as soldiers, others with the intention of becoming merchants, planters or what not; in short, anything but big-game hunters. But Canonne, a young fellow in a small village in the North of France, had heard of the adventurous life of Lefebvre and decided to do the same thing himself. He saved up his money, went to Paris and bought himself a topee and a rifle. Then he went to Antwerp, took ship, and set foot on African soil at Duala, reaching Archambault three months later. This "elephant hunter," who was in Africa for the first time in his life, had never seen an elephant . . . but he became the great Canonne!

He was the only Frenchman to go in for all branches of big-game hunting in Africa. He was a notable ivory-getter and he hunted rhino to such effect that he is counted amongst the greatest destroyers of that animal.

When that arrangement came to an end in its turn, Canonne became the leading white hunter to French sportsmen and his travels with Lebaudy must surely rank amongst the finest hunting expeditions of Africa. It was Canonne who put the Auk territory on the map as a big-game district, and it was he who made the permanent tracks there and caused the centre to be built which still bears his name: Fort Canonne. He never paid his natives, but they venerated him as a sort of wise father all the same. Indeed none of these earlier professionals ever paid their natives. Canonne can never get over his surprise at the fact that nowadays they are paid. That wasn't the way things were done in his day!

His specialty was hunting the Derby eland, and his method of stalking them—approaching slowly, never driving them ahead of him, and always placing himself between their water-hole and their browsing land—was his own innovation. He was also a rare lion-hunter and under his guidance his clients killed very many lions. Like several other hunters in the Chad, Canonne had a fine war record. He left for Abyssinia to join up in 1940, was at Bir-Hakeim and served until the end of the war.

Since then he has become something of a philosopher, finding contemporary Africa too modern for him, with far too many complicated regulations. The haste and bustle of our day is not to his liking, but this does not prevent him from returning to Africa occasionally to look up old friends. With them, after a few glasses, he will recall memories, still punctuating his observations with his vigorous *pas de molesse* and much shaking of his mop of still fair and curly hair.

Adrien Conus became a professional big-game hunter relatively late in the day, but soon made up for lost time. He hunted himself and allowed others to hunt for him, rushing into adventures regardless of risk. His father was French and his mother Russian. He possessed a generous but violent character which made him both likeable and dislikeable. He first arrived in Africa as an engineer engaged on public works, but he did not remain so for long. Like so many others before him, he took his rifle and went into the bush. He was keenly interested in the problems of game control and preservation of species, holding very definite ideas on the subject, but his views did not prevent him from engaging in big-game poaching along both banks of the Ubangi. He hunted elephant first, then rhinoceros, and he also searched for gold. He became a great hunter, highly expert in the matter of weapons and surprisingly knowledgeable on ballistics.

In 1943 I met him in London, where he was engaged in secret work on ballistics for the British. A little while before D-Day he disappeared, turning up in Paris after the Liberation with the rank of major. In the meantime he had been parachuted into France to serve with the Maquis. He was captured by the Germans and interrogated under torture, one shoulder being wrenched out of joint. Finally he was put up against a wall to be shot. He escaped at the last moment, jumping into a ravine where he hid in the mud until nightfall. Though hunted by police dogs, he managed to make his way through the German cordon, and put thirty miles between himself and his prison despite his dislocated shoulder, and lived to tell the tale.

When the U.S. Army reached the left bank of the Rhine, Conus was again in the picture. A volunteer was required for a dangerous mission behind the German lines and Conus answered the call. He took a jeep and several of his toughest men, crossed the Rhine and penetrated some way into the Ruhr. Four days later he returned with a number of prisoners, and a variety of minor impedimenta including sporting guns. Needless to say, he had successfully blown up the objective that had been assigned to him. The Americans were duly impressed.

Troubled with malarial fever and the effects of other tropical sicknesses he was given a spell of leave. He went hunting. The victory of May 1945 gave him no great personal satisfaction; the best days seemed over and he was bored. But there was still trouble in Indo-China, and he promptly answered an appeal by General Leclerc. He flew to Indo-China within three days and played his usual distinguished part in the military campaign there. Now and again he managed to enjoy a little elephant and tiger hunting. He even found time to collect Chinese ceramics and ancient statuettes.

But all this was no more than an interlude. Conus's thoughts were always on Africa, the one country that called him insistently. Though he had been away from Africa for a long time, the French Government apointed him *Inspecteur des Chasses* for French Equatorial Africa and, despite his past, or

John Burger, famous hunter, atop buff that refused to die till last minute.

perhaps because of it, it was a very good appointment. Unfortunately, his health took a turn for the worse, and he spent much of his time going from French clinic to clinic, suffering from a serious and incurable malady.

Defying his doctors he set off once again for the Ubangi, taking a veritable arsenal of rifles with him. Taking his old and faithful tracker, Zoum M'Bala, with him, he set off to hunt elephant, the thing that attracted him more than anything else in the world, but he had over-estimated his strength and he was compelled to return to camp. The next day he was off again, refusing to be beaten, advancing partly on foot and partly in a chair carried by his men. The first time he made contact he scared his elephant. He struggled on. Then, at a sign from Zoum M'Bala, he halted. The elephant was just ahead. He heard it before he saw it. Taking his big express, which seemed to weigh very little in his great gnarled hands, he approached the elephant as though he were treading on air. He watched it for a few moments as though savouring the moment. He raised his rifle and fired. He fell to the ground almost at the same time as the elephant.

He had asked too much of a body burned and emaciated by fever. His men carried him back to Bangi where he lay for a week in hospital, well knowing that it was the end. Then one fine day he said good-bye with a smile to the Little Sisters of the Poor who were nursing him, ordered a bottle of champagne to be opened, and left this world to continue his adventures in the next. He was buried at Bangi.

A few men among the new generation in French colonial territory have tried to organize big-game hunting as a sport on commercial lines as it has been organized for a long time in Kenya. None did more than Marcel Vincent, also a fine soldier during the war. Like many other men from Africa, he served under both Leclerc and Koenig. Returning to Africa after the war, he adopted the profession of white hunter and for several reasons served many French sportsmen successfully in this capacity.

Vincent was enthusiastic and full of ideas, and it was not long before he was thinking of building up his own organization. At the end of his last season, he arranged an expedition for a film cameraman who wanted to take shots of lions and elephants in their natural surroundings. On this expedition Vincent came face to face with three lions, two of which were very big males. He wounded one and it turned on him. Vincent's last shot did not stop the beast and he was badly mauled. He rapidly lost consciousness and died soon afterwards.

In Marcel Vincent the French African Possessions lost the best of their modern white hunters, on whom high hopes had been built.

By the year 1935 the international agreement for the suppression of unlimited slaughter of game for profit was at last effective in French Africa, and it was hoped that animal life would again flourish unmolested in the great triangular territory of the Upper Bomu where Sir Samuel Baker had once watched the passing of immense herds of elephants. But such hopes failed to take into account the childishness of rival colonial administrations.

Relations had long been strained between the authorities in the Belgian Congo and in French Equatorial Africa. The local Belgian authorities had adopted a number of measures inimical to the interests of their French neighbours, and the French were constantly on the look-out for opportunities to pay them back in their own coin. The chance seemed to have arrived with the prohibition of professional hunting in French colonial territory, fifteen years later than in British colonial territory. The French authorities announced that professional hunters might continue to dispose of their ivory legally in French territory provided that the tusks came from Belgian territory and not French. So the slaughter of elephants went on merrily. Hunters had only to cross the Upper Bomu—or pretend to. All the hunters had to do was to take their tusks to the local French authorities and make a declaration that the elephants had been killed on the other side of the river. In short, the trade in ivory continued to flourish and prosper as before.

The Belgians were quick to react. A small party led by an officer arrived on the bank of the Bomu, made an ill-timed demonstration in front of the hut of a European hunter, set fire to the scrub on the Belgian side of the river and withdrew.

"I opened a bottle of whisky in honour of my guest and went down to the river bank to welcome him," related the hunter in question, "Because, after all, hospitality is hospitality. But he wasn't having any. He set fire to the scrub opposite, shouted at me from his side of the river, and went off. So I went back to my hut and drank the bottle myself."

The French at last realized that their own elephants were being killed as fast as the others, and that many of the tusks brought into the collection centres were only nominally Belgian. So a second mission arrived, French this time, which put an end to the ridiculous situation, and stopped the slaughter which had been going on for thirty years.

Poaching of big game had nearly ceased as far as white men were concerned, and it had ceased for good. But in the following year war broke out, and the authorities had something more to do than worry about elephants and ivory. The natives who for years had hunted with their white masters, had resented the restrictions on hunting, which was not only their living but their obsession. Left to themselves during the war, they quickly reverted to their old ways, bringing out the ancient muzzle-loaders with which they managed to kill many more elephants. Other earlier methods of hunting were also revived, including the most destructive method of all—by fire.

The art of hunting by fire has been developed to a high pitch of perfection amongst certain native tribes. In the dry season the grass of the bush, grown high from the previous rains, becomes dry and yellow straw. An isolated area is carefully chosen around which a broad fringe has been previously burnt bare. This controlled conflagration causes the animals within the area to take refuge in the centre space, where they are left in peace until the day fixed for the hunt. On that day all the neighbouring villagers arrive in force to lend assistance. Taking account of the direction of the wind, the lie of the land and other natural factors, the most experienced hunters start the fire. The supporting mass of natives then spreads out around the chosen area and sets up a tremendous hubbub to keep the terrified animals from breaking out. The medicinemen play a prominent role in the proceedings.

Experienced hunters now pass through the outer circle of flames into the centre of the ring along paths already burnt bare for them. There they start shooting the distracted beasts with the old muzzle-loaders, or attacking them with assegais. The panic-stricken animals plunge desperately in all directions and finally race madly round and round in circles or even leap into the flames. If the soles of an elephant's feet are burned, the animal is doomed because this injury prevents it from travelling.

The spectacle provided by a mass hunt is awe-inspiring. Men and beasts race in all directions amidst smoke and flames. Groups of hunters pounce on wounded animals and try to kill them as quickly as possible. Excitement reaches fever pitch, and accidents to the hunters are not infrequent. It is claimed that at one such hunt nearly a hundred elephants were killed, either on the spot or later when, injured, they were tracked down and finished off.

For a long time the French colonial authorities paid low prices for ivory "found" by the natives and delivered, as the law required, to the ivory collection centres. All the natives received was a small sum in payment for the time taken in bringing in the ivory. In such circumstances it is not surprising that such ivory as the natives could poach—and there are many ways in which they can and do poach—tended to find its way into the hands of a shrewder administration which rewarded them more generously. It was not until 1949 that the French colonial authorities consented to increase the natives' renumeration to one-third of the current commercial rate.

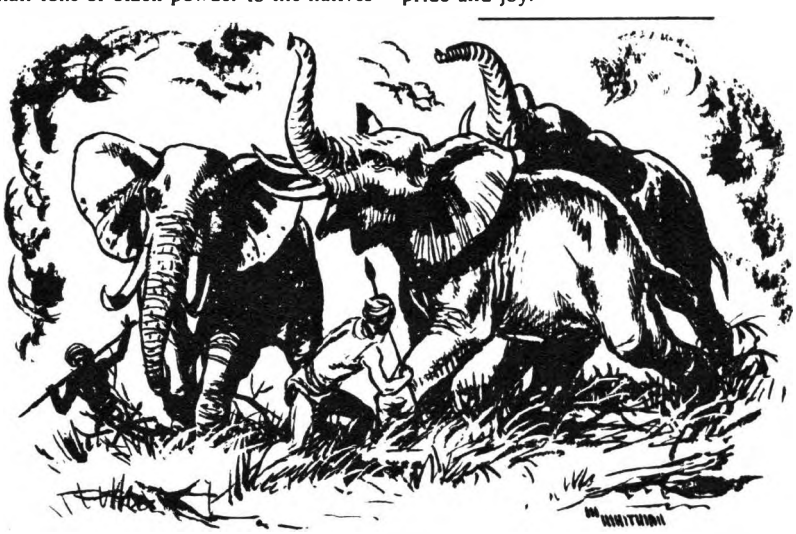
No sooner had this price-increase taken effect than tusks "found" by the natives began to come in from all over the colony, particularly in the east, at such a rate that it looked as though an epidemic was decimating the species. From one district alone, Obbo in the extreme east, over a thousand pairs of tusks were brought in within the first year after the price increase, weighing on an average about 30 lb. each. This total excluded small tusks weighing less than 12 lb. each—such as come from female or young male elephants and are not officially marketable there. (In the Sudan such small tusks are marketable and the Sudanese authorities authorize their purchase). It was equally interesting to note that, whilst the epidemic seemed to be affecting only adult elephants on French colonial territory, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan there was a different epidemic at work which found its victims exclusively amongst female and younger male elephants.

It is not long since the French colonial authorities legalized the possession of certain types of fire-arms by the natives. Muzzle loaders may now be held in a ratio of five per hundred inhabitants, which means roughly about a dozen such firearms per village. These are additional, of course, to guns held illegally. The view long held by the authorities is that it is better to allow the natives a good deal of latitude in the matter of fire-arms, and to restrict their destructive use by allowing only small quantities of powder. Unfortunately, the result of this policy has been the development of a flourishing trade in contraband powder and unscrupulous Europeans have made small fortunes out of it. One trading company alone is said to have sold three and a half tons of black powder to the natives in a single region, and many similar examples could be quoted.

No one unacquainted with the remoter districts in the east of French Equatorial Africa can have any real idea of the extent to which the animals have been rendered timid and suspicious by this and similar ill-starred measures. Particularly is this true of elephants and buffalo. Massacred with modern fire-arms, encircled by cunningly laid bush fires, taken in traps and pits, etc., these animals are still being harassed unceasingly. Hundreds of native hunters stalk and track them with superlative skill, shoot them with every sort of projectile from chunks of lead and iron to pieces of flint. They wound a dozen for every one they kill and disperse the others, driving them from the territories best suited to them—from the animal paradises so well described by Sir Samuel Baker.

For reasons which are perhaps understandable, it was fifteen or twenty years after effective steps had been taken elsewhere before the French colonial administration began to tackle the problem of preserving the dwindling animal life in its territories, and because of this all the French game control and preservation bodies started with a corresponding time-lag.

It is therefore not surprising that the situation is far from perfect in French colonial territory, and that French efforts, meritorious though they are, have yet to be crowned with success. Nevertheless, what has so far been attained encourages us to hope for much better results in the near future. French white hunters are very much in favor of the new regime and are trying to improve their own organization. The wild animal wealth of French colonial territory will increase—one day it will be our pride and joy.



A mass hunt is awe-inspiring, with men and beasts plunging madly through flames.

SIX HOURS OF SLAUGHTER

(*Continued from page* 32)

finished I had what I wanted: an eyewitness account of one of the most brutal Indian fights in American history.

* * *

Charlie Hast was a green kid of sixteen when he joined the army at Quincy, Illinois in 1888. He trained at Fort Riley, Kansas and was later assigned to the Seventh Cavalry as a trumpeter in the gray horse bugle corps, Troop D. He was still training at Fort Riley when an uprising got under way in the Sioux Nation. Charlie was among the first to get shipped to Dakota Territory when Major-General Nelson A. Miles, the conqueror of Geronimo and other famous hostiles, called for all available men to halt the Indian trouble.

Romantic historians have given many reasons for the last uprising in Dakota . . . an uprising that could have swept the country like wildfire and delayed settlement of the West for many years. But according to Charlie Hast, only three things caused the red man's final bid for independence: broken promises, the Ghost Dance religion, and hunger . . . cruel, driving hunger that lasted for years.

Settlement of the West was rapidly taking place. The great Sioux Nation found itself being sliced away by civilized whites who poured in and squatted there by the thousand. After the Battle of the Little Big Horn, where General Custer was wiped out, the Sioux lost the Black Hills because of the discovery of gold. The Treaty of 1887 not only lopped off half their remaining lands but drove white wedges in it from every angle, prying them loose from their hunting grounds. To make things worse, crooked Indian agents again cheated the Sioux out of their government rations, and Uncle Sam seemed helpless to stop this corrupt practice. Thus the Sioux found his old way of life decaying beneath him. Being stubborn by nature, he refused to accept the new, strange life the white man offered him.

By 1890, the Sioux Nation was ripe for revolt.

The Sioux voiced their protest by tossing out civilized christianity and adopting the Ghost Dance, a weird religious cult that proclaimed the coming of a Messiah, the equivalent of the white man's Christ. Wailing and shrieking nightmarishly, the Sioux Ghost Danced day and night on their reservations until they fell exhausted on the ground. A a part of the ritual, Sioux warriors wore "ghost shirts" made of white cloth and painted with eerie pictures. The shirts, they believed, would turn white man's bullets in war. Under the direction of Kicking Bear, chief high priest, the Ghost Dance craze continued to spread throughout the Sioux agencies, gaining strength as men of tribal influence endorsed it.

Sitting Bull, a high-ranking medicine man and still a strong leader in his old age, broke the peace pipe he had smoked with the whites at his surrender in 1881 and told the onlooking Ghost Dancers he would support their religion and drive every white man from Sioux hunting grounds. This proclamation sent the Ghost Dance to a new popularity. Sitting Bull gave all his time and energy to making "bad medicine."

Realizing danger was pressing close, Major-General Miles sent Brigadier-General Buffalo Bill Cody, a friend of Sitting Bull, to arrest the old chief in hope of quelling trouble. Indian agent James McLaughlin was afraid Buffalo Bill, who was more of a showman than a soldier, would muff the job with his dramatics and cause a major uprising for sure. McLaughlin interceded and sent forty Sioux police, led by Lieutenant Bull Head and Sergeant Shave Head.

Sitting Bull offered to go quietly at first, but outside his wickiup he yelled for help. About 160 Ghost Dancers came to his rescue and started shooting. Sitting Bull and Bull Head were killed before two troops of Eighth Cavalry arrived and prevented an all-out war from being born on the spot.

The sudden death of Sitting Bull brought complete unrest among the Sioux tribes. Sioux families started leaving their reservations in large bands and heading for the Bad Lands, the most lawless country in the West. Four thousand hostiles, led by Short Bull and Kicking Bear, were soon entrenched in the Bad Lands and defying the Army to come in and root them out. Although they were already cold and hungry, the Sioux people continued selling their government issued supplies and beef rations to buy expensive repeating Winchesters from white gun runners. Then they would take to the war path in the Bad Lands to raid and plunder.

Boss-soldier Miles shifted all available troops of the Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Cavalry to the Sioux Nation. From here, cavalry columns were dispatched into the Bad Lands in an effort to suppress the activities of the hostiles.

Miles ordered a special watch put on the camp of Big Foot, who headed the only band of hostiles still outside the Bad Lands. One day Big Foot's band cut up their government issued harness, burned their wagons, and rode toward the Bad Lands on their horses. The band was made up of 120 warriors, mostly worshippers of the late Sitting Bull, and 220 women and children. Colonel E. V. Sumner and his four troops of Seventh Cavalry were detailed to head off Big Foot.

Big Foot surprised Sumner and surrendered peacefully. The big, hard-faced chief claimed his people were civilized and wanted no trouble . . . only food for their families.

The cavalry herded the Sioux like cattle to its camp on Wounded Knee Creek and reported Big Foot's capture. Major Whiteside, now in charge, let the Sioux keep their weapons. He sent an army doctor to take care of the ailing Big Foot and ordered food rations issued to the starving Indians. The red people ate the soldier food greedily, but otherwise they showed no sign of submission. Their faces were still sullen with long accumulated hatred for whites. And they made no move to wash off their gruesome war paint.

That night, Whitside's four troops were joined by Colonel James W. Forsyth's four troops of Seventh, one company of scouts, and two howitzers and four Hotchkiss guns of Battery E. General Miles was taking no more chances with the tricky Big Foot. The eight troops (470 men) were to disarm the Sioux the next morning and escort them to Pine Ridge Agency for disciplining. But in the meantime, a heavy guard was detailed to watch every Sioux for

possible treachery.

There was Ghost Dancing among Big Foot's band that night . . . the celebrating of a coming event. The eerie tattoo of war drums cut the icy air like the steady crescendo of cannon. Young Charlie Hast, who had ridden in an hour before with Colonel Forsyth's troops, was startled by the weird scene taking place before his inexperienced eyes. Under the cold moonlight, the Sioux clasped hands and whirled in a huge circle, appearing like the ghosts they emulated. Spinning crazily, the Sioux stomped, screamed, and shrieked with wild abandon. They still believed that the Messiah would return and give back their great hunting grounds filled with buffalo, deer, and elk.

Yellow Bird, a trouble-making medicine man who had taken over leadership of the band when Big Foot became ill, danced into the circle and chanted inspiration to the others. For hours, the swirling ring of red people continued to turn at a maddening pace.

Bugle boy Charlie Hast stood watching the Ghost Dance from the bivouac area with his buddy, Corporal Paul Weinert, a Hotchkiss gunner of Battery E. "That sure don't look like peace to me," Hast said shakily.

"It sure don't," Weinert agreed.

The Army was soon to learn why Big Foot's band was celebrating. At midnight, a runner brought news that Kicking Bear, Short Bull, Two Strike, Crow Dog, and their 4,000 hostiles had left the Bad Lands and were camped near Pine Ridge Agency. Nobody knew whether the outlaw Indians had returned to surrender or to attack the agency and rescue Big Foot's band. Civilians of the area were quickly hustled into the agency fortress. Sioux police and army troops stood by to defend it in case of attack.

General Miles issued a new order for Colonel Forsyth to disarm Big Foot's band and remove the war-like people from Dakota Territory in hope of avoiding trouble . . . for once it started, the 25,000 peaceful Sioux could turn hostile overnight and wipe out every white man in the land. The air buzzed with excitement and rumors. Very few soldiers slept as the nightmarish Ghost Dance ritual continued until daybreak. The fanatical actions of the Indians reminded veteran soldiers of the Scalp Dance of 1876 when General "Yellow Hair" Custer's massacre was celebrated for days.

Early the next morning, December 29, 1890, the Seventh Cavalry prepared to move out. It was a bleak, dreary day, a bone-chilling wind slicing in from the north. Colonel Forsyth ordered a cordon of troops thrown up around Big Foot's camp, which was on a flat just west of Wounded Knee Creek. The troop horses stamped impatiently, snorting huge clouds of vapor into the frosty air. Forming a solid ring, the dismounted troops stood in front of their horses, watching closely and shivering in their buffalo-hide coats. Forsyth had chosen this formation as a fence to hold in the Sioux, thinking a battle formation unnecessary. He was expecting no trouble here. The trouble was expected at Pine Ridge Agency, where the 4,000 hostiles were camped and waiting. However, Forsyth, did order the two howitzers and four Hotchkiss guns placed on a knoll overlooking the campsite, as a matter of military procedure.

Forsythe held a meeting with Big Foot's 120 warriors. He told them through his interpreter that they must give up their weapons and ordered them to return to their tepees and bring them in. The reticent Indians went to their quarters twenty at a time, as instructed, but only two men returned with guns. Forsyth was furious. He knew the Sioux had at least fifty new repeating Winchesters. Angrily, Forsyth sent out a searching party of twenty men from B and K Troops to find and bring in the guns.

Under Major Whitside, the searching party combed through the tepees, in spite of the furious protests of the squaws. The ghost-shirted warriors had gathered in a large circle in the middle of the campsite and sat watching the proceedings. Their faces were still warpainted, and there wasn't a friendly look among them. The air became tense and quiet as the search continued. The Army suddenly realized the situation was serious. Before, it had only been a routine matter. Now, the camp was a powder keg, and only the right kind of spark was needed to set it off.

Whitside's searching party met with little success, finding only thirty-eight old guns and no Winchesters. The disgruntled major looked around him at the sullen, blanketed Sioux. There were plenty of Winchesters in camp . . . and there was only one place they could be . . .

Suddenly, one of the searching party, a corporal, thought he saw the bright steel of a rifle butt under a squaw's shirt. The soldier walked toward the woman and tried to raise her skirt to look under it. She moved away, protesting with feminine dignity. A warrior, Black Fox, the woman's husband, arose to defend her. Black Fox made a menacing gesture toward the corporal. The corporal froze in his tracks. A hushed silence enveloped the entire camp. Nobody seemed to move or breathe. The fate of every man, woman, and child hung by a slender thread as the grim drama unfolded. One move now could mean the difference between war and peace.

Yellow Bird made that one move. Dancing crazily among the warriors, he began a weird war chant. He put on his war bonnet, stooped quickly, and threw a handful of dust high into the air. The right spark had been applied to the powder keg. Simultaneously, as if by signal, the circle of warriors whipped wicked-looking Winchesters from under their blankets and sent a solid sheet of orange flame into the searching party before the dust had settled to earth.

The whole camp was suddenly a holocaust of confusion, fury, and panic. The warriors shrieked their war cry and

The height of the bloodiest battle in Army-Indian warfare — with death on top.

kept shooting as their squaws urged them on. It was fully five seconds before the stunned soldiers could bring their single shot Springfields into play. By then, many of them had died. When they had recovered from their shock, the soldiers nearby charged the circle of warriors, coming so close their gun muzzles almost touched the enemy's.

It was the most insane Indian fight ever put on record. Soldiers and warriors stood gun-to-gun and blasted away until one or the other of them fell dead. All tactics were abandoned. The two forces couldn't hear their leaders over the booming tattoo of gunfire, and nothing could be seen in the spreading, blinding shroud of black powder-smoke. When a man spotted an enemy he killed him if he could. Everybody was on his own . . . a fight of individuals.

The positions of B and K would not permit other troops to fire, for they were not in battle formation. To do so would mean shooting through the Indians and into their own men. A few eager recruits fired before their officers could halt them and killed soldiers on the opposite flank. Six of the eight troops could do nothing but hold, maintaining a strong circle so the Indians could not break through.

Troops B and K jockeyed for position and let go a roaring fusillade that lasted for a full minute. Nearly half the 120 warriors fell with the first volley, either killed or wounded. Panic struck the Sioux a vicious blow when they saw other warriors being mowed down by soldier gunfire. They had believed their ghost shirts made them invulnerable to white man's bullets, and it was hard to accept the cold, grim reality of death. Frustration was the result. Crowded in close together, the desperate Sioux began cross-firing into their own people, killing several before they regained their wits.

Red riflemen scampered from the circle where the fight had begun and took cover in the nearby tepees. From here, they sniped savagely on nearby troops. Squaws were seen using rifles to snipe troops. Many of them were killed by soldiers in return. From the knoll, the howitzer and Hotchkiss guns blasted the tepees, hurling two pound shells and grape into the Sioux at fifty per minute. The tepees were soon blasted to bits, burning and falling onto the wounded Indians who lay screaming in agony underneath.

Wounded soldiers and Sioux grappled and fought with each other on the ground . . . using guns, knives, fists, and feet. Several participants on both sides were killed by wounded men or women. One soldier went to the aid of a wounded squaw who was writhing in pain. The squaw slashed at the soldier with a knife and cut off the end of his nose.

Seeing this, other soldiers became infuriated and began shooting into the wounded warriors and squaws until troop commanders halted it. Father Francis Craft, a missionary dressed in soldier clothes, was knifed in the back by a wounded buck, and the reckless killing of the wounded started all over again. This time things stayed out of hand. What was at first a slaughter was now a mad massacre and a bloodthirsty hunt.

Yellow Bird, who had started the battle, had been one of the first to die. All guns were trained on him immediately. He fired one round from his seven shot Winchester, then went down with more than twenty bullets in his chest. Big Foot, the ousted leader, was too ill to walk, but when the shooting started he crawled outside his tepee, his Winchester cocked and ready. He was shot through the head before he could use it. His squaw picked up the gun and tried to avenge his death, but she was killed also.

Running furiously, the Sioux tried to crash through the blue cordon of cavalrymen that held them prisoner. Had they attempted this when they first opened fire and had full rifle magazines, they might have cut holes in the line and escaped. But now the soldiers were ready, picking them off as they approached, killing women and children as well as warriors. It was like a hunt, where animals are driven inside a circle and then slaughtered as they break for freedom. About twenty red men ran for their horses. They were killed before they reached the corral or after they had mounted.

Charlie Hast, the bugle boy, was acting as a horse holder. He saw the wave of Sioux sweeping down upon Troop D. A few horse holders had been killed and the horses taken. An Indian approached Charlie, shooting at him as he ran. One of the horses fell. Charlie leaped behind it and drew his revolver. He dropped the big Sioux just as he charged in and leveled his Winchester. After that day Charlie was no longer just a bugle boy . . . he was a full-fledged soldier.

When the Sioux found they couldn't escape on horseback, they ran in the opposite direction like confused rabbits. They headed for the deep-ribbed ravine to the west of the camp. Deadly shells from the Hotchkiss guns sprinkled shrapnel among them, killing soldiers as well as Indians.

About forty Sioux riflemen penetrated the blue line and reached the ravine. For the first time since the battle began, they had an even chance. They dug in and started to make a fight of it. The battle rapidly turned the other way. Taking advantage of the situation, the warriors holed up in a pocket where the ravine made an abrupt twist and deployed ranks for a final stand.

Troop D, Charlie Hast's outfit, mounted and charged the ravine. But their fire was useless. Charlie couldn't even see the red sharpshooters, most especially get a shot at one. They were like the ghosts they worshipped, unseen, yet deadly. The Indians found the bluecoats' range. They let go with spasmodic bursts of fire that knocked the cavalrymen from their saddles like unseen fists. The surprised Seventh found themselves being slaughtered by the Indians' Winchesters. It was for them a futile fight. The Sioux could hold them off indefinitely from their solid entrenchment, for it appeared their ammunition was inexhaustable. Seeing that his losses were already too heavy, the troop commander ordered his men to retreat from the deadly wall of fire.

The battle began to drag, except for occasional sniping. Both sides took the defensive, watching and waiting.

At Pine Ridge Agency, Short Bull, Kicking Bear, and the 4,000 hostiles received news of the battle at Wounded Knee Creek. Unknown to everybody but themselves, they had actually returned from the Bad Lands to surrender, but now Sioux people were being slaughtered by the Army and revenge was in order. Kicking Bear ordered the agency attacked and dispatched his best warriors to aid Big Foot's band at Wounded Knee. Both operations met with failure because of the dividing of forces. The Army and Sioux police held off the hostiles at Pine Ridge. Most of the warriors bound for Wounded Knee were intercepted and whipped back. Others joined in the massacre and were killed.

Colonel Forsyth ordered the 1.65 inch Hotchkiss guns brought into play and the battle was raging again. The big guns hurled explosive shells toward the ravine. But the Hotchkiss was ineffective. The angle of fire wasn't right. From the knoll, the guns couldn't get at the Indians in the pocket behind the ravine wall. The Sioux in the meantime kept peppering the Army with lead.

A Hotchkiss gun was brought down from the knoll. While preparing the gun for action, Lieutenant Harry Hawthorne, the gun commander, was severely wounded. Charlie Hast's buddy, Gunner Paul Weinert, took over command of the gun.

"Let's go in after 'em," young Weinert said.

His gun crew hesitated. What Weinert had suggested would mean risking direct, close-range fire. No man wants to commit suicide because of another man's enthusiasm. Weinert asked for volunteers. Four men spoke up.

Getting behind the heavy gun, the five men headed for the ravine. Indian gunfire cut down three soldiers before they reached the ravine bottom. Three others crawled forward under heavy fire to take their place. The guard and framework around the Hotchkiss was torn almost to shreds, leaving them little protection. Cruelly, Weinert urged his men on.

Soldiers were falling all around Weinert. When a man died his place was taken by another volunteer. Weinert worked his gun up close to the pocket and was doing some damage to the Sioux. A bullet hit a shell he was holding, taking off a finger. But he didn't quit. He shoved the gun into the mouth of the pocket and charged, blasting furiously. Pieces of men flew in all directions as the deadly gun began to find its mark.

Weinert glanced quickly about him and found he was all alone with the gun. Twelve men had been killed and six wounded. The thing he was about to do would take even more lives. But the job had to be finished.

Like a man possessed of the devil, Weinert kept firing the gun under a hail of bullets, but by a miracle he wasn't hit. From the pocket came the screams of wounded Indians. Other Indians screamed and died. But to the last man, they stood and fought. Then all was quiet as the shooting came to a standstill, and there was a ghost-like silence. The legal slaughter was finished, and for his heroism Corporal Weinert received one of the eighteen Medals of Honor awarded that day.

The big part of the battle had lasted only thirty minutes, but the sniping and clean-up operations went on for six hours. At three p. m. Charlie Hast blew "cease firing" on his bugle and the Battle of Wounded Knee was over.

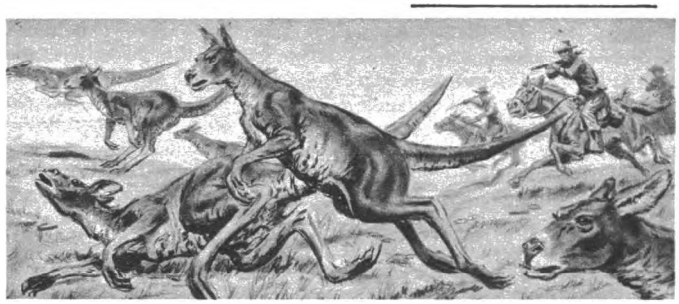
Not one Indian had escaped. All were captured, killed, or wounded. Counting warrior, women, and children, 300 or 340 Sioux had died . . . all because of the misguided power one medicine man weilded over his people. The Army lost thirty-one men, and more than fifty were wounded.

The indiscriminate killing of women and children by the army brought rapid repercussions from Washington. However, the only punishment meted out was a reprimand given to Colonel Forsyth, commander of the Seventh Cavalry. Descendants of the 300 Sioux killed at Wounded Knee have been trying unsuccessfully to make Uncle Sam pay damages for the last sixty-two years. Represented by Ralph Case, an elderly South Dakota lawyer, scores of grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Wounded Knee casualties recently refiled old claims with the newly-formed Indian Claims Commission. It is doubtful that any of these will be paid.

The Battle of Wounded Knee left the Dakota Indian situation in worse shape than before. Short Bull and Kicking Bear took their 4,000 hostiles and headed back into the Bad Lands, having changed their minds about surrender because of the white man's atrocities.

General Miles sent the hostiles an ultimatum to surrender or be exterminated. The Sioux ignored him. Carrying out his program of extermination to the hilt, Miles increased his troops and harassed the Sioux day and night, giving them no chance to stop for rest. No big battles were fought, but minor skirmishes in the Bad Lands continued throughout the winter of 1890 and 1891. The hostiles held out as long as they could, but they had put their fanatical faith in a "Christ" that never came. Having lost their religion and their incentive to fight against heavy odds any longer, the cold, hungry, and demoralized Sioux reluctantly accepted their fate and were herded back inside their cramped reservations. They have been peaceful ever since.

And down through the decades, the era of Indian wars has drifted slowly from the memory of living men into the pages of American history. Only Charlie Hast, a merchant of McCloud, Oklahoma, lives on to tell the first-hand story of the last great Indian battle . . . for Charlie is the last of the Indian fighters.



KANGAROO KILL

(*Continued from page* 37)

At that time, Australia was fairly jumping with kangaroos.

Not a single one of its desolate plains or ghostly eucalyptus glades was without its quota of the curious animal. The game hunter of today is allowed to hunt them in Queensland, South Australia and West Australia, and it's always open season in the bush country. However, in New South Wales and Victoria, kangaroos are protected on government reserves, although some hunting permits are granted landowners who are bothered by marauding bands of kangaroos.

But when I was somewhat younger, things were different. I arrived in Melbourne, eager to make my stake in the big "kangaroo rush" of those times. I left the states with one idea in mind—to make my "boodle" and then get back to spend it. Kangaroo hides were selling like hot cakes in the United States. The manufacturers were paying sky-high prices, what with kangaroo bags, shoes, and luggage being the fashion.

I wasn't the only one who thought of making a "killing," in more ways than one. There were thirty-seven of us on that ship, going across, and every guy on it had dreams about coming back a rich man.

I was just as surprised as the others when I got into the bush country and found out that it wasn't going to be easy bagging the kangaroo. In the first place, I learned that hunting them individually wasn't going to net me a fortune. Other hunters had banded together in groups, and divided up the spoils at the end of the day. That made more sense to me, so I joined them.

It wasn't easy to waylay the kangaroo either. He has a keen scent, a fine sense of hearing, and combined with his extreme fleetness of foot, he showed us what a tough animal he is to trifle with.

Many of the hunters went after the roos with horses and dogs, and although it seemed like exciting sport at the beginning, it was extremely dangerous and foolhardy. The kangaroo is nobody's fool. When he is being pursued by a hunter on horseback, he will head for the thickest scrub in the region. If

the hunter isn't an expert in bush horsemanship, he stands an excellent chance of getting his brains knocked out crashing into an overhanging branch, or his legs crushed against the trunk of a tree.

Sometimes the mild-mannered kangaroo reverts to his true nature, and forgets that he is the docile creature he is supposed to be. A veteran kangaroo, when he finds himself cornered, is apt to prove himself a formidable opponent. He will likely turn upon one of the dogs in revenge, lift it up in his arms and disembowel it with a downward stroke of his sharp and powerful hind feet.

I have seen a big kangaroo leap upon a horse, seize the rider about the neck from behind, drag him from his seat and crush the life out of him, with the terrified horse scrambling away for all he was worth.

The kangaroo is a very "stand-offish" animal indeed. Except when feeding or lying down, it always maintains an upright position, and the small fore-paws are never used as a means of locomotion. As for their tremendous leaps, I've seen them take off from a standing position, and cover twenty or thirty feet as though it were nothing to them. Their jumping motion is deceiving. At first sight, the motion appears rather slow and lazy, but this is an optical illusion. When the occasion demands it, the animal can speed across open country at a pace which will tire a horse and rider.

The first day of my kangaroo hunt netted me nothing but a half dozen bruises and cuts clambering over some rocks. I never did catch up with the group of kangaroos I was after, and I was about to give the whole thing up as a bad job, when I was invited to a cockatoo hunting party given by the owner of a sheep station on the Fiery Creek plains in western Victoria.

A change would do me good, I thought, so I accepted the kind invitation, and a few days later I was a guest in Captain Wilkinson's lodge. Here was to begin one of the strangest adventures that ever befell me. We were to hunt for the great sulphur-crested cockatoo along one of the spurs of the range of mountains of which Mount Cole is the loftiest, rising four thousand feet above sea level. Its commanding position on the great plains of the Wimera and Fiery Creek lends it a certain majestic grandeur—even though it is only 4,000 feet high.

From its base to its summit, there is a forest of giant eucalyptus trees, which, through the ages was the refuge of countless thousands of kangaroos. But a terrible disease had killed off many of the animals, and Captain Wilkinson was certain that the kangaroo had never come back to the place, and there was no possibility that they ever would.

It was certainly with no anticipation of kangaroo hunting that we set out that frosty June morning to bag ourselves a brace of sulphur-crested cockatoos.

We drove thirty miles over the yellow plains until we reached the base of the mountain. There a guide was waiting for us with a couple of horses. We mounted and rode six miles into the mountains, finally reaching our destination—a saw-mill owned by Wilkinson. This was to be our rendezvous for the hunt. All day long we clambered up and down that mountain looking for signs of the birds. This place, which for years was the feeding grounds of the cockatoo, the wallaby and the mountain goats, seemed now to be deserted.

At the end of the day, we'd bagged only a little pair of the scarlet parrots known as lowries—and Wilkinson got both of those.

When we got back to where we'd left the horses, the guide had something exciting to tell us. "There's some 'roos down at the bottom of the mountain, sir!" he said, addressing Wilkinson. I felt the excitement rise in me, like the first day I arrived in Australia.

"You sure, Jensen?" asked my friend. He was doubtful, but didn't want to hurt the guide's feelings.

"I been huntin' 'roos for twenty years in these parts, sir, and I guess I know 'roos when I see 'em."

"Kind of late for kangaroos to be feeding, isn't it?" I asked the guide, wanting to edge into the conversation.

"'Roos are late feeders, sir. They like to get out of the sun. They've got sensitive eyes, and it bothers 'em."

A brisk wind was coming up, and on top of that it started to rain. We got our oil-skins out and put them on. Because of the rain, we weren't obliged to exercise any great caution in approaching the feeding grounds, and the little that there was minimized the chances of our being seen.

The only real danger lay in the possibility of the kangaroos—if they *were* kangaroos—getting wind of us, for no animal has a keener scent than this curious beast, and to no other animal is the odor of man so offensive.

We found that the spot seen by the guide was a clearing in the forest, a bit of fairly level ground half a mile or so in width, which lay at the bottom of a small valley between two low spurs of the foot-hills.

Here, it seemed to us, was the likeliest place in all the world to find kangaroos. The guide especially assured Wilkinson and myself that the moment we got to the clearing we'd spot them feeding.

The guide was wrong. When we got to the clearing, and peered through the fringe of leaves, we could see no living object—none at all.

"Could have sworn they'd be feeding here," he said.

Wilkinson's doubts came back. For a moment he looked angry. But just then I noticed a movement in the brush to my right, about thirty yards away. I pointed to the spot.

There were indeed a dozen or so black spots on the farther edge of the meadow.

"'Roos, sure enough," was the guide's answer. We stood almost rooted to the spot, not wanting to give ourselves away to the feeding kangaroos. The queer, elongated animals were moving about, but they were grazing quietly. There were a good many of them, perhaps twelve, of sizes so varying as to suggest that they must all be members of one large, growing family.

We were in luck. The breeze that was blowing across the clearing, was coming from the north, and the kangaroos were grazing on the eastern edge. We were on the western side of the clearing—and our scent would never reach them. They were too far away for a good shot, so our guide suggested making a long detour through the forest and approaching them from behind.

This we did. We came out of the forest and into a sparsely wooded section. Any moving object now would be very likely to attract the attention of the watchful sentinel—the "old man" of the herd. We also had to be on guard against the Australian Jay, more familiarly known as the "Kangaroo-warner", a strange bird which is to be found in the neighborhood of a feeding herd, and which is ever ready to give instant warning of the approach of any suspicious looking intruder.

We'd gone about a hundred yards through the woods, when we came upon a hard and well-beaten path with enough signs around to show that it was recently used. I made sure my rifle was in good working order. Then the guide was crawling down the opposite bank toward the feeding grounds, taking advantage of every stump and every tussock of grass, and even wriggling along flat on his stomach where the cover was too thin to afford protection otherwise. The kangaroos semed to be browsing in perfect security, perhaps lulled by the wet weather, and even the "old man" lazily chewed his mouthfuls of grass, oblivious of any trouble.

He was a tremendous fellow—at least eight feet in height, and I shuddered to think of meeting up with him alone, and without a weapon. After five minutes of careful stalking, Wilkinson

started to creep closer to the big fellow. The guide cautioned him to keep low in the grass, but Wilkinson did not seem to hear him. He moved closer and closer to the "old man," as though hypnotized by the marvelous specimen.

Then, standing up boldly, Wilkinson lifted his rifle to his shoulder and aimed it at the "old man." There was a terrific roar and a flash of fire and smoke that reverberated through the still air. The big 'roo was still standing up, but behind him there was an inhuman scream, like that of an animal in pain, and there was a thrashing about in the tall grass. The "old man" seemed to grow taller standing there facing Wilkinson, and he stared at the man with the gun, it seemed, for half a minute. On his face I could have sworn was a look of utter loathing. In the next instant, he had bolted from the spot in one tremendous leap, and he had disappeared with the other kangaroos into the woods.

We rushed over to where the wounded kargaroo lay, and we got the shock of our lives! It was a big doe kangaroo, and it had just given birth to a young one about the moment it was shot.

Wilkinson and the guide knew about such things, but I was surprised at the size of the baby kangaroo. It wasn't much more than an inch long, and it seemed to be wanting to come out of the doe's pouch! The doe was dead by now, and it wouldn't be long before the tiny baby would be a goner too. I felt sorry for the doe, and suggested we leave her there, but Wilkinson and the guide wouldn't hear of it. They started right in to skin her, Wilkinson saying that her pelt would be worth more than a pound sterling on the Melbourne market.

They skinned her hastily, for it was getting a bit dark, and soon they'd finished, and slung the great tail and the hind quarters over a tough pole which the guide cut off of a gum tree. We left the remainder of the carcass to feed the foxes, the native cats, and the bandicoots.

An hour later we were back in our mountain rendezvous, with one of the horses bearing the full weight of our prized booty, a triumphant though wet and dilapidated procession.

Wilkinson and the guide slept well all through that night, but I tossed fitfully in my bunk. All I could see in my sleepless nightmare was the "old man's" eyes glaring madly at Captain Wilkinson for having shot the doe. I guess I never will forget that look as long as I live!

In the morning, bright and early, the guide nudged me out of bed, saying,

"Get up, it's time for breakfast. The captain wants us to get an early start. We're going after the 'roos again. Seems that the doe we got yesterday sure whetted his appetite. He's as impatient as a groom before his weddin'."

I wasn't that anxious to go on a hunt so early, but I guess the main reason was that I had a sudden premonition that something was going to happen today. I couldn't shake that feeling all the time I was dressing, and even after I'd had my breakfast.

Ten minutes later we were on our way, heading for the same spot Wilkinson had made his kill. As luck would have it, we sighted about half a dozen male kangaroo. I got my sights on one of them and brought it down with a well-aimed shot below and behind the shoulder. Then the guide got two more in quick succession, and I stalked another one into the brush. I was so intent on my quarry that I never thought once of Wilkinson—where he was, or what he was doing. I got another doe with a well-placed shot in a vital spot, and I went back to get the guide to help me skin my kill. The guide was a little worried. He'd seen Wilkinson disappear into the woods stalking a kangaroo—but he hadn't come out yet. I was getting worried about then, too, for my premonition was starting to work overtime.

Of course nothing could happen. Wilkinson was an expert hunter and woodsman, and he couldn't possibly get lost. Anyway, he'd been born in these parts, and could walk all those hills blindfolded.

The guide suggested we wait another ten minutes. If Wilkinson didn't show up by then, we'd go after him.

Ten minutes later, we went stumbling into the brush. Once we flushed out a colony of kangaroos, but we'd bagged enough so we didn't fire at them. We got a kick, however, out of seeing the way they dispersed when we surprised them. Instead of scattering pell-mell like any other animal, these queer creatures fell into line, sort of Indian file, with a big, old doe quickly leading the way. I hadn't the heart—neither had the guide—of killing any of that procession.

It was the guide who found the first big imprints of the "old man's" hind feet. "These prints are his— I'm sure of it! Look at the size of them!" said the guide, ominously.

Fifty yards farther on, we found the first set of human footprints. The guide was sure they belonged to Captain Wilkinson. He said he'd recognize those hunting boots anywhere.

We followed the tracks for about a half mile. It seemed that the Captain was engaged in a routine stalk of the big old 'roo he had missed on the previous day. Since he knew his job, there was little likelihood of his missing this time. However, it did seem strange that we had not yet heard his rifle. He must be a good half hour ahead of us.

A few minutes later, the guide stopped suddenly. He was staring at the ground before him, and his face was like chalk. When I saw what he was looking at, something seemed to explode in my chest. For a moment we both stood stock still, hardly breathing, hardly daring to talk.

The two sets of tracks—those of man and beast—merged at this point. And there was no mistaking it—the prints of Captain Wilkinson were covered by those of the "old man." This meant that the kangaroo was stalking the hunter!

The big roo had been stalking the hunter!—and when he saw his chance—

The guide and I stared at each other, then we pushed forward. As there came only silence from ahead, we quickened our speed until we were running. I strained my ears for the sound of a rifle shot. Why didn't it come?

Then we heard a sound—but not a shot. It was a kind of muffled shout, but whether man or animal, it was too far away to tell. At any rate, it caused us to rush blindly through the underbrush, increasing our already killing pace. About twenty minutes later we reached the grisly rendezvous that we had been fated to keep since early that day.

Hanging grotesquely from a stumpy gum tree, where it had landed after being tossed through the air, was the body of Captain Wilkinson. Seized from behind by the vengeful kangaroo, the man had had time to shout only once. Then he had been literally pulled apart by the powerful forearms of his killer, and ripped to pieces by the scythelike hind legs. Removing his body from that tree was the most terrible thing I've ever had to do.

We buried him on the spot, and marked the place with a rough cross. His relatives could do what they liked, later on, about moving him or setting up a more fitting marker. Still, what more fitting for a hunter than to spend eternity at the site of his last hunt?

And what more fitting than that his killer, the giant kangaroo with a heart as noble as any human, be allowed to go free to hunt again?

Blood-Bath in China

(*Continued from page* 16)

writing, his hands were tied behind him and a rigid three-foot pennant listing his crime was fastened like a feather to the back of his head.

An attendant then stepped forward with a tray holding a small bottle of wine and a bowl of steaming noodles. The prisoner was fed with chopsticks, while a circle of police closed in with drawn guns to watch warily for a false move.

Goose-pimples broke out all over me, for I couldn't help wondering what would happen if a prisoner suddenly began lashing out. What did he have to lose? There'd be a sorry mess in that jam-packed courtyard once the bullets began to fly.

When all the prisoners were ready, they were loaded into open trucks. I waited until the convoy began to move out of the courtyard, then quickly hopped aboard one of the vehicles before anyone could object.

With sirens screaming and firebells clanging, we raced madly through the streets to one of Shanghai's busiest downtown intersections. It had been selected as a public execution ground.

A hush fell upon the waiting thousands as we arrived. The prisoners were lined up in the middle of the street, each with an executioner directly behind him. I broke through and asked the officer to hold until I could walk down the line for closeups with my Leica. He grinned.

As I stepped back, he gave the signal. The men were pushed to their knees and shot in the back of the head. A second bullet was fired into the skull of each fallen man to be sure he was dead.

As the condemned men pitched forward, blood spurting from severed arteries, a roar of applause rose from the crowds—not in approval for their punishment, but a psychological reaction to the grisly scene.

They strained at the police line, trying to rush forward for a better view of the final death twitchings. Reinforcements began swinging their riflebutts, bamboo clubs, and leather belts to keep them back.

The climax came when an old woman managed to slip through the cordon. She knelt beside her dead son and smoothed his blood-soaked hair while she moaned softly. She mopped the blood from his face and moved his body gently so that his clothes would not be stained by a pool of his own blood.

An eery silence fell over the crowd, suddenly ashamed of its bloodlust. It melted away quickly, leaving only the dead and the few living who mourned for them.

Outdoor Adventure With The Editor

(*Continued from page* 6)

of the Orient in existence. The one on this page shows him about to blow a bubble or smoke a hubble-bubble, we're not sure which . . .

Another fellow who has managed to get around some pretty strange places in a long and adventurous lifetime is Wynant Davie Hubbard, also a favorite of he-man type readers. We knew that Hubbard, now in his middle fifties, was a scientist with a formidable educational background; that he has spent several years as a hunter and movie photographer in Africa; wrote four books, including *Bong'Kwe, The Story of an African Buffalo;* contributed to just about every national magazine worth reading, these past 25 years; was for many years confidential advisor to President Roosevelt on African affairs; and was a war correspondent during the Ethiopian war as well as a crashboat commander during the Big Brawl.

What we *didn't* know was that Hubbard was a blood brother to an African chief! We found out about it, as you will, by reading the story on page 26.

And so has Wilson Bryant Key, Jr., who at the moment is on the Journalism staff at the University of Denver. But he's had other moments, including one in which he came within a foot of finding a million bucks in hard cash. That moment is described in a big fat article called, *The Lost Treasure of General Yamashita. . .*

A story we don't recommend to our lady readers is *The Century's Bloodiest Manhunt.* on page 8. Boys under six are not advised to read it either. Reason: it's just too damned bloody for words. We checked and rechecked the facts in this before printing it, and so vouch for the authenticity. Yet it's hard to believe that men—white or brown—could be as animalistic as described in this article. We publish it not for its sensational value, but because most readers feel that the Mau Mau troubles of East Africa are something new and unique. Actually, this sort of thing has never stopped for any great length of time, and will no doubt continue until men in Africa reject the code of the jungle they appear to live by, and start behaving like human beings. . .

A story we recommend to everybody is *We Tracked the Abominable Snow Man,* by Ralph Izzard, the famous British correspondent who stole a march on the conquerors of Everest, by chasing after and joining them high on the slope of the Goddess Mountain. In a subsequent expedition of his own, Mr. Izzard made an all-out attempt to track down, photograph, capture and study the greatest ethnological mystery of the day—the so-called Abominable Snow Man of the Himalaya. How many of these objectives he achieved is entertainingly told on page 40. It's a book-lengther, so save it for when you have plenty of time. . .

So—our hunting, this trip, seems to be mostly man hunting, treasure hunting and island hunting. But don't go 'way, you members of the scope'ntrigger set—you haven't been altogether neglected, as you'll see when you come to Ben Berkey's tale of a *Kangaroo Kill,* and the great white hunter, Francois Sommer's account of his fellow hunters of French West Africa.

As usual, there're lots of other things we don't have space to talk about—so find a space in your favorite chair, turn the pages of your favorite magazine, and read about them. . .

Hal Hennesey

WE TRACKED THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!

(*Continued from page* 41)

news of the successful ascent reached us—via a radio broadcast from America, for *The Times* copyright forbade the immediate announcement of the conquest in the kingdom to which the mountain physically belonged. I did not wait long enough in Katmandu to greet the returning climbers. I had still far from recovered my health, and I flew home to Cyprus for a brief convalescence. I arrived in London early in July. Up to the time of my arrival I had heard nothing at all from my London office in reply to my suggestions of a Yeti expedition. I had begun to imagine that my proposals had been read and then dismissed as too fantastic to merit answer. It would not have surprised me in the least had this been the case. In fact, it was by no means the case, as I was very soon to find out.

Almost the first words spoken to me by Mr. Leonard Curtis, foreign editor of the *Daily Mail*, when I entered his office at Northcliffe House were: "If you are still keen on that Abominable Snowman Expedition of yours I believe 'they' would consider it favourably." ("They" in this case meant our superiors.) Mr. Curtis, I may mention, was the man who had first thought of sending me to Everest. This excursion had been rated a success and, being of an adventurous turn of mind, Mr. Curtis was already prepared to risk another gamble. Whether we could launch the new project depended, he said, on how well I could present my case. I therefore set about compiling a dossier in the hope that it might prove useful and in the knowledge that, whatever happened, it would afford me much amusement. In this last belief I was not wrong, for I soon found myself combing through a mass of fascinating material.

Many more years ago than most of us care to remember—namely in the Miocene Period—great apes *did* exist in the Himalaya, and their fossilised remains have been discovered north of Simla. As regard historical times, I am open to correction, but I believe I am right in saying that the orangutan, now confined to Southeast Asia, once enjoyed far wider distinction and was, in compartively recent times, found as far north as parts of China. Turning to modern history, there is a popular and quite erroneous belief that the first recorded occasion on which tracks "like a human being's" were seen at great altitudes was during the first Everest reconnaissance of 1921, when Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury saw them at nearly 22,000 feet close to the Lhakpa La. In fact the first reference which I have been able to find to footprints and *Yeti, Mi-go, Kang-mi, Shukpa,* or whatever one likes to call them, for the endearing term "Abominable Snowman" had not then been invented, dates from as long ago as 1887—when Colonel W. A. Waddell mentioned them in his book *Adventures in the Himalaya.* I am informed that the first white man ever to have seen a Yeti was Henry John Elwes, the noted Himalayan explorer, most of whose journeys were made at the turn of the century.

H. J. Elwes encountered the Yeti in Tibet in 1906. He was in the habit of making copious notes and drawing careful sketches of all he saw and he made very complete records of the haunts and appearance of the creature and the footprints it left in the snow and gave geographical references as to where it might be found.

Other pre-1921 references to apelike creatures could, however, be quoted, and the sole significance of Colonel Howard-Bury's report of footprints, like those of human beings, on Everest, is that it was following this discovery that the term "Abominable Snowman" came to be foisted on the author of the prints. According to H. W. Tilman, the creator of this phrase was "a certain Mr. Henry Newman of Darjeeling" who was translating from the Tibetan words *metch Kang-mi, Kang-mi* meaning "snowman," and *metch* "filthy" or "disgusting," hence "abominable."

Mr. Newman put the Yeti "on the map." During the twenties and thirties sightings both of prints and of the animal itself occurred right across the Himalaya from the Burmese frontier to the Karakoram, not all of them by credulous witnesses. The most arresting account of the sighting is that given by Mr. A. N. Tombazi in his "Account of a Photographic Reconnaissance of the Kanchenjunga Massif." In 1925 Mr. Tombazi, then a member of the commercial firm of Ralli Brothers in India, was camping in Sikkim near the Zemu Gap. He was suddenly summoned from his tent by his Sherpas, who claimed excitedly to have seen a Yeti. Mr. Tombazi records:

The blinding sunlight made it impossible at first to see anything, but I soon perceived the object, two or three hundred yards down the valley. There was no doubt that its outline was like that of a human being; it walked upright, bending down from time to time to pull out a few dried-up rhododendrons. Against the snow it looked dark, and apparently it wore no clothes. Within the next minute or so it had moved into some thick scrub and disappeared. I examined the footprints, which resembled those of a human being, although they were only six to seven inches in length.

Writing in *Argosy* magazine (February 1954), a member of the Swiss Mount Everest Expedition of 1952, Mr. Norman G. Dyhrenfurth, claims that on November 4, 1952, a Yeti interfered with his tent where it was pitched at Camp V, altitude 23,000 feet. The incident, he says, occurred at one o'clock in the morning. He awoke with a sense of suffocation, to hear crunching sounds on the snow, the rattling of cans, and stertorous breathing. His feeling of suffocation he trributes to an overpowering musky stench which pervaded the atmosphere in spite of a hundred-mile-an-hour gale blowing outside. Unable to stand the suspense any longer, Dyhrenfurth unzipped his tent and stepped outside with his ice axe. He found nothing, nor were any footprints visible the next morning when he examined the snow—it had been packed too hard by the wind. But his Sherpas confirmed that the camp had been visited by a Yeti. Dyhrenfurth adds that, that same spring, members of the first Swiss Everest Expedition not only found tracks between Lobuje and their base camp, they came upon what looked like the sleeping quarters of several Yetis. Dyhrenfurth continues; "On our own second Swiss expedition,

that fall, one of the coolies was attacked by an Abominable Snowman. His yells for help brought the others running. They chased the Yeti away before any of us could see or photograph the creature." In fairness to the Yeti, and in order to escape the charge that I am including only favourable evidence in this summary, I may say that none of the Swiss Expedition's Sherpas I subsequently spoke to can recall this incident.

The last instance I intend to mention is the only known physical encounter between a European and a Yeti. (There are a number of tales of Sherpas being either mauled or killed by a Yeti and one tale of when a Yeti wrestled with, and was defeated by, a Sherpa strong man.)

Professor G. O. Dyhrenfurth, father of Norman G. Dyhrenfurth, relates in his book *Zum dritten Pol* an astonishing story of a battle between two Norwegian prospectors and two Yeti which occurred in 1948. The Norwegians, Aage Thorberg and Jan Frostis, were searching for radioactive minerals in Sikkim on behalf of the Indian Government when on June 11 their Sherpas sighted the footprints of Yeti in the vicinity of the Zemu Gap. The two prospectors, each with an automatic rifle, and accompanied by their two Hindu assistants and two Sherpas, followed up the tracks. Several hours later Thorberg sighted two silhouettes above the party and through his glasses made them out to be two "apes" with brown hairy backs and heads of human shape. Splitting into two, the party executed a pincer movement and Frostis and one Sherpa, having approached the animals and got above them by using a hidden pass, sped down towards them on skis. Retelling the story afterwards in *Argosy* magazine, Norman Dyhrenfurth continues: "Taken by surprise, the two apes came to a halt and stood up on their hind legs. Long shaggy hair covered their entire bodies with the exception of their faces, which remained curiously bare. Their eyes were half-hidden beneath bushy brows. Their height was that of a medium-sized man, and they had long furry tails."

Frostis had been able to approach close to the animals and he was joined by Thorberg. Showing no sign of fear, the "apes" reared up, growling deeply and baring yellowish fangs. Signalling his companion not to shoot, Thorberg took his climbing rope, tied a running noose in it, and dropped it over one of the creatures. The animal at once jerked the noose loose and at the same moment its companion jumped on Frostis, knocking him over and mauling his shoulder severely. Thorberg now dropped the rope and, seizing his rifle, fired one shot which wounded the animal attacking Frostis. The report of the rifle so frightened the "apes" that they broke off the fight and took flight over a neighbouring col. The fact that Frostis was badly injured precluded any idea of immediate pursuit and when the chase was taken up the following day a heavy snowstorm blotted out the trail and caused the hunt to be abandoned. The only comment I have to make on this incident is that, according to all accounts describing Yeti that I have come across, they do not have long furry tails; nor, for that matter, do apes.

At this stage, I do not propose to recount any further stories concerning Yeti or to sum up our conclusions as to their identity, for I feel it will be more amusing for the reader to draw his own conclusions as the evidence unfolds itself before him at the same pace as it unfolded before us.

Towards the end of July I received the glad news that the *Daily Mail* management was prepared to launch a Yeti expedition. Tom Stobart, of the Everest Expedition, had now arrived back in England and I was thankful to find that he was enthusiastic about participating in a Yeti hunt. He and I spent many hours over this problem in a Yeti hunt. He and I spent many hours over this problem of personnel. At length we decided that, rather than issue a blanket invitation, we would work out exactly who would be required in terms of professions.

The only solution was to try and find men who had two or preferably three strings to their bows, using Tom, a zoologist, climber, and film operator, as an example. An essential requirement for everyone chosen was perfect physical fitness and, if possible, proven ability to "go high."

As Tom was touring and therefore difficult to contact, the next moves towards recruiting personnel were left to me. I had come across two men in my life who struck me as eminently well fitted for the chase. The question was, would they be available? The first was Charles Stonor, now aged forty-one, with whom I had kept in touch since an adventure we had together in 1948, in the foothills of the Himalaya of northern Assam. We had then penetrated unexplored country in search of a hitherto unknown primitive crocodilian. I was thus aware both of his immense physical resources and of his capabilities as a scientist.

My second choice was Gerald Russell, the American naturalist, now aged forty-three, who had been my close friend at Cambridge between the years 1928 and 1931. Gerald, the undergraduate, I remembered as a beautifully built youth who had been a redoubtable lightweight boxer and judo expert.

Our climber was found later. He was John Angelo Jackson, one of the finest mountaineers in Britain today. John, aged thirty-two, had been first reserve for the successful British Everest team. He had had wide climbing experience in the British Isles—notably in Scotland, Skye, Wales, and the Lake District—and had also climbed in the Swiss and Italian Alps.

The problem of a medical officer was not so easily solved. It was fortunate that another stroke of good luck finally brought us, by a process of elimination, to Dr. William Edgar, M.B., B. Chir., who was just completing a term as junior registrar of Westminster Hospital. Bill Edgar, aged thirty, had had no previous Himalayan experience, but he is an enthusiastic walker and bird watcher and a former member of Cambridge University Mountaineering Club. He had served during the war was the R.A.M.C. in East Africa and had climbed Mount Kilimanjaro (19,565 feet). We were held in suspense for some days while Bill made up his mind whether he could spare the time to join us. We were able to announce his acceptance on December 4.

As yet, we did not know what we intended to do with a Yeti if we found one. Looking back, I doubt if at that early stage we had actually made up our minds on the subject, except that none of us much liked the idea of shooting a specimen. Firearms had to be taken to protect both ourselves and our Sherpas from possible attack not only from a Yeti but from other wild beasts. But the responsibility of shooting one of the world's rarest animals—it could even turn out to be a primate—was not a responsibility that any of us cared to undertake. Gerald, now over in America, appeared to be devoting much thought to this subject. In one letter to me he wrote:

The pattern of catching the rarer wild animals is a well-established one. Shoot one of the parents if necessary and grab a young one. In our case this seems to be out of the question. Our first aim must be for the ideal. Catch a male and a female, bring them

STOOD NO CHANCE AGAINST THEM . . ."

home, encourage them to have young. The thought of our expedition being able to pull this off especially at a first attempt—would require a miracle—a whole series of miracles. Just one parent would do. One would eventually compromise with an infant, a "snow-girl" preferably, providing one didn't have to shoot a primitive mother or father. I can say from experience that the recollection of shooting one of the big apes, or seeing one shot, never leaves one. Once a young one is caught it could be used as a bait for a parent. But how are we to get one without some slaughter and unholy luck in the first place?

On December 3 we were able to publish our first formal announcement of the expedition. It was a "splash" lead story running to two full columns and surmounted by banner headlines and portraits of all members so far recruited. The announcement began with a short account of how the expedition came to be planned. It continued with brief biographies of the members and concluded by setting forth what we hoped to achieve both as regarded the Yeti and as regarded other scientific work. On an inside page interviews given to us by Sir John Hunt and Eric Shipton were printed in full. The announcement was both impressive and dignified and had an obvious appeal for adventurous spirits. The next morning our two telephones were constantly being rung by men anxious to join the team.

The telephone story was repeated when the cables and letters began to pour in. It is true that two vacancies remained to be filled, but these were for Tom's two film assistants, skilled technicians whom Tom was anxious to choose himself.

It was not long before he had found the two men who were to help him with his film. They were Stanley Jeeves, who had made a special study of animal photography and had the additional advantage of having been John Jackson's climbing companion in many adventures both in England and Scotland, and Charles Lagus (from now on referred to by his nickname of "Chunk" in order that he will not be confused with Charles Stonor).

One letter we received contained clues that finally led to a Polish refugee, Mr. Slavomir Rawicz, now living near Birmingham. Mr. Rawicz had an amazing tale to tell a personal encounter with a Yeti and I repeat it in full exactly as Downing later wrote it for the *Daily Mail* under the heading

The bulk of the expedition resting on route to Everest. Truck didn't make it.

"The Snowman: The Strangest Story Yet."

Somewhere near the Chumbi Valley gap in the Himalayas on the border of Sikkim and Bhutan leading down to the plains of India, five men—gaunt, bearded, dressed in pitiful tatters of skins and cloth—paused and talked excitedly among themselves that clear, fine morning in May 1942.

Behind them was an apalling, dogged, struggling trail 2000 *miles back to a Russian forestry camp in that part of Siberia lying a couple of hundred miles northwest of Irkutsk and the great Baikal Lake.*

All five had been political prisoners to the Russians. There were three Poles, an American, and a man from the Baltic States—survivors of an escaping party of seven which had broken out of Camp 402 *fifteen months earlier.*

Two had "just swollen up and died" climbing the forbidden last barrier of the Himalayas from the Tangla area on the Tibetan side.

The story of that escape, its plodding, month-after-month movement southwards, was told me by Polish survivor Slavomir Rawicz, now 38, *married to an English girl and living in the Midlands.*

That May morning in 1942 *high up in the mountains Mr. Rawicz remembers with great clarity even when some of the details of time and place of previous incidents in the long march to freedom have become blurred in the memory.*

They had "crossed the ridge," in his words, and were descending towards the country where at least they would find friends and civilisation they had known. They had halted here because their way down the mountain was blocked. And the cause of it was something none of the men had seen before in their lives.

This is how Mr. Rawicz told it: "From high up the mountain we picked out two moving black dots against a background of snow. Someone said: 'They must be animals—that means food.' In that clear air we could see for miles. We set off down towards the creatures.

"We finished up against a big overhanging rock at a point some 12 *feet above and* 100 *yards distant from them. And when we examined them we knew there was no question of their providing us with food.*

"They were massive creatures, nearly eight feet tall and standing erect. They were shuffling around on a snow-covered shelf which formed part of the obvious route for us to continue our descent. Armed as we were with only one knife and one axe, the whole five of us together would have stood no chance against them.

"We thought perhaps they would go away if we waited. It was obvious that the pair had seen us. They looked at us and were quite indifferent. They certainly were not frightened of us.

"I wanted to climb down the rock and get a little closer but my compan-

ions refused to join me. So we just sat there, our legs dangling over the edge of the rock, and watched them.

"For two hours we watched them. One of the party said that if we waited long enough we should be bound to see them descend on all fours. But they never did. They moved around quietly on their hind legs with an almost comical swinging motion.

"As a regular officer in the Polish Army in 1939 I was specially trained in assessing distances and heights for setting gun sights. I have not the slightest doubt that they were at least seven feet high, but probably nearer eight feet. One was slightly smaller than the other, and we decided they must be male and female.

"Their faces I could not see in detail, but the heads were squarish and the ears must lie close to the skull because there was no projection from the silhouette against the snow. The shoulders sloped sharply down to a powerful chest, and long arms, the wrists of which reached the knees.

"Seen in profile, the back of the head was a straight line from the crown into the shoulders, as somebody remarked at the time, 'a typical Prussian.'

"I tried to decide what they were, and the nearest I could get was an idea of a cross between a big bear and an orang-outang type of ape.

"The nearest I can get to describing their colour is a rusty camel. They were covered with long loose straight hair, which, in the light, seemed to have a greyish tinge, but the bodies seemed to be covered also with a very short reddish fur.

"They were doing nothing but move around slowly together and occasionally just standing and looking about them, like people admiring the view. So eventually we had to move off in another and more difficult direction."

Lower down the mountain the party found another shelf on which were the blurred footprints of the creatures. They were roughly oval in shape, like the mark of a snowshoe, about twenty inches long and eight inches broad at the widest point, with what appeared the pressure of a pad mark near the middle. Indirectly the creatures were responsible for the death of one of the surviving five. The deviation of route found the party creeping along a narrow ledge against a sheer face of rock and one of the Poles crashed to his death. That was two days after the encounter with the great beasts.

Towards the end of June the trail to freedom ended. They ran into a patrol of Indian soldiers.

OFF—AT LAST

Only two days now remained before the Christmas holidays, which, falling as they did at the weekend, meant three full days would later be lost in which no work of any sort could be done. I found there was plenty to do. Visas, particularly for our late-comers, had to be confirmed at the Nepalese Embassy: enquiries had to be made regarding the transport of our goods across India and customs clearances; permission had to be obtained from the postmaster general to send press messages on "pay on delivery" terms over the Indian Embassy telegraph system at Katmandu. A large number of purchases had to be made, including certain scientific reference books which were not easily obtainable elsewhere.

When I arrived at Calcutta airport on December 29, I met Tenzing, accompanied by his redoubtable wife and the rest of his family and entourage. Tenzing was enthusiastic about the Yeti hunt, so much so that for some time I felt he was genuinely on the point of throwing up the long round of humdrum business engagements upon which he was about to embark and join us. But he knew that he would not be able to come with us, so as a gesture of friendship he announced that he would send to us his brother-in-law Nemi, who is married to Pem Pem, his favourite sister. Nemi was an excellent acquisition.

From Calcutta airport I drove to Spence's Hotel, where I was soon joined by Gerald and Biswas. Another arrival was Saksena from Katmandu. Charles and he had recommended that we should buy an automobile to facilitate our work in Katmandu and across the Great Valley of Nepal. Saksena had therefore been ordered down to Calcutta to buy a vehicle. He and I set out together in a new Land Rover in the early morning of January 7.

That night we reached Raxaul on the Nepal frontier, our arrival being delayed until after dark by a final length of atrocious track cut by a number of fords which must be impassable in the rainy season. The first fifteen-mile stretch of road from Raxaul is indescribably bad and frequently, to avoid the deeper watercourses, we took to the single narrow-gauge railway track, bumping over the sleepers while fervently praying that we would neither meet, nor be pursued by, the one train a day. This section brought us to the fringe of the Terai, a strip of jungle which hugs the foothills throughout the whole length of the Himalaya and is notorious for the fact that a particularly virulent form of cerebral malaria renders it a death trap throughout the summer months. In the winter season, such as we were enjoying, it also provides possibly the world's finest tiger shooting. We saw no tiger, although pug marks in the sand showed that at least one had trotted down our route during the previous night. Once a fine sambar stag crossed unconcernedly in front of us. Frequently we passed groups of langur monkeys, their flat black faces fringed with "bo'sun"-type whiskers, playing beneath the taller trees. We arrived at Bhimphedi at teatime to be greeted at the Indian Army Sappers Mess by Colonel Grant, the commanding officer. We now had a serious setback. The new motor road which had been ceremoniously opened the month before had now been closed again. There were two courses open to us. We could retreat to Simra airfield in the Terâi and have the Land Rover flown over the mountains to Katmandu, or we could have the vehicle dismantled and carried over the coolie track into the Great Nepal Valley. As time was pressing we decided on the air lift.

We arrived to find Katmandu charmingly decorated in honour of King Tribhuvan's safe return from his period of medical treatment in Switzerland.

By the kindness of the Nepal Government their official Guest House No. 2 had been placed at our disposal until the expedition was ready to leave for Namche Bazaar. Here to my great delight I found Cook Narayan—my faithful "Jeeves" who had accompanied me to Everest the year before, awaiting me with tears of happiness in his eyes and a large bunch of flowers in his hand.

The first message and films had been sent down from the Sherpa country by Charles Stonor. Writing on Christmas Eve, Charles described how a chance encounter while on the march from Katmandu to Namche Bazaar gave him what was probably the most realistic account of the Yeti or Abominable Snowman so far obtained:

I reached the top of a long and steep climb where I fell in with some Sherpas who had come down from their own valleys to trade. They asked me where I was going to climb and I told them that I had come to search for the Yeti. One of the party, Pasang Nima, a man of about thirty who comes from a village not far from Namche Bazaar, at once showed interest and told me that about three months before—i.e., in Sep-

tember or October—he went to a remote area with fellow tribesmen to hold a religious festival in a sacred place. While they were there some people came in to say that they had seen a Yeti. A few hours later Pasang and a few others went to the spot to investigate. The area was flat and sparsely covered with bushes. When they reached it they saw a Yeti at a distance of 200 *or* 300 *yards. It was the first Pasang had seen. He described it as of the size and build of a small man. Its head was covered with very long hair as was the middle part of the body and the thighs. The face and chest did not look so hairy and they could see no long hair on the legs below the knees. He said the colour was "both dark and light" and the chest reddish. The Yeti was walking on two legs, nearly as upright as a man, and bent down to grub in the ground for roots. Pasang watched it for some time and is emphatic that it never went on all fours. Eventually it saw the watchers and ran off into the forest, still on two legs, but walking with a sidling gait, almost running backwards. As it ran it gave a loud, rather high-pitched cry which was heard by all the watchers.*

I asked the local villagers who were listening to the conversation, and also my porters and a party of Tibetan travellers, what they thought of Pasangs' account and they agreed he was speaking the truth. I asked Pasang whether the Yeti was a flesh-and-blood animal, or if it was a spirit, and he answered rather sarcastically, "How could it have been a spirit since we saw its footprints after it had run away!"

In the matter of Sherpas I was more than happy with the team of fourteen which Tenzing had selected for us. Although we had not asked particularly for "Tigers"—Sherpas who had carried loads up to 26,000 feet—as we did not want to deprive climbing parties who might be going to far greater heights than were we of their serivces, four "Tigers" had been included in our party.

I had just finished talking to Ang Tschering, a Sherpa, when a message arrived from Raxaul to say that our baggage had arrived there and was being moved up to Dhursing by truck. That evening saw the most welcome arrival of Tom, John, Stan, and Bill, who had flown in from Simra airfield.

The next day saw the arrival of a multitude of cases, sacks, and boxes of equipment. These were all unloaded for sorting in the Guest House compound and from this time onwards all of us were feverishly busy. All the equipment had to be broken down into sixty-pound porter loads, and stores which were wanted immediately and for the trek up to Namche Bazaar had to be separated from those which we should not require until later when the search proper began. It was a pleasant surprise for us to find that the only thing missing from the equipment after a journey of thousands of miles by ship, three changes of train, truck, ropeway, and finally porterback, was a single bag of nails.

That afternoon Gerald and Bis arrived by plane and Ahkey Bhutia, Bis's skinner, arrived on foot. Thus all the members of the expedition had now reached Nepal.

On the next day we had to make our first serious decision. Neither of the two planes arriving from Calcutta had our radio equipment on board. There was now no alternative but to make arrangements for a second coolie team of seventy men to follow our main party. The three hundred coolies we had engaged had all walked out to Banepa at the eastern extremity of the Great Nepal Valley on the previous day and were already waiting for our stores to be brought to them. Each had been paid in advance of six days' wages with which to buy food they would need. If they were left languishing at Banepa indefinitely it was quite certain that most of them would drift back into the town with their money and not be seen again, thus involving us in considerable financial loss. In the afternoon we sent off the trucks loaded with our gear to Banepa, where we intended to spend the first night. We chose Nemi to stay behind and organise the coolie transport for the radio. Somehow we would have to try to cross the high passes without its help.

We had sent John Jackson, as O.C. Stores, with Ahkey, as baggage master, on to Banepa. Tom and I remained behind in the Guest House to finalise our affairs and pay outstanding bills. Saksena was to drive us out to Banepa in the evening. We were about to leave when at the very moment of our departure another runner arrived from Charles Stonor, bringing us better news than we could possibly have wished for as a curtain raiser to the Yeti hunt:

FIRST SUCCESS

In spite of all efforts to discourage our expedition, I have now been a fortnight in the heart of the Snowman country, and have spent much time getting on friendly terms with the Sherpas, living in their houses as an equal, and gradually obtaining from them firsthand accounts of the Yeh-Teh in whose existence they believe so firmly.

The Sherpas of the higher, colder parts of Nepal and the adjoining ranges of Tibet all believe that the Yeh-Teh exists; that it is a flesh-and-blood animal, and not a spirit or demon.

It lives entirely in the huge region of rocky country which is too high for trees to grow, and below the perpetual snow line. Now and again it comes

Tibetans and families pause to rest high in Himalaya pass. Direction—up.

down into the valleys where the villages are situated. It is said to be about the size of a fourteen-year-old boy, of the same build as a man; covered with light reddish hair, a little lighter on the chest: and with the hair longest about the head and the waist. The head is strikingly pointed. It has a loud wailing, yelping call and, when it is heard close at hand, often makes a chattering noise. Its call is frequently heard at night. During the coldest months of the winter, when there is snow everywhere, the Yeh-Teh comes down rather lower, and its call is often heard from Sherpa villages. It normally walks on two legs like a man, but when in a hurry or when going through deep snow it drops on all fours. There is no certainty about its food, but many people believe it to feed on rock rats (pikas) and other small beasts which abound in its home. It is not thought to be particularly aggressive towards man, but is very shy and very intelligent.

After getting established in the Sherpa country, I resolved to go out into the higher slopes, above the tree limit, and where the Yeh-Teh was said to be found.

On the fourth day I was crossing some flat ground at about 14,000 feet, which was covered with patches of shallow snow left from a fall of three weeks back. And in one such path I came on a small maze of tracks, each the size and shape of a small human foot. They were probably a few days old, and no toe marks could be made out but the shape was quite clear, and the outline was very much that of a small, stub-toed, stockinged foot. The average length of the prints was ten inches with a maximum breadth of five, and a breadth across the heel of three inches. All these measurements were taken on the spot. There were numerous tracks of wild goat near at hand, with the identity of the hoof marks quite clear, and of about the same age, as near as I could judge. By comparison with these I estimated the tracks to be enlarged by melting perhaps a third of their size (there had been very little sun for a few days past). They were pointing in several directions as though one or more animals had "stood about" on the spot. I could not guess if they were of something on two legs. A hundred yards further on I came on another similar patch, but with the outline more obscured. My Sherpas were much mystified, and agreed that the tracks must he those of a Yeh-Teh.

The rest of the trip was uneventful, except that on the last day I had sent my porters round by a short cut to make camp while I wandered round a more distant route: and on joining up with them found them much excited, as they had crossed a line of tracks, freshly made, and which they were sure had been made by a Yeh-Teh. Alas, even as they pointed out the place to me a squall of wind got up, and by the time I had reached them, the tracks were blown into mere smudges in the snow.

I do not intend to waste time in describing our journey with nearly three hundred coolies up to Namche Bazaar. To our great relief it was comparatively uneventful. The winter conditions we had dreaded proved surprisingly mild: snow even on the highest passes was scanty, and although most of our coolies were barelegged and barefooted and had only a blanket to protect them, none suffered from overexposure. Five days behind us Nemi dogged our footsteps at the head of seventy coolies, bringing our radio equipment.

On Saturday the thirteenth of February we held our first major council of war. It was decided first to find a Base Camp—we had varying ideas as to the site but most of us were agreed that somewhere near Thyangboche Monastery would be the most suitable—and then to divide into three teams of three men each to begin our first sortie. We chose as leaders of the three teams John Jackson, Tom Stobart, and Charles Stonor.

On Sunday morning, the fourteenth of February, we set off from Namche Bazaar, our equipment and stores now being carried by about two hundred and fifty Sherpa men, women, and children. We followed a path up the true right-hand bank of the Dudh Kosi about a thousand feet up above the river towards Thyangboche Monastery. Charles had thought that some fields near the riverside and below the village of Phorche would provide an ideal site for the Base Camp. We had gone about two thirds of the distance when, over the other side of the river below, we saw an even better spot near the foot of the great wooded spur on which Thyangboche Monastery stands. This was a narrow shelf on the mountainside, part of which had been cultivated in the previous year and part of which was yak grazing. We climbed down to investigate and the more we saw of it the better we liked it. It was a most beautiful place surrounded by pine, fir, and cedar, while two streams of good water came down the hillside at either end of the shelf. Infinitely remote, above the site, towered the great ice peak of Kangtega. Here we were to live for the next four months.

Our schedule from then on consisted of almost continual sorties that fanned out northward like the lines of a protractor. We climbed innumerable peaks, crossed glaciers and penetrated snow-filled passes, working "up high" almost constantly. To cover as much ground as possible, we would separate into three or more groups, thereby proving the value of each member's being qualified in more than just one field. As the weeks passed, each of us became more proficient in the fields in which he was not a specialist. This enabled us to accomplish as much as an expedition several times larger.

The further north we advanced the more the country to the east began to unfold, for we had passed the range of mountains which form the head of the Chola Khola Valley. Opposite Lake Masumba, which we reached at about eleven o'clock, we were rewarded by a most magnificent view of Everest. Beyond Masumba the rocks were very loose beneath the snow and we had not advanced very far in the direction of Lake Kyja Sumba before snow began to fall again. This decided us to turn for home.

Norbu now introduced an innovation into our routine, by producing a large bag of Yeti droppings which he had gathered from around the lake. Near the tent Gerald had been excited to find a place where a Yeti had leaped thrice to extricate itself from a snowdrift. Together we went back to the tracks and took photographs of the marks in the snow.

Next day we woke to find snow lying heavily on the tent and further snow still falling steadily. All trace of tracks was gone.

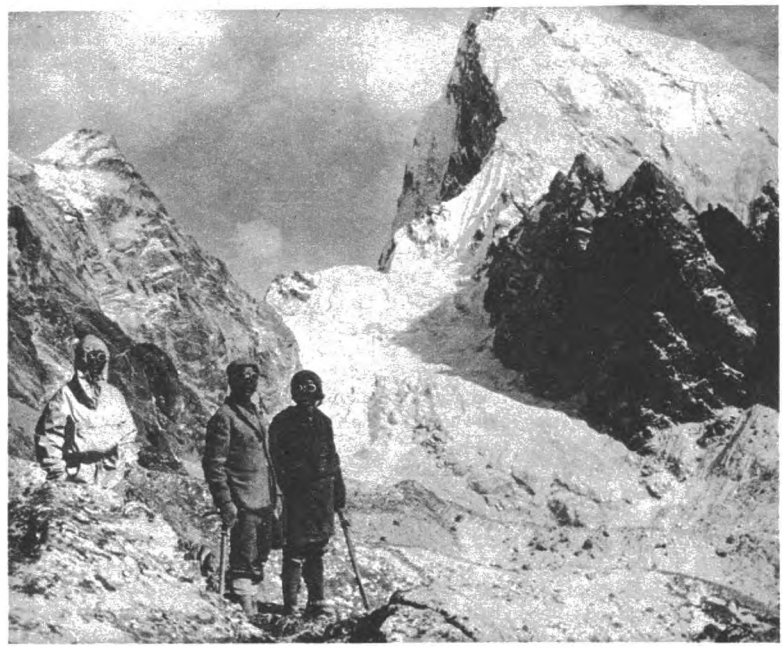
In view of the fact that there was no particular point in remaining where we were, now that we were out of touch with the Yeti, we decided to retreat down the valley to Ang Tilay's house in Nah village. This journey we completed in very orderly fashion in spite of the fresh snow. No Yeti tracks were sighted but leopard cat, fox, and wolf were plentiful.

On Saturday, March 13, I set off with Ang Tschering, Ang Tilay, and Norbu up the eastern fork of the Dudh Kosi. We began by climbing up the terminal moraine of the Dudh Kosi Glacier. Like all Himalayan glaciers, that of the Dudh Kosi has receded and the "snout" in this case already affords sparse grazing for the local herds of yak. The glacier proper now begins some distance further north. We first climbed to the sum-

mit of the moraine, which was still snow-covered, and spent two or three hours in fruitless search for tracks.

Going over the food stocks the next morning, we were forced to the conclusion that we no longer had enough supplies to make another useful sortie. We therefore decided to return to our Base Camp.

Back at Base next morning an agitated Sherpa yak-herd named Arjeab arrived from Macherma to say that the previous night he had heard the Yeti call repeatedly close to the huts there. On being asked what the call was like he strode up and down the camp, imitating a strange mewing sound which again resembled the amplified crying of a sea gull. That Arjeab seriously believed he had heard a Yeti I have no doubt. On leaving the camp he went straight to Thyangboche Monastery to undergo a "cleansing ceremony" to ward off any evil that might befall him after hearing the call. He would scarcely have taken this trouble if he had been merely yarn spinning.



Three Sherpas pause before attempting last lap of climb – the toughest lap.

Sunday, March 21, was largely spent in discussing our next operations. Up till this time we had had no news of Charles Stonor and Biswas, who were, as far as we knew, still up in the Bhote Kosi Valley. At the lower altitude of the Base Camp it had become quite obvious that winter conditions were passing. Rhododendrons were already budding round the camp and Sherpas trekking up from the south had told us that further down the Dudh Kosi Valley rhododendrons, magnolias, and other flowering trees and shrubs were approaching full blossom.

For us the approach of spring and the recession of the snows as the weather grew warmer could mean only one thing: we would have to work at higher altitudes, and this meant in its turn that we would have to lengthen all our approach marches. This had little effect on our present sortie, for we were heading north anyway. On the afternoon of April 2 we had moved up from Dudh Pokhari to occupy our old site at Lake Tanak. It was decided that Gerald should remain here while Bill, John, and I would leave the next day for the head of the valley to establish an advance camp at the head of the pass which leads northwest towards the Nangpa La route into Tibet. This was all barren country which provided very little fuel at all and it was essential that each of us carry as much as possible to save porter capacity.

Including the three of us, our total party numbered fourteen. Our route again led us up the ablation valley to the left of the Dudh Kosi Glacier until we came to Lake Masumba. Here our party divided into three, the more venturesome proceeding straight across the ice which cracked alarmingly, and the more timorous, including myself, dividing to detour either to the right or to the left. From a point on the far side where we assembled safely we could see, a thousand feet above us, our first objective, the rocky col separating the Dudh Kosi Valley from the Bhote Kosi, this col being some miles north of the Changu La. Beneath the col was a rather forbidding-looking glacier. The climb now began with a steep section up great brown boulders attractively splashed with scrlet, saffron, and lime-green colloured lichens. Boulder-hopping is no man's pleasure, particularly when every other one rolls under one's feet, but we made good time until finally the boulders gave place to loose scree. Here we slipped back a foot for every two gained, more often than not scattering stones and rocks onto our companions below.

Narayan was making heavy going of it when we reached the glacier and wedged ourselves upwards between it and the sheer right-hand cliff he fared no better. We therefore abandoned all thought of reaching the top of the col that day and hacked ourselves some platforms in the glacier sidef or our tiny tents. We were still possibly three hundred feet below the col itself, but from my own reactions I should say we were already over 19,000 feet high. should push on very slowly over the col. A heavy burden was now thrown on John, for I have never claimed to be anything but a novice—and not a very promising one—on snow and ice. Of the 300-foot climb up rotten rock to the knife edge of the ridge all I remember is thinking to myself, "This must be like climbing a cathedral roof with all the tiles loose." Sitting astride the ridge, the novice who has overreached himself tends to ask himself, "What on earth am I doing here?" "What on earth am I doing here?" Looking back, there was some consolation, for the views of Everest were better than ever, but looking forward and down the prospect was depressing to say the least. A terrace of loose scree covered with just enough snow to be a nuisance sloped down far more steeply than we had imagined it would until after some hundred yards it ended in a precipice which dropped sheer, finally levelling out to meet the Bhote Kosi Glacier. We were faced with a traverse of some three hundred yards across to a rock spur beyond which the terrain remained a question mark.

Ang Dawa, as sure-footed as a mountain goat, was first sent across and achieved the spur safely. After him went John, who after arriving at the

spur dumped his load and slowly returned, improving the track as he came with his axe. Norbu then started off and, not wishing to be the last across, I followed. I had passed John in mid-traverse and had gingerly progressed about another fifty yards when a sudden shout behind me made me clutch at a rather loose rock. When I had summoned sufficient courage to turn round— a heavy rucksack on one's back does not aid balance—I saw that one of the coolies had slipped off the track and with his sixty-pound load on his back was hanging literally by his fingernails about twenty feet below it. Luckily John, with his customary knack of being in the right place at the right time, was near him and I watched him inch himself down, grip the man by his pigtail, and haul him back onto the track. This incident vastly amused the Sherpas as had all similar occurrences and they hooted with laughter but I confess that when I reached the safety of the first spur I was perspiring freely. Beyond this spur the sight was again unencouraging. True, the snow on the next slope was deeper than it had been on the other but the whole curved like a bent funnel left-handed, down and out of sight behind a formidable rock "gendarme." There was thus no knowing what lay below. The first section of a hundred and twenty feet, the exact length of the rope we had with us, was extremely steep. The slope then eased, allowing another traverse to a second spur. Ang Dawa, again the pioneer, was first lowered to the rope's end and then unconcernedly flogged out the traverse. After him down the rope went his brother Ang Temba, cutting steps with his ice axe as he went. Because one is constantly off balance, cutting steps downwards is one of the most difficult and tiring exercises in mountaineering. This may explain what happened next. Ang Temba had reached the end of his icy staircase, was halfway across the traverse, and was about to pass Ang Dawa, who was attempting to improve his own trail, when he suddenly overbalanced and slid off the track. Ang Dawa made a grab at him, lost his own balance, and together the two of them took off down the slope with ever increasing momentum and disappeared round the bend and out of sight. The emotions John and I felt, helpless at the top of the rope, as we saw the two brothers locked in each others arms heading downwards as if on a bobsleigh to what we thought must be certain death, were undescribable. Nor can words describe our relief when we again heard Norbu, who had followed Ang Temba down the rope and was also on the traverse, laughing heartily. The speed which the brothers had achieved on the descent had become such that they had swung wide at the bend, had shot along the very edge of the cliff, and had come safely to rest on a patch of scree at the side of the second rock spur. True, Ang Temba had lost his load but as this was composed of folded tents it was enabled to bounce on undamaged until it finally came to rest beside the glacier. Neither Ang Dawa nor Ang Temba appeared the least worse for this adventure, in fact they laughed loudest of all. The total descent, which an unencumbered mountaineer could probably make in half an hour, took us with our laden coolies nearly five hours. Because of the exertions and excitements we decided to go no further that day and camped for the night beside the eastern fork of the Bhote Kosi Glacier. We were still two full days' march from what had now become our main target, the summit of the Nangpa La, where we hoped to find more traces of our next Yeti.

To reach the Nangpa La, John and I had now to cross the glacier, beside which we were now camped, and climb the mountain beyond—a modest turf-covered alp possibly 17,000 feet high—and descend to the main branch of the same glacier which lay on the far side. For clumsy people like me, every new twenty yards as one scrambles along the ridges between the craters present vivid possibilities of disaster.

To cross this branch of the glacier, which cannot be more than three quarters of a mile wide, took up well over an hour and we were resting in the warm sun on the turf slope on the far side and looking back along our route when we were astonishing at the sight down from the col which we had negotiated the day before. The figures of two tiny figures making their way proved to be Bill and his Sherpa, Nim Tenzing, who, having made a predawn start from Tanak, were now trying to catch up with us. Having had no warning of the severity of the descent, they had no rope with them but to our relief they reached the foot of the dangerous section safely. We now fired off Very lights to show our position and soon after midday our party was once more reunited.

The mountain above us proved easy going and by late afternoon we were gazing down into a deep gorge where runs the lower section of the Nepal-Tibet trade route, which must surely be one of the most romantic in the world. That night as we camped beside the track at a spot dignified on our map by the name "Lunak" but in reality no more than two roofless stone cottages, we were able to replenish our dwindling supplies of matches and kerosene from itinerant traders.

We made very fast time down the valley from Lunak and were soon clear of the glacier and walking downward over springy turf bearing brown patches of heath which gave the valley much the appearance of a Scottish moor. We stopped beside a small lake at Chule, where John, Ang Dawa, Ang Temba, and Ang Tilay branched off towards the Changu La.

Bill and I continued on down-valley. We crossed the bridge to the right bank and camped for the night at Tarangan. We were off at nine o'clock the next morning, making good progress but finding the lower altitudes almost oppressively hot. We passed Lang Moche and then Thame, a charming village surrounded by firs and set in a depression in the mountainside. Thame is the birthplace of Tenzing Norkey's parents.

Bill and I were very weary and we still had a march of over two hours back to the Base Camp. I therefore suggested we should hire another coolie to carry our packs. No one in town thought it in the least incongruous when a very small boy who cannot have been more than seven years of age was produced as the "coolie." This youngster manfully shouldered both our rucksacks and trotted off up the track with Bill and me, both of us six-footers and therefore feeling rather foolish, following behind. We were, however, able to give the small boy a treat which he is not likely to forget. To his delight when we reached a point high up on the cliffs from which the Base Camp far below was visible we let off a number of Very lights to announce our impending arrival. This was the first time the youngster had ever seen anything resembling fireworks.

BACK TO EVEREST

On the twenty-second of April we lost no time in making plans for our next operation. We had become acutely aware that we were reaching the culminating point of our efforts. Possibly only six weeks now remained to us before the arrival of monsoon conditions. It is possible to continue working during the monsoon but porters become most difficult to obtain, for it is the tilling season and all available manpower is required for the fields. If we delayed too long we might find it impossible to

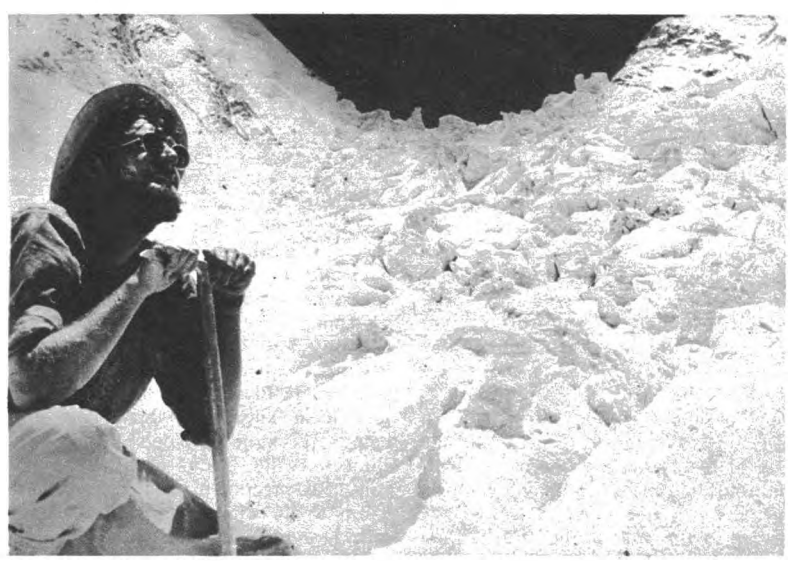
extricate ourselves in good order from the Sherpa country. We might be faced with the choice of allowing ourselves to be marooned in the mountains until the autumn, or having to abandon most of our equipment.

The plans we now made were a drastic revision of anything we had carried out hitherto. We decided to switch almost our entire strength further to the east, leaving only Bis and Ahkey in the upper Dudh Kosi Valley. John and Stan were deputed to make an entire circuit of Ama Dablam. I decided to set up advance headquarters at Lobuje, halfway up the Khumbu Glacier, which had only been briefly visited by John on his first sortie. Tom and Chunk Lagus were first to accompany John's party but would break away after the first stages and on reaching Chunkung would cross over to join me at Lobuje. I intended to work up the glacier towards Everest. As a long-term plan we agreed that John, after completing his circuit of Ama Dablem, should rejoin us at Lobuje. He would then set out with a number of the Darjeeling Sherpas for Kanchenjunga, a long and difficult journey of about two hundred miles—all of it through what we hoped would turn out to be good Yeti country. At Kanchenjunga he would join up with the British Expedition which was reconnoitring the western approaches to the mountain in preparation for a possible attempt upon it in 1956. The British party included John's brother Ronald. From Kanchenjunga, John would march on to Darjeeling and pay off the Sherpas who had been recruited there.

On the next morning Gerald and I set off for Lobuje with twenty-one coolies. As Gerald was not going well, we hired the local pony for him. However, when we began the ascent of the Thyangboche Spur, Gerald decided to test his legs so I rode the pony and thoroughly enjoyed it. When one does not have to be watching each footstep over rough rock one can survey the surrounding countryside properly, and I cannot help feeling that this is an important factor in Yeti hunting. When one is on foot it becomes a habit to keep one's eyes constantly on the ground in front of one and much that is going on around one may pass unnoticed.

That evening we decided that all of us should go up to the old British Base Camp at the foot of Everest and make a climb up the icefall. Tom's party would leave the following day. I would wait for the next Katmandu runner, who was now again due, and leave the day after Tom's party set off at 10:30 A.M. and I decided to accompany them for a spell in order to make sure of the way across a long stretch of boulder scree immediately below the Lake Camp. Returning and feeling fairly strong, I made a detour and climbed slowly up to the col between the mountains to the west of the glacier. This col was known to the Swiss Expedition of 1952 as the "Yeti Col." for the footprints which they discovered neared the Lake Camp appeared to lead over it. There were a number of cairns on top of the col, proving that it must have been crossed frequently at least by human beings and I made out what must be a way over to the Dudh Kosi Valley, skirting a glacier which appears to come down from the north before forking both east and west. Up on the col there were no traces of Yeti tracks, in fact no sign of any game whatsoever. I made a long descending traverse from the col back to the Base Camp and, bending down to get something from my tent on my return, I experienced what almost amounted to a blackout, this being the first time that such a thing had ever happened to me. It was a warning, if I needed one, that after nearly four months of overstrenuous work in the field I was beginning to near my limits.

Back in the camp I found John and Stan, very pleased with their eight-day excursion during which they climbed Pokalde peak. John was now ready to set out to Kanchenjunga but when he heard that we intended to make a climb into the Everest icefall he decided to come too. Gerald thought it unlikely that he would be able to keep up with us and decided in our absence to concentrate on watching the country from his hide. By an oversight a good deal of John's and Stan's equipment, including a very necessary extra tent, had been left behind at Chukung and a Sherpa had to be sent back for it. This meant that it would be at least two days before John and Stan could join us at the icefall and I therefore decided to push on up the glacier alone, leaving the pair of them comfortably housed in the Lobuje huts. I set out on Monday, the third of May, accompanied by Norbu and two coolies. None of us much enjoyed the long stretch of boulder scree beneath the Lake Camp and it was disheartening to find no sign of Yeti prints on the stretches of snow and patches of sand by the lake itself. A runner from Tom now came to meet us to say that his filming had been badly held up by mist and cloud and that therefore, instead of going to the old British Everest Expedition Base Camp, he was staying at the Base Camp used by Eric Shipton's Everest Reconnaissance Expedition in 1951. This is not on the Khumbu Glacier itself but tucked in the ablation valley right under Mount Pumori. This meant a long high climb over boulder scree up the western containing bank of the glacier and I did not arrive in camp until after four o'clock in the afternoon. I found it bitterly cold and after tea in Tom's tent went straight to bed. Tom had a remarkable story to tell. He had been out before five that morning with a shotgun in the hope of bagging a



Expedition member rests on ice axe before incredible terrain he must cross.

NOW WE RETREATED FROM THE SHERPA COUNTRY . . .

snow cock for the pot. After a steady climb up the western valley side he took up a position beneath a high boulder-studded ridge. By this time it was full light. His eyes travelled along the ridge, rested for a moment on a spot where one red-brown boulder seemed to be balanced upon another, travelled on, and then returned to the same spot. To his astonishment the topmost boulder had disappeared. He had no doubt of this, for he had not changed position. He is certain that the topmost boulder must have been in reality the back of a large red-brown animal. In some hopes Tom set off up the hillside. He was only about two hundred yards from the boulder above him, but because of the altitude—nearly 19,000 feet—it took him half an hour to reach it. His hopes were then immediately dashed. On the far side of the ridge there appeared an endless area of rugged rock-strewn country which might have hidden a mountain regiment, let alone a single animal which had warning of his approach. With no snow to carry tracks, the search was obviously futile and Tom returned ruefully to camp. On such flimsy evidence he refused to claim that he had seen a Yeti, nor did he wish to identify the animal as a red bear. He is only quite certain that it was a reddish-brown animal, but as there are no yaks at this altitude and as, in any case, yaks do not squat on rocks, it can only have been a red bear or a Yeti. We never again had a sight of this particular animal.

Tom was most anxious to climb a subsidiary of Pumori, for from an elevation of about 20,000 feet where there is a small platform which is the highest point ever climbed by the Swiss, by Eric Shipton and Tom Bourdillon, and by Russi Gandhy's party, magnificent views can be obtained of Everest which immediately faces Pumori across the icefall. Pumori (23,190 feet) is still unclimbed and no one has succeeded in advancing beyond the small plateau because of the very grave risk from avalanches that would have to be expected on either side of it. We reckoned it would take us about four hours to reach the platform and, as we expected the skies to cloud over as usual at about eleven, this meant an early start. We agreed to take only the pick of the Darjeeling Sherpas with us and told the others to pack up camp in our absence and move it across the glacier to the site of the British Base Camp of last year. It was a long slow climb up to the platform with Tom and Bill going well, and myself labouring behind with Chunk, who had again been out shooting for the pot before breakfast and had thus made a late start. The spur ascended very steeply and presented us with some rather alarming "boiler plates" to cross. We must have passed the 20,000-foot mark rounding the bluff immediately below the platform, but when we reached the top of it the views were truly superb. Seen from this elevation, the icefall came spilling down between Everest and Nuptse like a burst bag of lump sugar. It was possible to look straight into the Western Cwm and also over the Lho La to the North Col. For half an hour all of us were busily engaged in taking photographs. Then the skies clouded over.

The descent went wonderfully well. We climbed down onto the glacier and threaded our way through the ice pinnacles to the former site of the British Base Camp. We found that John and Stan had already reached the camp from Lobuje. The six of us were now assembled and ready to attempt the icefall on the following day. Ours, of course, was not an attempt on Everest itself nor was it a full-scale assault on the icefall—John Jackson reckoned it would take us at least a week to reach the top of the fall, even if we had the necessary "seige equipment," scaling ladders and so on. It was to be a token anniversary climb, for on May 29 it would be just a year since Hillary and Tenzing reached the summit. Prior to this success a number of nations, anticipating failure, had "booked the mountain" until well into the 1960s. Hillary and Tenzing changed all that. All planned attempts were cancelled, but it occurred to us that, whatever nations might think about it, we might show that the British were still in the field.

At the point we reached in the icefall there is no doubt that we could have gone much further. It is just possible that if we had made a really serious attempt, allowing ourselves the necessary time, and dissipating our remaining energy, we might have forced our way into the Western Cwm. We had John as leader and Tom, Phudorji, and Pasang Phutar who had the necessary local knowledge. Stan and Bill had by this time developed into strong climbers, while Chunk and I, although still "passengers" in comparison, had learnt to do what was required of us quickly and efficiently without being told; but it was no part of our plan to exhaust ourselves in what could only be described as a diversion from our main task of hunting the Yeti. That a Yeti would go up the icefall on its own initiative seems to me completely out of the question, for there is nothing whatsoever to attract it in the Western Cwm.

We spent one cold and eerie night at the old British Base Camp, and then made our way down the centre of the Khumbu Glacier back to the Base Camp. Although we did not relise it at the time, this was the beginning of our retreat from the Sherpa country. It was now the sixth of May and two weeks at the most remained to us. I was still hoping to make another short trip to the upper Dudh Kosi Valley but other invents intervened and the excursion was never made. At night there was another heavy snowfall. The next day Gerald rejoined us, looking very haggard and quite obviously ill. He had spent the time while the rest of us were up near Everest lying up in his hide and he was now suffering from exposure as well as anoxia. We were sharing a tent together and throughout that night he appeared to me to be in a state of semidelirium. The next morning he could hardly walk and Bill at once made arrangements to have him carried down to a lower altitude. The Katmandu runner, who had been delayed, arrived on this day and with the greatest reluctance I wrote a letter to my head office, announcing that we would have to go ahead with plans to wind up the expedition. We had already remained out abnormally long for a high-altitude expedition and Gerald's condition was merely a warning of the fate which awaited us all if we continued our efforts too long. We had all lost much weight and some of us were pitifully thin. As we were growing weaker our task was becoming more and more formidable. As the year advanced the snows were receding, adding possibly hundreds of square miles to the territory we would have to cover, much of it at a higher altitude than we had been working hitherto. It had obviously become a losing battle and a kindness—to use boxing parlance—"to throw in the towel to prevent further punishment and possible permanent injury."

That day I said good-bye to John, who set off in good spirits for Kanchenjunga. We were to meet again five weeks later in Calcutta. Tom and the rest of the party left for the stone hut at Chule where Gerald was to spend the night. I remained alone at Lobuje where I had a good deal of writing to

A Confidential Message

TO MEN OVER 35 IF YOU'RE LOSING YOUR PEP *and* ENERGY...

Try

GERATEX TABLETS

FOR YOUTHFUL VIGOR

FEEL YOUNG AGAIN WITH HI-POTENCY GERATEX TABLETS

MEN— if you've been noticing a steady decline in energy, if you're over 35 and think you have matured prematurely, if you lack zest and if life's pleasures are passing you by, here's good news for you!

AT LAST, science has perfected a fast-acting preparation for men who have lost their spark and pep. It's a remarkable remedy; one specifically formulated to help you obtain new energy, stamina and a more youthful interest in life.

THOUSANDS OF MEN have found thrilling new hope and discovered new buoyant energy and improved physical power by using GERATEX TABLETS.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED if physical neglect has undermined your natural vitality making you feel and look old before your time. Help to correct this and to feel and act younger by taking GERATEX TABLETS today!

ONLY

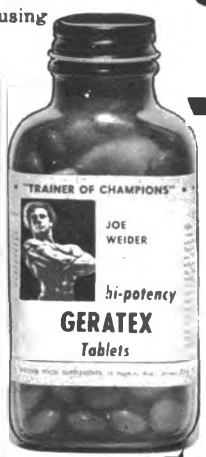
$3.50 ***FOR A MONTH'S SUPPLY***

ORDER TODAY!

HI-POTENCY

GERATEX TABLETS

For that Buoyant Feeling of Youth



GUARANTEE:

Show your bottle of GERATEX TABLETS to your doctor. If he doesn't agree that the medically approved lipotropics, vitamins, minerals, choline bitartrate and other ingredients contained in it can help you to feel peppier, more youthful, without harmful after effects, send back unused portion for a refund.

Use Handy Coupon

BETTER HEALTH PRODUCTS **Dept. OA**
16 Hopkins Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Gentlemen: You bet I want to feel young again. I want to test your medically approved GERATEX TABLETS. I understand that if they don't give me that Buoyant Feeling Of Youth, that my money will be refunded. Enclosed find $..... for which send me the size I have checked.

☐ One Month's Size $3.50
☐ Three Month's Size $10.00

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

No COD's. Postage extra, or—add $.50 for 1 mo. size, $.75 for 3 mo. and we will prepay postage.

In Canada: Order direct from, Better Health Products, 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.

RUSH THIS COUPON

do before the runner could set off again for Katmandu. Next day I marched right back to the Base Camp. We had needed three days for the journey up and, although the return march is largely downhill, a strong head wind was blowing up the Chola Khola Valley and I was exhausted long before I got to Thyangboche. Tom's party were also marching down to the Base Camp that day and I began to overtake some of his straggling coolies. Two of these had got uproariously drunk in Pangboche and could hardly stand. They crawled across the narrow footbridge over the Imja Khola Gorge on all fours while I carried their loads.

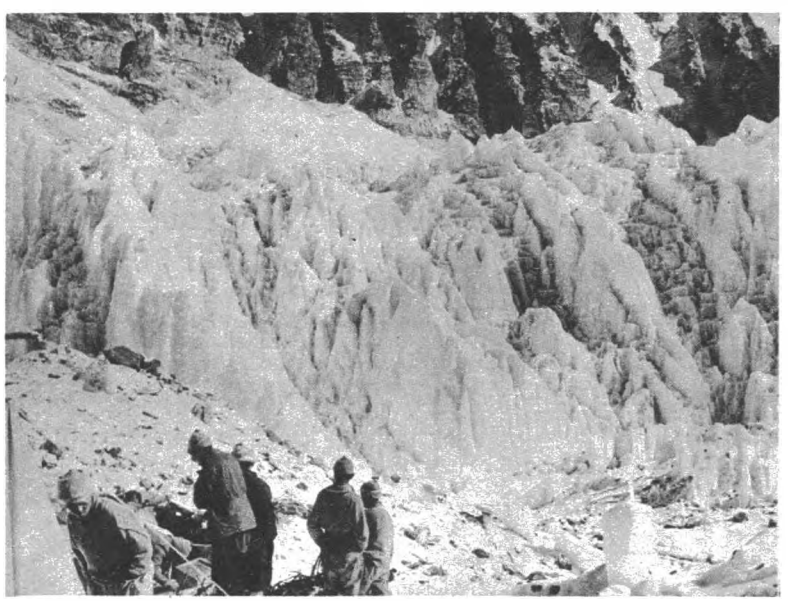
On the morning after our return to Base Camp I had woken with the realisation that my Yeti-hunting days were over, at any rate for that season. What really defeated me was an overpowering feeling of leaden lethargy. I knew I should never be able to shake this off and do any more high-altitude work before it was time to return to Katmandu. Once I had accepted this fact I was overwhelmed with a sensation of utter relief. I lay back in bed and thought of what we had achieved. The first battle had been against blind ignorance. It is true that we had not captured a Yeti, nor even seen one, but we had surely collected enough evidence to convince a large body of opinion that the animal is no myth but a flesh and blood creature whose ultimate identification may well prove the zoological discovery of the century. The second struggle had been against brute strength—the fury which the high mountains can unleash if they choose to be unkind to the traveller who makes his way among them. Here at least we fought a good fight, pitting our resources in conditions where there is no referee to intervene when one is down, where, in fact, the real punishment begins when one is beaten to one's knees. Showing varying degrees of endurance, we had each of us driven ourselves to his own limit. I believe, myself, that it is fallacious to suggest that man can exist indefinitely at 23,000 feet and retain anything like his full efficiency. Each man has, I am convinced, his own "ceiling" which may have little to do with his actual physique. That point has yet to be proved. Gerald had reached his limit at about 16,000 feet. John's limit was obviously much higher—although I am bound to add that when I later met him in Calcutta, after his remarkable trek of over two hundred miles from our Base Camp to Darjeeling, I was shocked by his drawn and emaciated appearance. Most of us had, for five months, been able to work in comfort up to 20,000 feet although our performances had noticeably deteriorated after the end of the third month.

Re-reading a number of mountaineering books on my return to England, I was amused to find that many of our routine patrols and circuits had been described with respect almost amounting to awe of men who had first made them. On our side it may be said that we had never thought of ourselves as "Peak- or Passbaggers." We had often not even taken the shortest distance between two points but where the terrain permitted it and the country looked promising had made lengthy detours to both sides of the main track, sometimes thus making two days' work out of a single day's march. In comparison with our own efforts, a purely climbing party, working the same year well away to the west of us, had been unable to reach more than 15,000 feet and that with the aid of energy pills (possibly a dangerous stimulant when inertia is caused by lack of oxygen). As I considered these matters as I lay in my tent I felt we had nothing of which to be ashamed.

Long before Bis crossed the frontier into India, heading for Darjeeling, our main party had arrived back in Katmandu and indeed most of us were back in England. None of us will forget that stay of ours in the Nepalese capital.

Both Mr. M. P. Koirala, the Prime Minister, and General Kaiser, who in our absence had been appointed Defence Minister, were anxious to hear personal accounts of our adventures. On the thirteenth of June Mr. Koirala received all of us at his home. The Premier, who started his career in the Forestry Administration Service, has always taken the keenest interest in outdoor activities in Nepal, and followed our story with the greatest attention. He called for a large-scale map and traced out our route upon it. At the close of our interview he gave me the following message:

The Daily Mail Himalayan Expedition, consisting of scientists and assisted by climbers, came to Nepal in January 1954 with a view to establishing definite proofs of the existence or otherwise of the mysterious yeti which is believed to exist in Himalayan and sub-Himalayan regions. Though the expediton, who worked diligently for four months, was unable either to sight or to catch the elusive yeti, it can be said beyond any doubt that they accomplished a lot of spade-work and established many facts relating to the habits of the animal. That in itself is an achievement to be proud of. Apart from the search for the yeti, the collection of many specimens of the flora and fauna of the little-known Himalayans of Eastern Nepal would in themselves make a most absorbing study at the hands of the experts. I have derived immense pleasure in associating myself with this particular expedition which came to our country to unearth another



The glacier that confronted John and me was awesome, seemingly impassable.

BUT A FLESH AND BLOOD ANIMAL!

Himalayan mystery. Their effort was for the common knowledge of the human race.

Nothing now remains but to complete the story with our conclusions—to take stock of what we achieved and to try and sum up our results. In the *Daily Mail* series this task was left to myself, to Tom Stobart, and to Charles Stonor. In my own article I emphasised that our objective was best described as "the definite identification of a hitherto unknown animal." I again pointed out that we had no intention of trying to capture a specimen and bringing it back to Europe. The alternative to bringing the animal to experts was to take a party of the experts to the animal. On the Yeti's own ground they could study the evidence at first hand and we hoped that their final conclusions would prove acceptable to the scientific world. I again stressed the all-round fitness of our team for the task and I stated my conviction that, if ever another expedition sets out with the same objective, I feel they will be lucky to match the all-round competence of our team. We had had, of course, fears that we might be deficient in climbing strength but these fears had soon been dissipated. Judging by the tracks he leaves in the snow, the Yeti may well be much faster across the country than were we, but he does not appear to possess any outstanding climbing agility. Had it come to the perpendicular, it might well have proved that we were more than a match for him.

Base camp in a rugged valley affords a magnificent view of the mountain.

As regards the actual chase—when we left England we had held the belief that it would be merely a matter of picking up the Yeti tracks in the snow and following them until we caught up with the animal. In fact, the Sherpas' contention that the Yeti roams haphazardly throughout the vast boulder-strewn areas above the tree line and among the permanent snows had proved only too correct. It is impossible to describe how disheartening a chase can be in such conditions. Often dawn would find us on the trail, threading our way slowly through an immense expanse of snow, ice, and shattered rock and, as day drew on, pausing ever more frequently to gulp the thin air into our lungs. Hope would revive as we approached the last cliff face or top the last horizon, invariably to be dashed again as the new prospect opened before us often larger and more desolate than the country we had just traversed. In such circumstances there is a temptation to camp too early, thus giving the Yeti two or three more hours of delay to lengthen the distance between himself and his hunters. There is also an even greater temptation to press on regardless of a point of no return, risking the fact that a sudden blizzard, a bank of fog, or the onset of fatigue—which comes with startling swiftness at high altitude—would find oneself and one's porters in an untenable position. Pursuit in such circumstances requires a very high degree of leadership, judgment, and mountain craft, and I think it is to the credit of all of us that, while we remained out abnormally long for a high-altitude expedition, we had no single case of injury, accident, or illness to record among ourselves or our Sherpas. Personally, I am convinced that sooner or later the Yeti will be found and that it will be sooner rather than later because of our efforts.

Thus I complete both The Case and The Chase. I leave it to the reader to judge whether this particular expedition has been worth while, always hoping that he will bear in mind the almost non-existent nature of the clues we had to go upon when we began our investigation. There are, I know, many who rejoice that we failed in our main objective—that a last great mystery remains in this much picked-over world to challenge adventurous spirits. With these sentiments I am bound, in part, to agree, for the world will not be a more attractive place to live in after we have touched everything. But I rejoice, too, that even as I have been writing this book I have had news that other men, equally as skillful and experienced as ourselves, are planning to take up the pursuit where we abandoned it. Providing that their investigation is carried out on a proper scientific basis and in a humane manner, I wish them: "Good hunting!"

THE END

Now! Turn Your Waste Gas Into SUPER POWER!

IT'S TRUE! Now you can get the breath-taking acceleration . . . jack-rabbit starts . . . blazing new power that you've dreamed about for years—*simply by harnessing the raw, unburnt gasoline that your engine is wasting today!*

You can get performance from your present car that will make your friends gasp with astonishment—*and you can save $25, $50, even $75 a year on gas bills alone doing it!*

Yes! You, *yourself* can fit this amazing GASOLINE ATOMIZER on to your car in as little as 20 easy minutes! *And it is guaranteed to pay you back your full purchase price, in gas savings alone, in the first 3 to 4 short months that you use it. Here's why!*

By RICHARD JOHNS

Mr. Car Owner! How would you like to have the driving thrill of your life next weekend?

Picture this yourself! Next weekend you go down to your car—the same tired car that you've been driving for years. You've made only one simple change to that car, so easy that your 16-year-old son could do it! But now, when you turn on the ignition, *a modern miracle of engineering science comes to life under your hood!*

From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the difference in that engine. That engine will hum with new, throbbing power. When you release the emergency brake, your car will glide out of its parking space . . . roll down the street with your foot hardly touching the pedal. Every 30 or 40 seconds, you'll give that car an extra shot of gas . . . feeling it spurt ahead . . . testing the new power that's singing underneath your foot!

We ask you to pull up to another car at the stop light, of approximately the same year and make as your own! Wait until the light changes from red to green. Let the other car start first. Wait till the other car gets half way across the street. *And then slam your foot down on the gas pedal!*

Before that other car has even crossed the street, you will have caught up with him. For one brief second, you and that other car will race fender to fender. And then you will flash away from him . . . you will leave him a full block behind . . . you will look in your rear view mirror and see the startled look of amazement in the other driver's eyes!

TEST THIS NEW POWER A HUNDRED DIFFERENT WAYS!

But this is just the beginning! Test this equipment for one full month—entirely at our risk! Test it on the highway! Use it to flash away from other cars . . . spurt up the *steepest* hills . . . *actually pass other cars in 2, 4, 6 and even 8 seconds LESS than you could have done formerly!*

Test this equipment in long range driving! See the *enormous gas savings it gives you* at high speeds! Prove to yourself that at 50 . . . 60 . . . even 70 miles an hour, *your foot is still half-way up on the pedal*—you still have all the reserve power you need to get out of any emergency on the highway!

Yes, and test this equipment in stop-and-go city driving! Prove to yourself that it gives you the instant acceleration you need to get out in front of the crowd . . . *with far less gas* than you're using today! Prove to yourself that it can actually save you $25 to $50 to $75 on your gas bills every single year . . . *that it actually pays back its full cost, in gas savings alone, during the first three or four months—or your full money back!*

WE GUARANTEE YOUR GAS SAVINGS!

Clip this guarantee section out of this page. It authorizes you to try this amazing new MINI-SUPERCHARGER for a full four months ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK! At the end of that time, this device must save you—on gas alone—EVERY SINGLE CENT OF THE MONEY THAT YOU PAID FOR IT—OR YOUR FULL MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED! This offer is good for a full four months! It is probably the most amazing offer in car history! You have nothing to lose! ACT TODAY!

Eugene Stevens, Inc.
132 West 21 Street, N.Y.C.

Eugene Stevens

Eugene Stevens, Pres.

HOW DOES THIS PRODUCT GIVE YOU SUCH TREMENDOUS NEW POWER?

And you get all this performance—and more—from a small, polished machine of bronze and aluminum that you can hold in your hand! Here's why:

Gasoline in its liquid form is not explosive. If you accidentally drop a lighted match into a bucket full of gasoline, the chances are 10 to 1 that that gasoline will actually *put out* that match. *But simply mix that same bucket full of gas with the proper amount of air, and you will have enough explosive power to drive a ten ton truck!*

The main purpose of this machine is to SUPER MIX . . . SUPER-VAPORIZE . . . SUPER-ATOMIZE your gas in exactly that way! To squeeze the *hidden power* out of that gas! To mix that gas with much greater volumes of air! To make that gas *more explosive* in the engine of your car!

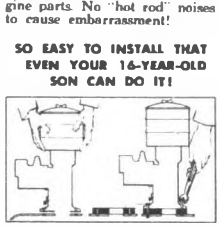
No wonder men have paid up to $600 for Superchargers! What we are offering you on this page is a MINI-SUPERCHARGER—easier to install—less expensive! But still the only power product you can buy with all these tremendous advantages:

1. You can install it yourself, in just 30 minutes, even if you never picked up a tool before in your life! No $10, $15 or $20 mechanic's bills! No drilling, or grinding of any kind! You never even touch the inside of your engine!

2. It never needs further adjustments, for the full lifetime of your car! Nothing to go out of order or break down on the highway.

3. It takes up no room in your car . . . makes no "souped-up" noise! No shifting around of engine parts. No "hot rod" noises to cause embarrassment!

SO EASY TO INSTALL THAT EVEN YOUR 16-YEAR-OLD SON CAN DO IT!



HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Step 1. Open your hood. Locate Air Cleaner and Carburetor Unit that sits smack on top of your engine. *Simply take an ordinary* wrench and loosen the two or three bolts that hold carburetor to the engine!

Step 2. Lift up the carburetor. Put MINI-SUPERCHARGER unit in place. *What could be easier!*

Step 3. Replace carburetor. *Now turn on your engine! And then get in and take the most thrilling drive of your life!*

TRY IT ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK

This MINI-SUPERCHARGER (U.S. Patent No. 2,409,937) sells for only $11.95 for most cars and only $14.95 if your car has a special four-barrel carburetor. This is *your total cost—there is no installation fee!* And, most important of all, *we guarantee that you will save this full purchase in gas bills alone—in the first 3 to 4 months that you own this device.*

You have nothing to lose! Try this equipment entirely at our risk. It must give you a whole new world of driving pleasure and economy or your full money back! Act today!

31 WEST 47th STREET

New York 36, N. Y.

FREE!

UP TO $3 RETAIL VALUE! UP TO 2 TO 4 MILES MORE PER GALLON INSTANTLY, SAY THOUSANDS OF USERS.

THIS is probably the most widely sold piece of automotive equipment in the world! OVER HALF A MILLION DRIVERS have paid up to $3 a set to put these amazing Air Bleed Needles on their cars! *But we bought out an entire factory at a sacrifice price! For this one advertisement only, we can offer you these exact same needles as a FREE gift, even if you return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!*

1. They fit onto the carburetor of your car, where they replace the standard Idling Adjustment Screw. If you have a six cylinder car, then you will need only one of the Air Bleed Needles (regular retail price $1.50). If you have an eight cylinder car, then you will need two needles (regular retail price — $3.00). In either case, you simply unscrew the old needle and put in the new. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! Even if you never looked under your hood before, you can do it in 60 seconds . . . without touching a tool, without even getting your hands dirty!

2. The purpose of these Air Bleed Needles is to STOP YOUR CAR FROM WASTING GAS IN STOP-AND-GO DRIVING . . . and to save you up to 2 to 4 miles a gallon. If you use your car to go shopping . . . if you have to fight traffic in much as once a week, then we believe you'll bless the day you first put this equipment in your car! And of course, at the same time it can give your car quicker performance and pick-up and smoother, more economical idling!

REMEMBER THIS IS PROBABLY YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET THESE AMAZING AIR BLEED NEEDLES AS A FREE GIFT—a gift that is worth as much as $3 to you—and a gift that is yours to keep even if you return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!

But you must act today! Our supply is limited! We can make this offer only this one time in this newspaper! Simply send us the make and year of your car, and this gift is yours! *BUT ACT TODAY!*

Here's Proof!

SCIENTIFIC TESTS SHOW AMAZING NEW HORSEPOWER, STARTLING GAS SAVINGS!

Installation of the item was exceptionally easy — less than 25 minutes. Immediate results show a *definite increase of 11 horsepower* on the Dynamometer — and the increase in mileage was easily up to *5 miles more per gallon.*

Sincerely, VINCENT LOMBARDI
Service Manager of one of the country's largest new-car organizations

FAR BETTER MILEAGE FROM A FEW EASY MINUTES WORK.

"I must tell you about the wonderful results your supercharger has given my 1954 Ford V-8. On a recent trip to Canada I averaged an easy 22 miles a gallon both going and coming, and the new power I get is really thrilling."
— Mrs. Jeanette Ellenbogan, Bronx, N.Y.

"I have a 1951 Chrysler Windsor. Before installing your Mini-Supercharger I got approximately 16 miles per gallon. Since installing this supercharger I get as much as 20 miles per gallon."
— A. E. Masterson, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Received two superchargers for my Buick and Chevrolet. Am well pleased with them. It made a difference on the Buick Roadmaster from 14 to 20 miles a gallon. Would not take fifty dollars for them."
— O. J. Bryant, Yellowstone Park, Wyo.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

EUGENE STEVENS, INC. **Dept. LW-1**

31 WEST 47th STREET New York 36, N. Y.

Yes, I want to try your amazing MINI-SUPERCHARGER entirely at your risk! I will pay postman only amount checked below plus low C.O.D. charges:

☐ $11.95 (My car does not have a four-barrel carburetor)
☐ $14.95 (My car is equipped with a special four-barrel carburetor)

I understand that it must do everything you say or my full money back! Also send me as your Extra Gift Premium, the Free Air Bleed Needle Set. I may keep the needles, even if I return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER.

MAKE OF CAR _____ YEAR _____

PLEASE PRINT

MODEL _____ 4 DOOR OR 2 DOOR

6 CYLINDERS STRAIGHT 8 V-8

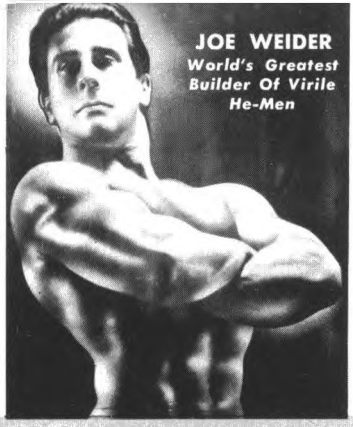
STANDARD TRANSMISSION AUTOMATIC

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

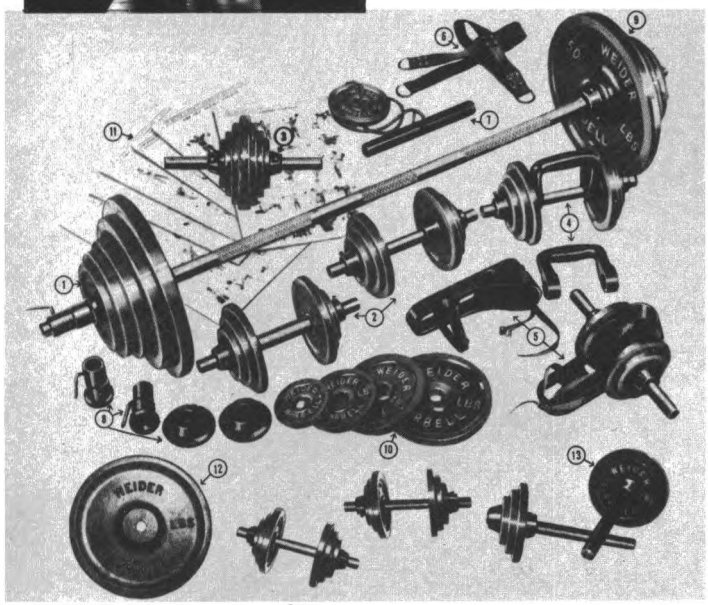
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ CHECK HERE TO SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order, and we pay all postage and handling charges! You save as much as $1.95. Same money-back guarantee, of course!

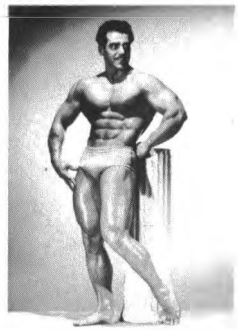


HERE'S THE KIND OF MEN I BUILD!

PICK OUT THE BODY YOU WANT IN PLACE OF YOUR PUNY WEAKNESS

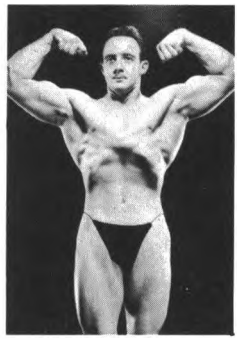


CLARENCE ROSS:
Mr. U.S.A.



LEO ROBERT:
World's Most Muscular Man

JULIEN DAME
Before:



After:
GAINED 60 pounds of muscle

ONLY $38.98

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET

1 — Barbell Set For Strongman Power
2 — Dumbbell Outfit, for fast, athletic muscles
3 — Swingbell Set for internal vigor
4 — Kettlebell Set for broad, he-man shoulders
5 — Healthboots for muscular, enduring legs
6 — Headstrap for a man-sized neck
7 — Forearm apparatus for a grip of steel

PLUS: world's greatest muscle building and health courses. Everything you need to rebuild your weak body into muscular perfection. FREE . . . lifetime advisory service. We answer all your questions on health and muscle building without charge, for LIFE. . . .

THIS IS WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU!

It makes absolutely no difference if you are skinny or fat, tall or short, young or old. I GUARANTEE to add 3" on your arms, 6" to your chest;—to build you a strong, muscular and admired body. It will take you only a few minutes a day, right in your own home, using my course and my world famous home gym training outfit. I GUARANTEE to build you MORE MUSCLE than anyone else, FASTER than anyone else, or your money back! Not only this, but my system builds muscles which stay for life. You develop great internal power, overcome constipation, physical weakness and bad habits. You get fast, enduring, athletic muscles . . . the kind that win you new popularity, romance, admiration of everyone. All you need is the determination and desire. ACT NOW! Sign, clip—MAIL this coupon. Your money back if I do not build you a he-man body. You take no chance . . . you have nothing to lose but your weakness.

GUARANTEE: The Weider System has built more perfect men than all other home training courses combined. You must be delighted with your purchase; build new muscle in one week, or you can send everything back for a refund!

JOE WEIDER, Muscle Builder **DEPT. OA**
"TRAINER OF THE CHAMPIONS"
16 HOPKINS AVE., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Dear Joe:
You bet I want to be a new man in a few weeks. I want to take advantage of the greatest body-building offer in history . . . I want to order your World Famous Gym Set and COURSES. Rush me today my Championship Bodybuilder Outfit and Weider's Famous International Courses. I want the (check one.)

225 lbs. Weider Championship Set $38.98
325 lbs. Weider Championship Set $48.98
(All Sets Sent F.O.B. Our Warehouse.)

Send Set To:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** .....
(Please Print Clearly)

(Send Canadian Orders To Your Physique Equipment Co., 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada. Same FAST SERVICE). Please print plainly. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

DON'T BE MISLEAD

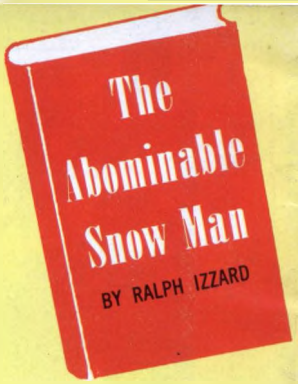
You can NOT build a strong, muscular body by swinging your arms, touching your toes, light calesthenics or athletic games. You can only do it through systematic, progressive weight training. No physique champion ever built his body in any other way. They all used my principles of weight training!

EXCITING DAYS ARE AHEAD FOR YOU

. . . fame, fortune, popularity:—if you follow these mighty champions and start building up your body now. These respected stars of muscular power were all weak, underdeveloped and discouraged with life, tired of being pushed around by bigger and stronger fellows, before they followed my methods. Today, thanks to my fast, unfailing system of converting weaklings into admired champions, they are physically perfect, strong, with muscles ready for ACTION . . . Real he-men in every sense of the word! What I have done for them, I can do for you. I GUARANTEE to build you a new, virile and muscular body, or it doesn't cost you a cent!

THESE TESTIMONIAL LETTERS TELL THE STORY: "I used to be a miserable, puny weakling. Everyone picked on me. NOW—thanks to Weider I am strong and respected!" *Julien Dame.* "Before following the Weider System, I was a skinny runt. The fellows and girls all laughed at my weakness. I GAINED 37 muscular pounds and grew 8" in height. I'm a real man now, thanks to Weider." *Leo Therrien.* "I was a 97 pounds weakling with pipe-stem arms and a sunken chest. In only 6 months I gained 60 pounds of muscle." *Robert Chartier.*

ILLUSTRATED BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE...



Again we sound the call to adventure—OUTDOOR ADVENTURES! And this time we think we've outdone ourselves. Among other things, we have the complete story of an expedition that stands out in 20th Century exploration—Ralph Izzard's gallant attempt to track and capture an Abominable Snow Man in the Himalaya. That's our book-lengther . . . The "other things" are shorter on words, but just as long on thrills—like the Lost Treasure of General Yamashita. *Or take* The Century's Bloodiest Manhunt—*this may even repel you, while attracting you with its painful authenticity . . . For the rest, see a mass execution in China with HARRISON FORMAN, our new foreign correspondent—and thrill to a dozen other top-notch features that, for our dough, go to make OUTDOOR ADVENTURES the greatest collection of action reading available. For your dough—35 cents of it—you can get it every month . . .*

THE EDITORS

THE GREAT HUNTERS OF FRENCH AFRICA